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HIGH AND DRY

By the same Author

BY GUESS AND BY GOD
HELL'S ANGELS OF THE DEEP



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Men worked at the risk of their lives trying to keep the logs from jamming around the crib-work of the piers.

(See page 78.)

HIGH AND DRY

*The Post-War Experiences of the Author of
"By Guess and By God"*

by

WILLIAM GUY CARR

With 27 Illustrations

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CONTENTS

| CHAPTER | PAGE |
|---|------|
| I. BACK TO CIVILIAN LIFE | 19 |
| II. THE SHIP NEARLY FOUNDERS | 29 |
| III. I GIVE UP THE SEA | 44 |
| IV. WORKING ONE'S WAY THROUGH COLLEGE | 59 |
| V. A LITTLE POACHING DONE IN CANADIAN STYLE | 68 |
| VI. THE ICE BREAKS UP | 77 |
| VII. THE STORY OF BENNY SWIMM | 84 |
| VIII. THE MURDER OF OLIVE SWIMM | 94 |
| IX. HUNTING AND TRAPPING | 114 |
| X. ON THE TRAIL OF THE "MAD TRAPPER" | 130 |
| XI. MOOSE HUNTING | 139 |
| XII. SMUGGLING ON THE NEW BRUNSWICK BORDER | 148 |
| XIII. I JOIN THE C.P.R. POLICE | 161 |
| XIV. A FIGHT TO A FINISH | 174 |
| XV. "ST. STEPHEN'S BOTTLING WORKS" | 185 |
| XVI. HIGH SCHOOLS | 196 |
| XVII. I AM MOVED FROM NEW BRUNSWICK | 206 |
| XVIII. THE POLITICAL GAME | 220 |
| XIX. PREVENTION OF CRIME | 227 |
| XX. BRAIN VERSUS BRAWN | 240 |
| XXI. TOWARDS CANADA'S FUTURE | 248 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

| | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| MEN WORKED AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES TRYING TO KEEP THE LOGS FROM JAMMING AROUND THE CRIB-WORK OF THE PIERS | <i>Frontispiece</i> FACING PAGE |
| CHARLO FALLS, NEW BRUNSWICK | 56 |
| FRED L. HITCHMAN OF THE BOSTON BRUINS LANDS A 30- POUNDER OUT OF HARTTS' POOL, ST. JOHN RIVER | 57 |
| THE SILVERY BODY JUMPS CLEAR OF THE WATER AS IT TRIES TO DISLodge THE HOOK | 70 |
| A SKILLED GUIDE AT THE PADDLE MEANS A WHOLE LOT WHEN YOU COUNT YOUR CATCH AT THE END OF THE DAY | 70 |
| THE FIGHT IS ON. A TYPICAL SCENE. CAIN'S RIVER, N.B. | 71 |
| THE DAM UP RIVER GAVE WAY UNDER THE TERRIFIC PRESSURE OF WATER AND LOGS ABOVE IT AND THOUSANDS OF LOGS, TREES AND DEBRIS WERE CARRIED AWAY | 78 |
| A WHOLE WINTER'S CUT OF LOGS MOORED ABOVE THE MILL, READY FOR SAWING | 78 |
| TIDAL BORE WAVE, MONCTON, N.B. | 79 |
| THE "DRIVE" ENTERS THE MAIN RIVER, AND MEN SKILLED IN THEIR WORK AND QUICK AS WEASELS AND NIMBLE AS WILD CATS WORK BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS STRAIGHTENING OUT THE LOGS AND PREVENTING THEM FROM JAMMING | 82 |
| THE MAIN "DRIVE" HAS PASSED ON AND THESE MEN ARE CLEANING UP | 83 |
| BROUGHT TO GAFF AFTER A TOUGH FIGHT. NEPISQUIT RIVER, N.B. | 86 |
| CLEARWATER RIVER, A TRIBUTARY OF THE MIRIMICHI RIVER, NEAR WHICH LEE GRANT HAD HIS TRAPPING LINE | 87 |
| DEER : A BUCK WITH A DOE, "SHOT" WITH A TELESCOPIC LENS | 120 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

| | FACING PAGE |
|--|-------------|
| MORE THAN ONCE I HAVE COME UPON A SLEEPING DEER IN SUMMER-TIME | 121 |
| A BEAUTIFUL MOOSE SIMILAR TO THE ONE THE AUTHOR SHOT, WITH A 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ -IN. SPREAD | 140 |
| CALLING A MOOSE | 141 |
| A COW MOOSE AND HER CALF RUN FROM THEIR FEEDING GROUNDS AMONGST THE LILY ROOTS | 144 |
| A BULL MOOSE WITH ITS HORNS IN THE VELVET, SWIMMING ACROSS RAINY LAKE | 145 |
| A COW MOOSE SWIMMING ACROSS THE LAKE | 145 |
| KING'S SQUARE, SAINT JOHN, N.B. | 182 |
| SAINT JOHN HARBOUR, SHOWING LONG WHARF IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE NEW ELEVATORS WHICH RE- PLACED THOSE BURNT IN THE DISASTROUS FIRE | 182 |
| A TYPICAL HARBOUR SCENE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK | 183 |
| FAR BACK IN THE WOODS CAMPS ARE ESTABLISHED AROUND WHICH LUMBER-JACKS CUT LOGS ALL WINTER | 204 |
| SHOWS THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE "DRIVE" | 205 |
| IF IZAAK WALTON DREAMED OF A HEAVEN IT WAS PROBABLY SOMETHING SIMILAR TO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF FALL- BROOK FALLS, MIRIMICHI RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK | 216 |
| FISHING IN NEPISQUIT RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK. | 217 |

Introduction

MY second book, *Hell's Angels of the Deep*, ended with the signing of the Armistice. This book deals with the post-war experiences and adventures I stumbled into as I sought blindly to re-establish myself and enjoy the peace we had fought so bitterly to obtain.

The first few chapters deal with life as I found it in the Mercantile Marine from February, 1919, until June, 1920. On my twenty-fifth birthday, June 2nd, 1920, I decided to "swallow the anchor" and start life all over again. I chose Canada as the land of my adoption and intended, as so many ex-sailors do, to take up farming. As a matter of fact, farming is about the only thing I have not tackled since the date of my arrival. I did originally intend to call this book *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor*. That would sum up in four words the background of my experience.

I had always had the ambition to write. It seemed to me that there was an opportunity for a man in the literary world who could travel around, live with people as one of them, conforming to their mode of living, and trying to see their peculiar problems of life through their eyes. I felt it would interest people living in other countries, and under vastly different conditions, to learn just what kind of folk other people are. My ambition was to tell the story in a plain, unvarnished way; to give the facts without frills or touching up, because I was, and still am, firmly convinced that most of the world's troubles are due to ignorance and misunderstandings.

To learn the story as I wished to tell it meant living for long periods of time with the people I wished to write about. I must plead guilty to having an enlarged bump of curiosity. I like to delve down deep into the factors and circumstances

INTRODUCTION

which govern a situation or influence the lives of individuals or a community. This might be termed "poking one's nose into other people's business." Perhaps it is. I am sure the results are worth while, however. Provided always that the story to be told is presented truthfully and without bias, the information given in a narrative of this kind must be valuable because it enables those we write about to see themselves as others see them, and it also helps the reader to take a sympathetic interest in the joys and sorrows of others about whom they know so little.

By Guess and by God covered the period 1914-1918. *Hell's Angels of the Deep* covered the period 1910-1919. The first book dealt with the submarine service, the second with my life in the British Merchant Service. This book deals with the period 1919-1929. I have been in numerous jobs and positions while seeking a spot to settle down in, and I am not settled down even now. Taking the experiences in the rotation in which they happened, I was Second Officer of British ships from February, 1919, to November, 1919, and Chief Officer of American ships until June, 1920. Then I went ashore and settled in Canada, with every intention of going farming. I first sought to obtain experience by hiring myself out to work on a farm. I could find no farmer in New Brunswick willing to hire me, all the year round, at even a small wage.

If there is any one thing I loathe more than another it is figures and statistics, but the following excerpt from an article by Judith Robinson, feature writer of the *Globe and Mail*, confirms my contentions; viz. that it is impossible to establish oneself in a job on the land as a hired man:

"The average yearly wage of farm-hands in Canada in 1936 was \$206 and board. The average yearly wage of women working on farms in Canada was \$128 and board. In Ontario last year the average yearly wage of men farm workers was \$276 and board, and of women \$179 and board. The figures are the latest from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics."

"Read them and weep. After you have done weeping, you might try figuring out how our fine new minimum wage

INTRODUCTION

is to be paid workers in the cities of Ontario on the profits of manufacturing for a farming community that cannot afford to give its workers four dollars a week cash to spend."

"After that, try reading the Ottawa despatches that describe the struggles of Canadian statesmen to save their countrymen from the unfair competition of 'nations whose standards and wages do not prevail in this country and we trust never will prevail.'"

"According to latest despatches from Australia, where the Government sets wages, Australian farmers pay their unmarried labourers \$12.50 a week, with board, and their married labourers \$17.50 a week, with a free house, garden, milk, butter, eggs, and meat."

"According to a recent report of the State Department of Agriculture in Pennsylvania, where the Government does not set wages, the average farm labourer is paid \$25.25 a month and board."

"O Canada ! It shouldn't be long now before Australians and Pennsylvanians move to protect themselves from the unfair competition of a nation whose wages and standards do not prevail, and they trust never will prevail, in their more happy lands !"

There are thousands of families constantly thinking of doing exactly what I did in 1920. I don't want them to change their minds. Let them go ahead with their plans as I did, but let them do so with their eyes open. I have never regretted the step I took. I knew when I left the sea and started all over again ashore that it would take me at least ten years to establish myself ashore, just as it took ten years to reach the position of Chief Officer at sea.

All the set-backs and sufferings my family had to put up with during the struggle for re-establishment we wrote off to "experience." There is little satisfaction in achievement or victory unless one has to fight and overcome obstacles.

My original intention was, as I have said, to become a farmer, but instead I have been a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, having in turn served as house painter, labourer in a sand and gravel pit, rigger on a construction job, policeman with

INTRODUCTION

the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, insurance agent, secretary-treasurer of Christie Street Hospital branch of the Canadian Legion in Toronto, editor of a magazine, reporter for the *Toronto Daily Star*, free-lance journalist (during which time I wrote *By Guess and By God*, and *Hell's Angels of the Deep*). Since then I have had the honour of being guest speaker to nearly one hundred Canadian clubs and societies from Halifax to Vancouver.

As I have lived or associated with every class and condition of people, from the most humble labourer who works in the gravel-pits and the poor farmer who works the bush farm, to the Ministers of Government and the leaders of finance and industry, there are, I hope, few who will gainsay the fact that I know a little about what I write.

I didn't rush into this book as a follow-up to *Hell's Angels of the Deep*. I didn't think I was ready to write it five years ago. For one thing, I wanted some of my earlier experiences to become mellowed a bit by age before I wrote them for publication.

The greatest trouble amongst settlers appears to be that they expect too much to be done for them, and that is as much the fault of the representatives of transportation companies as anyone else. It is bad policy to preach a get-rich-quick proposition. The fellow who comes out to Canada expecting to find the streets paved with gold, and the land full of opportunities just ripe to be picked, has a sad reaction when he learns that the gold is hidden amongst muck, or hard rock a mile underground, often in the most inaccessible places. As for opportunities—they are plenty—if you make them. The settler without gumption or initiative can hit the gutter just as quickly in Canada as anywhere else, but I will say this, I am also firmly convinced there are just as many golden opportunities here for a person who has “go-gettiveness” as in any other spot in the world. There is one other tribute I wish to pay Canada. I have never known of anyone who actually starved to death. All classes of people are charitably inclined. There is always sympathy for a deserving case. I have one fault to find with the majority of social service agencies—and I have been con-

INTRODUCTION

nected with plenty of them—they don't start helping a family until they have hit the gutter with a terrible bump. Personally, I would rather help save them the bump. because, no matter what you do afterwards, the soreness of the bump is always there. Before a family can get relief they must lose everything, including their home. After that they are given better food, clothes, and attention than those who are struggling to save their house and home. The result is that when people who are suffering untold hardships and privations to keep off relief see how well off are those on relief, they give up the struggle and become another burden on the taxpayers.

The story of my Canadian adventure should be of particular interest to all those who intend to immigrate to this Dominion of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

I came alone, without friends or influence, without illusions, expecting nothing to be given to me, and willing to work for anything I received. The story of my Canadian adventure has been written over a period of years, and recently, as I have read and re-read the pages, I find little in them I wish to change. Perhaps I may seem a little bitter at times, but the bitterness is not the outcome of selfishness or personal disappointment, for I have always felt, and still feel, that Canada is the brightest jewel in the Crown of Empire.

The climatic conditions, to my mind, are ideal. The longer I live here the better I like it, and my family enjoy the winter months with their unsurpassed opportunities for sports just as much as they enjoy the spring, the summer, and the glorious autumn. Here there are more hours of sunshine in three months than in England in a whole year. There are also wonderful opportunities in Canada for men of the right type.

I have no personal axe to grind or bone to pick. I found certain conditions existing which should be corrected because it is absolutely unfair to settle families individually on farms in localities where these conditions are known to prevail. To do so is to doom them to failure from the very start. Some settlers, after they have been disillusioned, have had the courage to start all over again where conditions are

INTRODUCTION

better, but they never forget the bitter experience and the wasted years.

The most optimistic can hardly hope to plant strangers on farms which have long since been proved unfit to support native Canadians, and expect them to thrive, any more than a gardener could expect one rose bush to thrive amidst a thicket of thorns. After two years in Canada, from 1923 onwards, I have tried to convince officials at home and in this Dominion of the fallacy of the policy of isolated settlement. I wrote to Mr. Pennylegion, who was connected with immigration schemes to settle British families in Canada. I wrote to Captain Donald Simpson, secretary of the British Empire Service League. Why continue this mad scheme of isolated settlement? Why put families on broken-down farms away back in the bush, or ask them to clear bush-lands back in the wilderness, miles away from any market? Why settle them on the prairies so far from their nearest neighbour that they go almost insane and mothers become nervous wrecks purely from loneliness and lack of human companionship? Why ask ex-service men to farm lands in Northern Ontario where early frosts ruin three crops out of every five? Why do all these things when there are millions of acres of good farming land available along the railways, where favourable climatic conditions prevail?

There is only one answer—or perhaps two. First of all, the best land in Canada now belongs to private interests—the C.P.R. was given 600,000 acres—and now these lands cannot be given away free. Secondly, those I have spoken to and argued with are scared to death of the bogey “Communism.” They are afraid that community settlement might breed Communism. I think their fears unfounded and ridiculous. As I pointed out years ago, there is hope and every prospect of success awaiting those who insist on a reasonable and sensible scheme of community settlement. Take one thousand acres of land, five hundred each side of a railway, establish ten families on 100 acres each. Don’t interfere with a family’s individualism; allow them access to the best advice, but let them paddle their own canoes. The heavy, costly machinery necessary for cultivat-

INTRODUCTION

ing Canadian farms could be community owned for economy's sake. The winters are so long that tractors are necessary if the fall and spring plowing are to be done in time. Tractors, thrashing machines, etc., could be community-owned, with advantage to all.

Under a sensible plan of group settlement, a community hall could provide the social life and necessary entertainment. This one asset alone would help kill the terrible enemies—monotony and idleness. It would provide good clean entertainment and sport and the right kind of social intercourse. In a community such as this conditions of incest, murder, and general lawlessness couldn't possibly prevail.

At the time of writing this Introduction some headway has been made towards trying out schemes of community settlement. The Rev. Father McGoey has already established about forty-five families on such a plan in King City, near Toronto. The families are happy and doing well. Not one of them I spoke to wished to return to the city. They are happy because they are kept busy.

The Dominion Government has also recently appointed the Soldiers' Assistance Committee, and I had the privilege of discussing these matters very fully with the members of that committee. It is gratifying to know that they have definitely gone on record as willing to spend any reasonable amount of money to experiment with such a scheme, and the local Toronto committee, under the chairmanship of Colonel A. E. Olver, D.S.O., is now putting the first experiment into operation.

Many people may take exception to my book, describing conditions as I found them, on the ground that no good is done by hanging out dirty linen. With this point of view I differ. Pressure of public opinion will often cause the dirty linen to be taken in and washed before it is put out to bleach in the sun again. What is more, the conditions about which I write are not isolated instances ; they prevail more or less consistently in all the outlying districts of the Dominion. I have personal knowledge of hundreds of such communities and can produce court and newspaper records of thousands more.

INTRODUCTION

Such conditions are unnecessary. Citizens should not look upon such unfortunates as "beyond the pale" of human consideration and kindness. They should not be ostracized from society. There may be some small excuse for the slums we find in big cities because of lack of space and crowded conditions. There can be no excuse for the conditions I expose. I don't believe in a namby-pamby policy, nor do I expect the Government to "wet-nurse" the families in the back settlements. All I ask is that they be given ordinary justice, a fair opportunity to market their goods at a reasonable price, the benefits of a public nurse, and, if necessary, re-establishment in more densely settled communities where their good points can be developed and their failings corrected. It must be remembered that the conditions to which I call attention nearly always prevail where families are isolated and forced to endure long periods of idleness, and where there is no relaxation or recreation other than satisfying the sex appetite.

One cannot expect to get to the bottom of these conditions or to learn to understand the people and their ways by just paying them a visit on a Cook's Tour plan. To get at facts, and to understand conditions properly, one must live as the people live. In this respect I have tried at least to be honest with my readers. During the five years I resided in the Maritime Provinces I worked as a labourer on a construction job, as foreman on a bridge-building project, and as a decorating contractor. I lived for a time in a flat over a store, without any modern conveniences. On another occasion my family lived in a five-roomed shack I built myself.

To learn about woods and wild life and fishing I went with native Canadians, as one of them. I worked in the lumber-camps, I followed a trapping-line, I made friends with men who were looked upon as outlaws. To learn about "moon-shiners," bootleggers and smugglers, I first lived with them and then saw the other side of the picture by serving for three years on a police force. I had the opportunity of learning a great deal about social service work as the chairman of the Knights of Columbus Welfare Committee, and as a member

INTRODUCTION

of the Hygienic Council in St. John, New Brunswick. Apart from this, as a speaker for the Canadian Club, I have addressed business men in almost every city of any size in the Dominion. I have been guest speaker to most of the Masonic lodges and service clubs in Toronto, as well as many others in the various provinces. Thus I have had a unique opportunity to study the subjects about which I write from many and varied angles.

I have known newspaper reporters take a world's tour and be back so quickly they were still heading and dating their articles from foreign parts after they had been home three months. It took me seventeen years to study the conditions about which I write, and even now it is my intention to simply relate the adventures I experienced as plain, unvarnished truth, and to avoid exaggeration of any kind. I have no desire to impose my opinion on anybody ; I would far rather relate the facts as I found them, and let my readers come to their own conclusions.

CHAPTER I

BACK TO CIVILIAN LIFE

THE end of January, 1919, found me enjoying the best shooting I had ever experienced in my life. The submarine flotilla to which I was attached was based in Campbeltown, Argyllshire, and the young Laird of Campbell and his adorable mother entertained the officers of the submarines in the most charming manner possible. Their home was our home. The enjoyable evenings in the quiet comfort of their drawing-rooms were alternated with days of shooting over the moors and we made wonderful bags of mixed game. White hares and rabbits, grouse and blackcock, snipe and woodcock, partridge and pheasants were plentiful.

Still with all the kindness of the people of Campbeltown, there was amongst some of the officers the restless urge to obtain our demobilization and return to our peace-time professions. As related in *Hell's Angels of the Deep*, I had served with the Lancashire Shipping Company before the war, and they very kindly offered me a berth as second mate of the *Thurland Castle* when I wrote and asked them for a position after the war. My demobilization was rushed through and in February, 1919, I found myself aboard the *Thurland Castle* under the coal-tips in Cardiff.

We were bound for Port Said. After discharging the coal, we were to proceed to Kantara, a sun-baked desert, jumping-off place for the army in Palestine which is located farther along the Suez Canal. The Egyptians never had very much love for us Britishers and at that particular time feeling was running pretty high. We were warned against going ashore because of threatened riots.

During the voyage from England I had had a terrible

experience. I had left my wife and two children behind in perfect health. We had been about six days at sea and I was keeping my middle watch. There was little wind, the sea was calm as glass, the starry sky cloudless. The middle watch is one that most officers loathed, but I never tired of keeping it. It seemed to give me the opportunity to detach myself from the world and think. This particular night there was only the swish of the bow and the occasional noise of the steering wheel gears to disturb my line of thought. I was thinking how lucky I was. The war was over. I was happily married with two fine children at home. I had a good position back in my old company with prospects of early promotion. I was most certainly a lucky man and I should have been happy, but for some reason I wasn't. Every night watch since I sailed my mind seemed to be ill at ease and troubled. I loved the sea, yet I found myself trying to find sane reasons for quitting it. I began to think of it as a dog's life. I kept reminding myself that one was never home ; that while a sailor's life might be one honeymoon after another, his children grow up strangers to him. I began to feel it wasn't fair to any woman to leave her alone for months on end to battle with worries and troubles of raising a family with the husband always away from home. Thus my thoughts ran this particular night in March, the 9th to be exact, when suddenly, just before the watchman struck four bells, I heard a piercing cry . . . a wail . . . It was my wife's voice and she cried out so that I heard her as plainly as if I had been in the room with her : " Oh, Billy. . . . Betty is dead."

Betty was my youngest child. She had been perfectly well when I had left home six days before, and yet that cry reached me over thousands of miles of land and sea and it was so convincing that I spoke to the second engineer about it when we sat drinking a cup of tea after we had finished our watch.

After I had recited my experience I saw him looking at me as if he expected to see more apparent signs of my insanity. He told me afterwards that he thought I had

suffered a nervous breakdown, due probably to the reaction after my service in submarines. The story soon got around and I can hardly blame the other officers aboard if they thought I had gone crazy. I know the captain stayed awake when I was on the bridge until we arrived in Port Said. Strange as it may seem, there was a cable waiting for me. It read : " Betty died two A.M. March 9. . Letter follows. Broken hearted. Bessie." In the letter which followed my wife explained how, soon after I sailed, the little girl had been taken sick with influenza with pneumonia following. The evening before she died, the doctor had predicted a change for the better. The baby continued to be restless and fretful and seemed to rest only in my wife's arms. She told me how she had sat up rocking the little mite before a cosy fire, how she was very tired from lack of sleep and from worry. Just before one o'clock she dozed off with the baby in her arms. On waking a short time later she found the baby dead. The shock was such that she screamed out in her anguish, just as I had heard. Her words were exactly as I had heard. Being alone, she rushed out into the street to seek help from her neighbours. Knowing she was a Catholic, they sent for the Sisters of Mercy, who shared her sorrow and helped her with her duties.

I tell these facts because they were undoubtedly the chief reasons which caused me to give up the sea as a profession. Upon my return home my wife said she was willing to do anything or go anywhere if only I would give up the sea and start life over again, ashore.

These events happened in the spring of 1919. I was terribly upset at losing the child, which had been named after my wife. Since then six more children have blessed our union and I insisted that the last child, born in 1931, should be named " Betty " and take the place of the one we had lost. There were some people who did not like this idea but I had my way. Just recently we were enjoying dinner with the whole family present when, out of a clear blue sky, Miss Betty turned to her mother and said : " Mummy ! Isn't it true that I once died and went to heaven but Daddy wanted me so badly that God sent me back to you ? "

While in Port Said discharging our cargo of coal, some of the Arab longshoremen got into an argument. It sounded like a farm-yard riot. One unfortunate individual seemed to have given offence and the whole of his gang were crowding around him, waving their arms and making more noise than goes on in the killing-shed of a pork-packing house. At first all of them shook their fists and spat at the miscreant, then they tried to strike him with their hands, next one of the mob suddenly heaved a big lump of coal at him. It struck him on the temple and he went down like a pole-axed steer. It all happened more quickly than I can write it ; before anyone in authority could interfere the rest of the coal-heavers had crashed more lumps on top of the unfortunate man. I had read of stoning people in Bible history, but this was the first time I had seen it in actual practice. The mob dispersed and were back at their ordinary duties before you could say the proverbial "Jack Robinson." As for their victim, he was a lifeless, bloody pulp.

The police flag was hoisted. The police gathered up the corpse and rounded up two or three of the culprits as casually as if they were performing an every-day duty. They seemed utterly indifferent. I asked one officer : "What will happen to those found guilty?" He in return asked me if I could tell him who killed the man. I replied : "I certainly cannot ; more than a score had a hand in it." "That's the trouble," he explained. "These fellows are always scrapping amongst themselves. Nobody seems able to find out what it is all about. As long as they keep their killings among themselves we don't bother very much, but just at present it isn't safe for white men ashore after dark. They all seem to rumble like a man whose stomach is out of order. We're expecting riots to break out any time. I'd advise the crew to stay aboard after dark."

Though his advice was sound we didn't take it ; we were tired of being cooped up. Several of the officers and engineers went ashore to dine that night. After dinner we all strolled together around the town. War-time restrictions as to closing time were still in force, but there are always places that stay open all night, restrictions or no. There was

an argument, whether we should return to the ship or go on and have a few iced beers. It would have been foolish to separate, so we all went for the beers.

As soon as we entered the place to which we had been directed, the management paraded fully a score of girls in front of us. We tried to explain that we were not in the least interested in women, that we wanted beer. The beer was served, and we were then invited to buy beer for the "ladies." We politely refused. Some Arabs made objections. We didn't want trouble, so we got up to leave, but found the door blocked by three Arabs. One of them drew a knife. I drew my revolver and fired a shot into the wall just over his head. He ducked and dropped the knife. We ran out the door, but out of nowhere a threatening mob had gathered. We stood with backs to the wall. I fired three more shots in rapid succession. We were fortunate ; an armed patrol of British troops came up at the double. The mob vanished like mist before the sunshine. We were escorted back to the ship.

Egypt was undermined with revolutionaries and foreign trouble-makers. Mothers, rather than have their children serve in the military forces, condemn their boy babies to semi-blindness by puncturing one of their eyes with a needle shortly after birth. These unfortunates are totally blind after sunset. The necessity of war caused Britain to enlist these men into labour battalions. They were mutinous, sullen, and treacherous. The way the Tommies handled them reminded one of the stories told of the slave-drivers in the old plantation days. Perhaps it was the only way.

We proceeded up the Canal to Kantara and it was nothing but a desert jumping-off place for the Army in Palestine. There was not a bush or a tree, nor a blade of grass, just blazing sunshine and sand. Thousands upon thousands of pounds' worth of Army stores lay around, much of it exposed to the weather. We were to take a load of it back to England. An Egyptian labour battalion, in charge of British non-commissioned officers, did the work of loading. Each N.C.O. carried a bull-whip and did not hesitate to use it.

X At night the Arabs were herded into a barbed-wire compound and surrounded by sentries with machine-guns and rifles. More than once we heard the crack of a rifle at night. It all seemed rather terrible, but I could offer no better suggestions for handling a situation that was obviously charged with high explosives.

Yet amongst all this sullen anger, this hatred and loathing, this cruelty and vice, was found a romance. Down in No. 2 hold one afternoon another near riot started. Some of the bullying type had been abusing a slender slip of a boy. Another man resented their actions. The bullies had nearly ripped the clothing off the boy when the N.C.O.s got busy with their whips. The boy turned out to be a girl. She, in her disguise, had smuggled herself into the labour camp to be with her husband, who was the man who had tried to defend her against her attackers.

We filled up our holds with Army blankets, underwear, flying coats, and a hundred-and-one other things an army uses. Then we sailed for home, and I, for one, was glad to see the last of Kantara. I still feel sorry for the Naval Reserve lieutenant who was in charge of the "Port." If he survived going down with nerves he is to be congratulated.

I would have liked to leave the sea right upon my arrival home, but the responsibilities of married life made me decide to remain at sea until I had saved enough money to go farming in Canada or else secure a good berth ashore.

My next voyage was from Antwerp to Galveston, with a call at Gibraltar. We took on stores at Gibraltar, and they were about the worst I ever had the misfortune to sample. The captain purchased the stores for the ship. I hadn't met him since I was an apprentice aboard the *Hornby Castle* in 1913. My opinion of him, as expressed in *Hell's Angels of the Deep*, has in no way altered. How decent shipping companies with ability to make money can be so easily hoodwinked by such men as that captain is beyond me. His method in provisioning the ship was evidently in keeping with his "fixing" the accounts when he gave me \$2.00 for diving to clear the propeller in Port Arthur, Texas, charging \$20.00 to his accounts.

When winding the chronometers one morning I happened to see his provisions statement, which I presumed was going to the owners. It showed generous purchases of chickens, etc. We cannot refer to things we only think and don't really know, but—one thing is certain—if he bought chickens we never sampled them. In fact the food was so vile that we were not more than half-way across the Atlantic before the whole crew, both officers and men, were down with dysentery. I was so ill that I was still purging and vomiting when we arrived in Galveston. We had all carried out our duties and kept our watches, although it was necessary to have a bucket handy on the bridge. When we arrived in Galveston I was put in the hospital, and I was still there when the ship sailed.

I was offered a passage home, D.B.S. (distressed British seaman), upon my discharge from the hospital, but refused to accept the offer because I was informed my pay had stopped the day I went into the hospital. These are conditions which should be corrected. When a seaman signs articles he rarely, if ever, reads them or knows what they are all about. Nevertheless he signs them, to go where the owner wishes to send him. He agrees to accept all the risks of his calling, without right to compensation for personal or property loss or damage, no matter what the cause. If a ship is lost at sea, and with her goes to the bottom all he owns in the way of clothes, books, and instruments, it is just his bad luck ; and, to add insult to injury, his pay stops the day it happens. He is not even paid for the days of suffering and agony he may experience while tossing about in an open boat, waiting to be picked up.

Looking the situation over I thought Galveston was about as good a place to settle as any, so I started to look for a job. They were simply not to be found, so I decided the wheels of Fate had not yet agreed to free me from the bondage of the sea. I was offered the position of first mate of a ship which was built for service on the North Atlantic. Still, \$200 per month and all found was a tempting offer, especially when extras such as special pay and overtime go with it.

The only nigger in the wood-pile was the stipulation that I should take out my first papers of intention to become a citizen of the U.S.A. I also had to pass an examination for mate before the American authorities, similar to our British Board of Trade examinations.

I swallowed hard and swore softly when taking out my first papers for naturalization purposes. Passing the examination for my "Red Ticket," as they called it, was a simple matter.

Five o'clock one afternoon we sailed for Cette, in the south of France, with a cargo of sulphur. It was my first experience of American ships, and I soon learned there was an absolute lack of discipline. The men thought they could do just what they liked, and were backed up in their attitude of rank insubordination with the knowledge that their union would back them to the limit. These union and masters and mates' protective associations were, as far as I can discover, run just like so many other American rackets. You had to belong whether you wanted to or not.

A combination of booze and a lack of desire to work on the part of the crew made it difficult to make the ship fit for sea. The mates and bos'n had to do most of the work. We had just one man amongst our complement of able seamen who knew how to steer. We had an ex-cowboy who wanted to see the world, another fellow who had signed on to avoid a shot-gun wedding, a bootlegger who was afraid for his life, and others of the same calibre.

We got through the night watches and then I took stock next morning. The first man I sent up to the wheel informed me that he didn't want to learn to steer. I kept him at the wheel until he changed his mind. I had a delegation inform me that it was against the union rules to *work* a man more than eight hours, and that he must receive proper time off for his meals.

I informed the delegation that it was against common practice for men to sign on as A.B.s who didn't know how to steer the ship. Also, that it was my intention to reduce to ordinary seamen all who couldn't steer after we had been

twenty-four hours at sea. Most of them learned—after a fashion.

The running gear was foul and heavy with rust and dirt. The ship was badly in need of painting. There was an abundance of gear and equipment aboard, more than double what you would find on an English ship of her size. Those of the crew who refused to learn to steer I put to work greasing the cargo gear, and then I ordered some of them to grease down the stays and rigging.

I was informed by another delegation that it was illegal to send a man up aloft or ask him to work over the side when the ship was at sea. I put a couple of them in bos'n's chair and hoisted them aloft. They covered everything aboard the ship with tar except the rigging. Fortunately it came on to blow and sea-sickness killed their ambitions to argue over their rights. However, they got back at me. The bos'n had opened up some mast-colour paint and mixed it in the paint locker. When I left the bridge, after terminating my four-to-eight watch that evening, I stepped into my cabin and fell full-length on my back as my feet slipped from under me. Some of the crew had emptied a five-gallon tin of mast-colour all over the deck of my cabin, and on the door and bulkhead they had written :

“ A.E.F.

American Expeditionary Force
After England Failed.”

I accepted this as a declaration of war. I went aft to the crew's quarters, turned the men out of their bunks and mustered them. I found mast-coloured paint on three of them, and I took them and made them clean up every spot of the mess they had made. They kept on looking for trouble and I saw that they found it—plenty of it. In Newport News the whole deck crew quit and refused to set foot aboard the ship again unless I was “ fired.” I wasn't. We shipped a new crew, and I'll admit there were difficulties. The “ union ” warned everyone they could get in touch with against signing on that ship, because my dismissal had not yet been complied with. They overlooked

one good bet—the jail. In a place like Newport News there are always a few sailors in jail. I made inquiries and found there were five sailors in the “cooler.” We had no trouble getting others from amongst men who had “skinned” out, run away from foreign ships in the hope of signing on American ships. The big money was the inducement. We didn’t bring the men from the jail or sign the deserters until we were ready to sail. I heard afterwards that the “union” didn’t think we had played the game.

CHAPTER II

THE SHIP NEARLY FOUNDERS

WHEN we arrived at the Azores we found there was some sort of trade war going on between Britain and the U.S.A. I never did find out just what it was all about, but apparently the U.S.A. would not allow British ships to take on bunkers in American ports, and the British interests would not supply the American ships either. Whatever the trouble, or the cause, we found ourselves tied up in Fayal and had to await the arrival of an American collier.

I made this enforced delay an opportunity to paint the ship, and intended, also, to do a lot of other work which had been neglected. I found I had reckoned without my American crew. I decided on work; they decided to get drunk. They got their supplies of liquor from bumboats, which sold to them for cash or bartered with them for clothing. This Fayal cognac is probably the most abominable kind of fire-water it is possible to imagine. The only quality it had was that it made them drunk in the shortest possible time at the least cost. It drove some of the men almost crazy.

We were anchored a mile off shore, and to put an end to the frightful orgy going on in the crew's quarters I stopped all leave and put the officers on regular watches, with instructions to keep all boats at a distance. Despite these precautions the men got a further supply on board when a bumboat outsmarted the watch and got close under the counter during the night.

About six bells, in the middle watch, the second mate woke me and said murder was being done in the crew's quarters. He claimed all the crew—seamen and firemen—

were mixing together and fighting mad. He reported one man had slashed some others with a razor.

I armed myself and went aft. I kept my revolver concealed, but carried two pairs of handcuffs. I cleared about half a dozen partly-consumed bottles of liquor off the mess-table with a swing of the handcuffs just as I stepped in the door. I ordered the man with the razor to put it down and climb into his bunk. To my utter astonishment he complied with my order at once. I took advantage of this unexpected victory and handcuffed him to his steel bunk-rail.

I ordered the rest into their bunks and warned them that I was quite prepared to use any necessary force to see my orders carried out. They obeyed. I then went to work systematically, and searched the crew's quarters, smashing every bottle of liquor I could find. When everything was quiet once more I returned to my quarters.

The captain was ashore, so there was nothing more I could do until he returned next morning.

I had turned in little more than half an hour when the second mate came rushing to my cabin. He told me that a Finn, a Russian, and a Scotsman were coming forward to launch one of the bridge life-boats. I slipped my revolver into the pocket of my dressing-gown and met them on the lower bridge. I was becoming very annoyed by this time, but I managed to keep my temper while I tried to persuade them to go back to their quarters and warned them again that I would not tolerate any mutinous action on their part. They told me point-blank that I could go to hell, and informed me that they intended to take a boat and go ashore. I ordered them to leave the bridge immediately. The three crazed men rushed me, the Russian drawing his sheath-knife.

I knew I was no match for the three of them and yet I did not want to use my revolver. I realized that if I once drew it and failed to use it I was beaten completely. I pulled a bluff. I pretended to be afraid and I backed up against the ladder leading to the upper bridge. They followed me and made a concerted rush. I ran up the ladder and they

followed close at my heels. I turned at the top and, putting my foot into the Russian's face, pushed with all my strength. He toppled backwards and carried the other two men down with him. They hit the lower deck in a heap. Two of them were only half conscious ; the Scotsman was easy to handle alone. Being thoroughly aroused by this time I licked the daylights out of him, and handcuffed all three to the rails, where I left them until morning.

I am willing to admit that perhaps I should have examined them more closely after the fight, but there is a limit to any man's patience, and these hooligans had been trying to make my life miserable ever since they had signed on. They were more seriously injured than I had realized, and all three were landed and put in the hospital. One of them was still there when the ship sailed.

When we arrived in Cette, in the south of France, I reported the facts to the American Consul and wished to prefer charges against some other members of the crew, but he seemed rather anxious to avoid trouble of that kind. I have said before that we got most of these men out of jail ; they were as tough an aggregation as any with whom I had ever sailed. I had a pet Irish terrier, named Mickey, of which I thought a great deal. Mickey followed at my heels wherever I went. In Cette my wife had joined me and was on board ship. One day, after we had discharged the cargo, I left her on the lower bridge and walked for'ard on a tour of inspection. The crew were engaged cleaning up the holds. We had received orders to go to Huelva for a cargo of ore for the States. Just as I passed along the deck a large sling of dunnage-wood was being hoisted out of the hold. Suddenly I saw the winch-man disengage the clutch. I jumped. Poor Mickey wasn't as quick ; he was crushed into a pulp under the descending load. The man at the winch was one of those I had had trouble with at Fayal. He swore it was an accident. I couldn't prove anything different.

I was dining ashore with the British Consul and some other British Army and Naval officers that night and I told them what happened. We saw the Chief of Police. After

the dinner-party we made a tour of the city accompanied by some police officers. We found our friends very drunk in a dive down by the waterfront. It was Christmas time ; the Finn had just won a leg of mutton in a raffle. He took objection to something or somebody and started to clean up the place, using the leg of mutton for a club. He was frothing at the mouth and had gone clean berserk. Even the toughest head is unable to resist the way those French police lay on with the flat of their swords. Soon the drink-crazed Finn was subdued.

They took Scotty along to keep the Finn company, so with one trouble-maker in the hospital and two others in jail I enjoyed a good sound sleep for the first time in several weeks.

However, our troubles were not over. One morning the steward reported that the store-room and refrigerators had been broken into and most of the supplies for the voyage had been stolen. I took an inventory and the loss amounted to more than \$500. We reported the matter to the police, but they were unable to make any arrests. We were convinced it was an inside job.

By this time I was beginning to agree with my wife that the sea was a dog's life. Major Jones, the British Consul, was more than kind to both Mrs. Carr and myself during our stay in Cette, and we met a number of really fine ex-Army officers and an ex-Naval captain. Taking it all in all we had a most wonderful time.

On New Year's Eve the British left for Marseilles to play a French Army team a game of football. My wife and several other officers' wives went along, too. We saw the old year out and the new year in at the Café Glasier. Next morning it was raining cats and dogs. The football game had to be played. Towards noon the weather improved a little, though it remained threatening. As there was no covered stand on the field I was delegated to take the womenfolk to a *matinée*. There were three others and my wife. In good faith I asked the information clerk in the hotel where I could see a good show. He evidently thought I was going alone. In all innocence I took the four ladies

to a show that he recommended and that made me wish, before the second act was over, that the sling of dunnage had killed me instead of Mickey. We did not wait until the show was over. As I write these memories I cannot help but remark how things have changed in the past twenty years.

The first thing that caused me to feel a chilly sensation go up and down my spine, as soon as we were seated in the theatre, was the fact that those women who were there before us marked themselves as of a certain class, because they rouged their lips and powdered their noses in public.

I was sitting between the ladies in our party and I could feel the atmosphere growing frigid as these *demi-mondaines* made their toilets and smoked their cigarettes. Nowadays everyone does it.

The first act was an international affair guaranteed to please the cosmopolitan audience which patronizes seaport theatres of that class. Towards the end of the act things were warming up a bit and I was feeling decidedly uncomfortable. The end of the first act showed some British Tommies marching on the stage. They sang all the popular war songs. Evidently they were supposed to be entering a town recently evacuated by the enemy. Heads began to pop out of the various windows backstage. These pretty chorus girls were issuing invitations to the Tommies to go in. They weren't backward at accepting the invitations. No sooner were they inside when, first of all, out came equipment and, later, articles of clothing. These were showered from the upstairs windows on to the stage. The curtain was lowered just as their pants and underwear hit the floor.

With my face like a boiled beet I explained that I evidently had chosen the wrong show. I suggested leaving, but they thought they might stay for just one more act.

The second act showed the interior of an artist's studio. The artist went into a very amorous scene with his model. He had just about stripped her of her clothing when an elevator boy came rushing on the stage and informed him that his wife was downstairs demanding admission. Without a flicker of an eyelid, the artist said: "Why get excited?"

Send her up immediately.” As the elevator boy left on his errand, the model made a dive for the clothes’ locker but was stopped by the artist, who proceeded to undress her. He then stood her on a pedestal, powdered her all over with white chalk, and, finally, covered her with a sheet. His wife entered, looked around, and, apparently satisfied that her suspicions were unfounded, said : “ Henry, I never had much faith in you as an artist. I think a lot of you as a lover.” Her husband replied : “ But, my dear, I am a great artist also ; I have a masterpiece right under that sheet. It is the most perfect figure. It is one of which I am rightly proud.” With this little speech he pulled away the sheet exposing the model in all her naked glory. The wife gazed on the masterpiece in awe. Finally she spoke : “ Henry, I have done you an injustice. This is marvellous . . . so lifelike . . . so real I almost feel jealous. But no, I won’t be jealous. Even to my inexperienced eyes this is a masterpiece. Kiss me, Henry.”

He did and his wife departed. . . . So did we.

We went to Huelva to load ore for the States. There a strange thing happened. Both the captain and I were invited to have dinner with the American Consul ; when we arrived I met my cousin, Tom Carr. He was married to the American Consul’s daughter. Tom is a mining engineer, and I had last heard of him when he was having all kinds of trouble in Mexico, at the time Villa was actively engaged in his revolutionary activities. This meeting was a great surprise, and we spent a very enjoyable time together while the ship was loading.

The voyage back to the United States was uneventful. The captain, named Koch, was a Norwegian and a fine seaman, but he had made money and was tired of the sea. He left the ship after paying off the crew, leaving me the only officer aboard. I was well treated by the American Shipping Board officials and cannot speak too highly of the manner in which their ships were “ found.” The quarters were good and the food exceptionally fine. The crew were fed better than the officers of British ships on which I had served. The owners were liberal, to the point of extrava-

gance, with both provisions and stores. As chief officer, I was paid \$200 per month and allowance for keeping watch in port, and overtime which brought the total to about \$250. As the English pound was worth only \$3.50 at this particular time, I was making the equivalent of about £70 a month, or about twice as much as an English captain would draw on the same class of ship.

It was likely these considerations which caused me to sign for another voyage. The new captain was named Robinson. He was one of the finest men I have ever met. He had little experience on ocean-going ships, since he had spent most of his life aboard ships on Chesapeake Bay. The new second mate was a youngster who, after the necessary sea-time, had passed his examinations. The third mate was a lad who had served for a short time in the Navy during the war and who had graduated from the school of navigation.

The chief engineer was a Great Lakes man. He had been used to living aboard ship during the summer and denning up at home, like a bear, for the winter. He was efficient in his way. The second engineer was a very likeable chap, full of fun and happy-go-lucky. He was quite young, and his experience had been on Mississippi river-boats. All officers messed in the saloon. Aboard these ships it was a case of democracy gone wild. The stewards and cooks would play poker with the men one night and the officers the next.

Joy of joys! When we went to our loading-berth we learned our cargo was for Manchester. What a break of good fortune this was for me. I knew that my wife was expecting another baby and with good luck I would be home for the event. I recalled her parting words when she left me in Cette: "I wouldn't mind in the least if you were home and near me." I wasted no time in sending her a week-end cable full of good cheer and telling her that I would be home, God willing.

Before sailing I received a letter from home and in it my wife told me the probable date our little one would arrive. It figured out to be fourteen days after we were due to sail for Manchester. We expected the voyage to take about

twelve days. Our expectations were a long way out. The passage across the Atlantic took us twenty-one days and we nearly foundered on the way. Never before or since did I experience such weather. Many seamen will recall the month of April, 1920. Right in our vicinity one ship foundered, while a warship and a liner tossed about disabled.

Our crew were just as inexperienced a bunch as it is possible to imagine. In the crew were a couple of beach-combers, a Greek bos'n, a college student who wanted to see the world, a young English ordinary seaman who had been apprenticed to an English ship, but had broken his indentures because he was tired of working for nothing. The only real seamen in the crew were the bos'n and a South American. I have often said some hard things against Liverpool Irishmen, but I still thank God we had a number of them amongst the stokehold gang. If we hadn't I wouldn't be writing this story to-day. During the hurricane they kept up steam and kept the engines turning. Otherwise the ship would have foundered.

We were only at sea forty-eight hours when the weather began to get really dirty. The old ship was wallowing along like an old sow heavy in litter. She was taking green water aboard with every roll. She didn't seem to "feel" right to me. I sent for the carpenter and asked him if he was sounding the holds and tanks properly each watch. He assured me that he was carrying out these duties properly. During my four-to-eight watch in the morning I was certain the ship was steering worse than ever, so I sounded her myself. I found nearly six feet of water in No. 2 hold. By this time it was blowing a gale, and when I ordered the pumps put on, I was informed that they wouldn't work. Here was a nice kettle of fish. Evidently the rose-boxes, which are meant to protect the intakes, were plugged.

No. 3 hold was full of bunker coal, but fortunately we had been using the coal from the lower hold, which was also fitted as a ballast tank. There was just one thing to do. We had to trim the rest of the bunker coal out of No. 3 deep tank, clean it out properly, and then allow the water which was rising in No. 2 to escape into No. 3,

from which we could pump it out. The weather grew worse and the ship behaved worse as the hours passed. All hands were working down below like galley-slaves. Towards noon an agitation was started to send out an S O S and abandon the ship. I told Captain Robinson that if the crew could be kept at work we could save the ship and that the chances of rescue, if they didn't work, were mighty slim, with such a high sea running and the weather getting worse every minute.

By four bells, in the first dog watch, we had shifted the bunker coal out of the "deep tank" and were ready to clean out the bilges and rose-boxes, preparatory to lifting the man-hole in the double bottom to allow the water to come in from No. 2 hold. Before lifting the man-hole we swept the bottom of the deep tank as clean as was possible in order to prevent the coal-dust and dirt choking the intake pipes.

Our experiment was successful for a time. We actually got the water pumped out, but just as our hopes were at their highest the pumps choked and the water began to gain on us at once. There was no question about the leak being an extensive one.

We rigged up lines of hose and connected them to other pumps, while the engineers worked to clear the rose-boxes located in the bilges. To get at them meant submerging completely in the coal-black water.

By midnight we had the leaks well enough under control to allow me to enter the double bottom and make an inspection to try to locate the leaks. I never entered on a job I had so little relish to perform. I was the only Britisher aboard and I felt that it was up to me to uphold the traditions of the sea. With the seas running mountains high, and the ship pitching and rolling to beat the very devil, I entered the double bottom and crawled along through the holes cut in the frame. I was carrying an extension light with me. I had to crawl on my hands and knees, so cramped was the space. As I worked my way here and there, seeking the leaks, the water rose gradually; and often, as the ship pitched or rolled, I was, for a moment, completely sub-

merged. I have never experienced a nightmare which was worse than that actual happening. Finally, above the groaning and creaking of the plates and frame, I heard a queer hissing sound. I worked my way over to it and found, in one compartment of the double bottom, a plate with no less than five rivets out. The water was squirting in through the holes with great force. I felt some satisfaction in having located the leaks. While crawling back to the man-hole the light went out and, for a moment, in the inky darkness, I nearly lost my head and allowed panic to grip me. Suddenly common sense asserted itself: "What's the use of being excited? If I yell and shout, probably no one will hear me, but if I follow the extension cord I'll be all right." I remained calm until I developed cramps. Long exposure in the cold water had got the better of me. I had to suffer the most terrible agony while wriggling into a position from which I could break the cramps. After what seemed an eternity I got back to the man-hole through which I had entered.

While the crew were bringing bags of cement, and the engineers rigging up a waterproof extension cord, I went to my cabin for some hot soup and a drink of brandy. I explained the situation to the captain, who told me how much he appreciated the way I was handling the situation. I returned to the task and it took all the rest of the night to plug the rivet-holes and carry sufficient cement to fill the compartment in which the leaks were located. Having accomplished this it was a comparatively simple matter to shove boards into place and block up the holes in the frames, thus completely sealing the leaky compartment. It is miraculous what a hot bath, a good meal served hot, and a twelve-hour sleep can do to a man. . . . The next morning I woke to keep watch feeling fit as a fiddle.

When I went on the bridge what a sight met my eyes. Great grey-beards of seas, mountains high, seemed in mad competition with themselves to see which could reach the highest. The wind, blowing with hurricane force, whipped the tops into hellish confusion. The bottom had fallen out of the barometer and the shifts of wind entered in the log-

book showed us to be in the path of a hurricane. We altered our course and succeeded in working ourselves clear of the centre, but it seemed as if the fiends of Hell were determined on our fate. The hurricane recurved and, before we could do anything more to save ourselves, a mountainous sea swept aboard and carried away our upper bridge and steering-gear.

I had just been relieved, at eight bells of the second dog watch, and told the third mate I would return to the bridge in a few minutes. I was down in the saloon, drinking some hot coffee, when the wave hit the ship with such terrific force that I was convinced she was done for completely. It felt as if she had hit a solid wall of rock when going at full speed. She shook and trembled from stem to stern. Her engines seemed to stop as if paralysed. She groaned and creaked like a live thing wounded unto death. She keeled over on her beam ends and then took such a nose-dive that I never expected her to straighten up again. After what seemed an eternity of uncanny silence, once more came the roar of rushing waters and the howling of the wind, and the ship climbed slowly back to a level keel.

I rushed up to the bridge, or rather, I started for the bridge. It was a shambles, and the wheel-house was smashed to kindling wood. The cards were most certainly stacked against us. Once again we were in the path of a hurricane, and this time our steering-gear had gone by the board.

One might just as well die fighting as locked in a cabin trembling with fear. Such a situation affects men in different ways. A sailor, born and brought up, would naturally get on deck and do what he could, even though the odds were a million to one against him. When you've no other option it is neither heroic nor is it a gamble to take this one chance. It is the *only one*.

Captain Robinson was in his cabin. If he was afraid he didn't show it. He spoke calmly, but appeared dazed by the immensity of the happenings around him. He said: "Carr, I'm out of my element completely. If there is anything we can do I don't know what it is. Do whatever you think best. I appreciate having you with me. May God

help you." He turned and looked through the darkened port-hole, but could see nothing but his own tortured face looking back at him out of the darkness.

It must have been a terrifying experience for anyone not born of the sea. I went aft. I got the English apprentice, the Greek bos'n, and the South American sailor so that they could help me. We lashed ourselves together with a heaving line and set about rigging a relieving tackle to steady the quadrant aft. Without it we could never have hoped to handle the steering-gear. Once again I had a strange experience. Only once had I seen a relieving tackle rove off, and that was two years before the outbreak of war. Yet in some way, which seemed completely beyond the power of endurance, four of us struggled in inky darkness, the only light we had being that of the phosphorescent glow of the breaking wave-tops. We rigged that most complicated of all rigging, a relieving tackle, and secured the rudder, which was swinging from side to side as it was pounded by the waves. It is difficult to explain why we continued to persevere, seeing that the odds appeared so dead against us ; but we struggled on. The seas were literally pounding the poor old ship to pieces. Her lifeboats were smashed, her deck-heads lifted, everything movable was washed overboard ; and yet we four humans working on the poop deck survived. What is even more remarkable, we had the after-steering position connected up before midnight.

I sent the ex-apprentice to tell the engineers and stokers to remain in the engine-room and to keep the engines going at half-speed in order to give us steerage-way.

Aft, the three of us struggled to try to keep her head at sea. Rather we found she was easier with the seas a little on the starboard bow. We had no compass and there was neither moon nor stars. As the graveyard watch crawled onwards the wind increased in fury and the night became so dark it was impossible to see from what direction the waves were coming. We, at the wheel, were within an inch of being washed overboard a dozen times. Only the heaving lines saved us. It was utterly exhausting. As the hours crept on I found myself alone. The other two men

had gone, and I do not blame them. The situation looked absolutely hopeless. I had reached the stage of being punch-drunk. Just as I was about to give in and quit I developed an entirely different feeling. I felt, surging up within me, feelings of anger, resentment and pig-headed obstinacy.

Had I not promised my wife that I would be home by a certain date? Of course I had; the fiends of the storm were trying to prevent me keeping my promise. I'd show them. From then on it became a personal fight between the powers of the storm and me.

Every time I tired I would think of my wife waiting patiently for my homecoming. I went nearly frantic at the thought of what might happen to her and her unborn child if I failed to keep my promise and the ship was listed as missing. . . . It mustn't be. . . . I wouldn't let it be. . . . One moment I was cursing at the pain in my arms and ribs, the next praying for strength to carry on. I knew if we got into the trough of these terrible seas again we would be swamped.

About four in the morning the seas became so confused it seemed impossible to keep her from being swamped. The wind dropped and the seas seemed to be completely out of control at the same time. They towered high above the masts and seemed to topple over and downwards. I was crazy, not from fear, but from sheer vexation. Suddenly I felt I was no longer alone. I felt a great comfort . . . a great peace . . . as if all was well. I know I will be accused of romancing. . . . I know few who read this will believe it . . . but the fact remains that the old ship weathered that storm which caused better ships to founder . . . but in the depths of that, before the first chill suspicions of the dawn, I felt the presence of my father . . . who had been dead since 1912 but seemed to come when I cried out in revolt at being so helpless and alone in my fancy—or delirium—or whatever one may call it. I felt him right alongside of me there, at the big lumbering wheel . . . I felt relief from its mad kicking and jerking which, time and again during the night, had thrown me from balance and

bruised me from hips to shoulders. . . . I felt his presence and heard him say : " Steady, son, steady."

From that moment onwards things were different. I seemed content to let the " phantom captain " take command. He seemed to advise me to turn the ship about and run before the waves. I remember doubting for a moment the wisdom of such a manœuvre, but I took advantage of a slight lull and brought her about. Having done so, I looked over my shoulder at the towering mountains of greyish-green water which seemed to rise up from behind, until they reached their maximum height and then light up with a devilish grin before curling over in an effort to devour the ship and all aboard. Somehow I no longer seemed to fear them . . . the ghostly help I had received had calmed my nerves and given me strength. Torrential rains poured from the heavens . . . the mountains of water seemed literally beaten down. With daylight came full appreciation of the truly sorry plight of the ship. The rain stopped and the wind settled down to a steady blow. The seas still ran high and we shipped plenty of water, but I felt confident the battle had been won.

Out from the port alleyway I saw the German steward make three gallant attempts to bring me tea and toast. The fact that it never reached me does not detract in the least from the merits of that gallant attempt. What an optimist that German was to think he could carry a cup and plate along those storm-swept decks. The Greek bos'n hobbled up on deck sore and bruised from the punishment he had taken the night before. He said : " Sorry I quit. . . . I couldn't stick it any longer." I felt no resentment. I would have quit also if it hadn't been that I'd made a promise, and I realized that two lives, more precious than my own, depended on whether or not I reached England.

I asked the Greek : " Could you make your way for'ard and bring me back some tea or soup ? Bring it in a tin pan with a lid on it." He went and succeeded where the well-meaning steward had failed. Gradually the ship came to life. Certain members, who had locked themselves in their cabins, came out wondering if they were still alive or only

dreaming they were. By noon I had the two mates paired up with the Greek and the South American steering, while I took charge and cleared up the wreckage and secured hatches and generally made things shipshape.

We ran before the storm all that night, and the next day we rigged up a temporary steering arrangement from the donkey-engine in the after part of the engine-room. This is where I want to give the engineers credit. Once they were shown what was required they rigged up a very good makeshift steering apparatus. When we finally got sights we found ourselves hundreds of miles south of our course and down near the Azores. As I have said before, we sailed up the Mersey twenty-one days after leaving Baltimore. Captain Robinson sent me ashore in the pilot boat. This wasn't strictly according to regulations, but it was a good job he did. My son was born five hours after I arrived home.

It will be his sixteenth birthday in a few days and he stands over six feet tall. In size and build and looks he is a second edition of what I was at his age, and just recently he arrived home from his first experience of running away to sea. I'm beginning to think history does repeat itself. However, I think I have persuaded him to follow more lucrative paths which should give him plenty of experience and a fair share of adventure. I have persuaded him to go in for mining engineering, and shortly he will be flown into one of Canada's most northerly mining camps. Here he will obtain his first practical experience. He will study during the winter and work up north during the summer until he takes his degree.

CHAPTER III

I GIVE UP THE SEA

AFTER discharging our cargo in Manchester we were sent to Liverpool for inspection in dry dock. Eleven faulty rivets were found in her bottom plates. Only one explanation can be offered. All riveting on these ships, built under war-time emergency plans, was done on piece-rate basis, and it would appear that faulty work resulted from rushing the work to make more pay.

While in Liverpool I invited Captain Robinson to visit my home in Preston, and we spent one very enjoyable Sunday. My mother, wife, two babies, my brother, Captain Robinson, and myself left early in the morning in a hired conveyance, and we travelled leisurely through the picturesque Brock Bottoms. It is one of the most wonderful drives, as far as scenic beauty is concerned, in Lancashire, but perhaps what appealed most to Captain Robinson was the old-fashioned country "pubs." There we enjoyed ale which was ale, and never as long as I live will I forget the meal we were served by one landlord. A great big rasher of ham, fully half an inch thick, grilled to a turn, with two fresh eggs, and home-baked bread and butter. What sweetness and flavour was in that ham! How wonderful the home-made bread and butter! We had strawberry jam, marmalade, Eccles cakes, and apple pie to choose from for dessert, not to order, but put on the table to help yourself, and last but not least a choice piece of Lancashire cheese, really old and tangy. When we had eaten our fill, the landlord charged us 1s. 6d. a head. We left his daughter half a crown for her trouble and she smiled all over her rosy face.

We engaged a horse-drawn vehicle that day, and I have

often wished to repeat that most enjoyable drive, but I doubt whether it could be as enjoyable if the journey were made in a car. A car travels too fast for real pleasure.

My health wasn't good at this particular time. The reaction following the war had set in and the hardship and exposure suffered during the voyage across had brought back severe attacks of rheumatism. I became troubled with chronic insomnia. Before I left home my wife begged me once more to give up the sea and expressed her willingness to go anywhere or do anything if I would start my career all over again, ashore. I gave this matter long and serious thought on the way back to New York. Incidentally, I had received a letter from John T. G. Carr, who, I understood, was in a big business in Hartland, New Brunswick. He invited me to go and stay with him should I ever find time and opportunity.

Upon arrival in New York I paid off and took him at his word. What is more, when I left the ship, on June 1st, 1920, I said good-bye to the sea professionally for all time. I made up my mind that Canada would be my future home and I determined that no matter what it happened to be, I would accept the first job offered to me and that I would stay with it until a better one turned up. I wish to say right here that I have never regretted the step I took, and I still think Canada is the land of opportunity for the right type of settler, but I say this also, prospective settlers should discount 95 per cent of what they are told by steamship agents and others interested in taking their money.

The steamship agents can't lose. If a man or a family, filled to the gills with high-pressure sales talk, immigrate and then turn sour and dissatisfied with what they were led to believe, they either go back to the Old Country at their own expense or are deported. The steamship agents get theirs, as the saying is, whichever way they go.

When I first set foot in Canada after deciding to "swallow the anchor," in June, 1920, I left like the children of Israel must have felt when they sighted the promised land. I was twenty-five years of age to the day. I was giving up the position of chief officer in the merchant service, but

was standing to gain the pleasures of a new life with my wife and family in a new country. I realized that I was jilting my old love, the sea, for a new, but I felt justified. The sea had been my mistress for eleven years, but she had been fickle and unkind. She had cast me ashore three times, buffeted me with typhoon and hurricane, threatened me with torpedo and mine. All told she had proved herself a faithless lover. I longed for peace and contentment, a house and fireside, my wife and children. I did not crave riches, just the common things of life that every man is entitled to as his birthright. I knew that when I gave up the sea I must start all over again. I was willing to start right at the very bottom of the ladder.

June 2nd, 1920, found me riding in a train drinking in the beauties of New Brunswick. The St. John River is unequalled for beauty in any country. It is the Danube of America. As the train rolled on towards my destination I was subject to a wide variety of emotions. I felt the past was definitely left behind. The horror and suffering of the war, the pain and misery of separation from loved ones were past and gone for ever. The memory of years of dangerous and dark gropings around the bottom of the North Sea in the bowels of a submarine, seemed like an obnoxious nightmare when recalled in the bright summer sunlight which penetrated forest land and mountain pass and bathed farmland and pasture in rich and glorious shades of gold and green or turned the flowing rivers into ribbons of shimmering silver. Words fail me when I try to describe or compare the perfection of that country-side and the feeling of freedom and joy, the profound happiness that filled my heart that day. I had escaped death and found life ; I had buried loneliness and found companionship ; I had evaded danger and found peace ; I had forgotten hatreds and found love ; I had done with killing and created children ; I had left behind sorrow and saw ahead happiness ; I had wandered through a darkness impenetrable . . . to find light . . . bright, glorious sunlight, and if, as I alighted from the train, I missed the song of the thrush and the lark—such as England alone hears on a summer day—I responded to the

warm sweet-smelling hush of the summer's evening like one enjoys the quiet and comfort of an ancient church. To me everything was new, young, sweet and clean ; I believed it all as far removed from the rottenness and corruption of war as Christ is from the Devil and Heaven is from Hell, but before I walked the length of the station platform I had a rude awakening. The man who offered to take care of my baggage was minus an eye and a leg. The backwash of the war had flung its flotsam right into the heart of an earthly paradise. I have found out since that the abominations of life exist everywhere.

This world is nothing but an immense garden. It has been ploughed by the sufferings of mankind, fertilized with the blood of patriots and martyrs, seeded with acts of heroism and self-sacrifice, and warmed by the sunshine of knowledge and learning and has produced a harvest of choicest fruits.

The tree of " life " is in full bloom and ready to yield its fruit. Medical science has conquered many ills and is on the threshold of solving many more secrets which affect man's happiness. The tree of " knowledge " has given us science and done away with the necessity of heavy manual labour ; machinery has made it possible to accomplish our tasks in a reasonable margin of time. The flat spaces of the earth have given us an over-abundance of grain, the wilderness has opened up its treasures of gold and silver ; the seas have disclosed their wealth, and yet, like every garden which has been left to careless or indifferent hands, it has become overgrown with weeds.

The weed of greediness has so entangled the tree of science that we have idleness instead of leisure ; avarice, like ivy, has climbed the walls of the halls of justice until it has shut out the light ; selfishness, like poison ivy, has smothered the rocks which yield the gold ; above all, blind unreasonableness has robbed the world of the benefits of Christ's passion and we are still doomed to the pestilence of war because we refuse to settle our differences as laid down in the precepts of Christian Charity.

The town of Hartland was the centre of a thriving and prosperous agricultural community. It had a population

of 1000 souls. The main street runs parallel with the river and boasts about five general stores. There is a clothing establishment, one that specialized in boots and shoes, two drug stores, an ice-cream parlour, a watchmaker's, a butcher's, and two hardware stores. Two trains a day attracted the inhabitants like filings to a magnet. Most of the adult members of the male sex were on the station platform when the train, north bound, passed at 11 a.m. and when it went south at 5 p.m. The whole life of the community seemed to centre around the arrival and departure of those two trains.

The houses and stores are mostly of frame construction covered with clapboard or shingles. Only the post office and two or three stores are built of brick. I went up to my friend's home and stowed away my dunnage. When I entered the dining-room I had the company of about half a dozen citizens.

Next day I went for a walk about the town. I noticed there were four churches. They were located on the four corners of the main street just where the stores ended and the residential section came into being. Four Christian churches to 1000 Christian souls. There was the Church of England, the Methodist, the Reformed Baptist, and the United Baptist. When I chanced to remark on the extraordinary number of churches, I was informed that just across the river was the Church of the Seventh Day Adventists and on the outskirts of the town the Holy Rollers had erected a tent. All of which proved two things : the community had varied and decided views on religion, and could, evidently, afford to back financially the horse to which they decided to hitch their heaven-bound chariot.

I had chosen this small community as the one in which to start my new life for many reasons. It was far from the sea ; it was reputedly prosperous ; it had, as a matter of fact, several active and retired business men who could boast fortunes of well over \$50,000, and it had one millionaire in its own right. This seemed a pretty good recommendation to me, considering the town less than fifty years old. It was the centre of the agricultural activities of the

province ; it had three industries : a furniture factory, a starch factory and a saw-mill. One other thing had aroused my imagination as I studied the maps and read the guide-books. The country surrounding Hartland was unsurpassed as a paradise for big-game hunters and fishermen.

I had been born with a gun in my hand ; I knew almost every trout pool in Lancashire before I knew my A B C. I had continually longed for the feel of a tingling rod and the thrill of the chase during the years I'd been at sea. I thought I would like to be a big frog in a small puddle rather than a small frog in a big puddle. I wanted to write. I had no false illusions. I knew I would not find gold in the streets. I had the courage of youth. I was not afraid of hard work. I had determined to accept the very first job offered, and I vowed never voluntarily to quit the position I had unless I had the offer of a better one.

Hartland is located on the banks of the St. John River just below where the Beccaquimic enters. In the year 1872 steamboats used to navigate as far up the river as Hartland, which is more than one hundred miles from the port of St. John at its mouth on the Bay of Funday.

I liked Hartland and I told John of my decision to stay and make a home for my family. To my surprise he did his utmost to try to talk me out of doing so. It was plain that his invitation was only for a visit and that he was anything but anxious to have me linger longer. I explained to him my determination to start all over again, and that it was my intention to take the first job offered.

He pointed out that times had changed and that conditions had been going from bad to worse and that there were no openings for a man of my type.

"My type?" I questioned. "What do you mean?"

He got a little angry. "You're an ex-officer of the Navy. I'm a respected business man. I've lived here all my life. I cannot have you living here and doing labouring work and odd jobs. It isn't right. . . . It isn't proper."

Now perhaps poor old John was sorry for all the things he had written in his letters to his relatives back home, but he had given us to believe that he was by far the most in-

fluent business man in the district and that he had made a comfortable fortune. Half jokingly, I twitted him. "If you couldn't stand seeing your distinguished friend do labouring work, how about making me your general manager? I'm quite willing to start as junior clerk in the store until I learn the hang of things."

Then the old man broke down. He was over seventy. "Things are not what they were before the war. I had a big business then and owned the big general store where the drug-store now stands. My son went west and got mixed up in the land boom. I invested heavily. Nearly \$250,000, and, like a fool, I advised others to invest also. Then came the crash and we were wiped out. All I was able to save from the ruins was sufficient stock to start the little store at the foot of the hill and keep my home up on the hill, but I'm telling you frankly, I lost a lot of friends and business connections and I don't do more than just enough business to keep going. To be honest with you, I couldn't afford to pay a married clerk to work for me."

I felt sorry for him. Long into the night he told me of his worries and troubles. He had come to Canada in 1872 absolutely on his own and with practically no more of this world's goods than what he stood up in. He had invested his small fortune in a horse and buggy and started out peddling groceries and dry goods to the farmers. If they had no money he would trade with them for produce.

He went into partnership with a French Canadian, named Walter, who was a very enthusiastic Methodist.

Walter was fired with real missionary spirit, and the two of them held Bible meetings at all the small settlements they visited on their travels. As these Bible meetings were one of the few diversions afforded the settlers in the outlying districts they were uncommonly well attended, and bringing the people together in this way saved hours of time visiting them individually. The result was that having worked up the people into a holy and generous mood by means of prayer and hymns they traded with them afterwards to good advantage.

I want it clearly understood that in all the years I lived

in Hartland I never heard any person speak disrespectfully of John. They always gave him credit for being fair and strictly honest, but a hard business man. He made money rapidly and bought a property in Hartland and built a general store. The town of Hartland grew up around that store, and in the late 'nineties John built the Methodist Church and I believe was made first mayor of the town of Hartland. He progressed rapidly. He bought up most of the town of Hartland. He bought up most of the real estate around his general store and, according to what others told me afterwards, at one time owned outright all the valuable property in Hartland.

The people of Hartland were then, and still are, most puritanical in their beliefs and habits. They don't believe in drink, gambling, shows, or dancing. These are, according to popular belief, means of the Devil to lead people astray. John's son grew up with the business, but it appears he didn't agree with the theory of total abstinence from spirituous liquors. In fact, I heard it from many different sources he not infrequently got quite tiddley.

Now this was a very serious matter in those days. It was scandalous and bad for business, so the erring son had to be taken to task, and John called him into his office one day and read the Riot Act. Either he must stop drinking or he must get out and go on his own. The last question he fired at his wayward son was : "What I'd like to know is where you get that infernal stuff."

The thoroughly angry son replied : "And what I want to tell you is that I get it right from your private supply."

Poor John and his wife were both English, and while neither of them drank to excess, they both loved their glass of toddy. That they indulged in secret was evident. The upshot of the whole matter was that Alfred left home with his bride and went west, to start up on his own. The quarrel soon was forgotten, and with the boom in the west he made money, and his father entrusted him with his and his friends' money to invest.

All went well until the bubble, like so many other bubbles, burst ; and they, with thousands of others, found them-

selves broke. What burst the bubble? A railway was planned to go through a certain junction. Speculators sold lots to the ready buyers. They sold at a profit and prices went up and up until the lots were turning over for many times their real value. It was then announced, suddenly, that the railway would not go through that junction but another way round. Thus the junction was doomed to remain a wilderness. Boom! Up went Paddy McGinty's goat! A few made money, but thousands were ruined. History repeats itself. In 1929 we had the same thing, but it was nation wide and was the start of the national depression.

I couldn't help arguing for information's sake. I asked: "If the people here are dead-set against an innocent game of whist or euchre, and think the game of poker is terrible, why do they gamble their life's savings in speculative real-estate deals?"

I admit it is a difficult question to answer. All these talks and arguments failed to convince me that it was the fault of the country rather than the individual that had caused ruin and hard times. I was still determined to stay. I moved into the local hotel.

While staying with John I had been introduced to all the people we had met while walking together; so when I arrived back at the hotel I took a seat and awaited an opportunity for conversation. I soon discovered that there were many who were as anxious to find out what my business might be as I was to find out the possibilities of Hartland. The proprietor inquired whether I was bent on fishing. I informed him that I was seriously considering making Hartland my home. To say he was amazed is putting the matter lightly.

When I told him I was English he immediately asked me if I knew the Howells. He was genuinely surprised when I told him I didn't. It appeared the Howells came from England, and he had the idea that everyone in England must surely know everyone else. In his opinion England was a small place represented by three little dots on the map.

Next day I called on everyone I thought might be able

to use my services. I knew the cost of living was low and cared little what I did as long as I could pay my way and make a home ready for my family, so that they could come out and join me. During my tour I began to feel that Englishmen were looked upon with no small amount of distrust. They were thought to be know-alls. Men who thought they could teach rather than learn. I determined to correct this idea if possible. I was ready to accept the first job offered and landed one the first day. It was that of painting a house. My apprenticeship at sea had taught me to be a jack-of-all-trades. This job led to others, all of them odd jobs—some of them—very odd jobs.

The bridge which spanned the river just below the town had been carried away by the ice that spring, and the Government had planned to construct a new bridge. When the work started, at the beginning of July, I applied for a job and got it. I was set to work unloading freight cars of machinery and shovelling gravel and sand at forty-five cents per hour.

All this may seem strange work for an ex-Naval officer, but I considered myself something of a philosopher. At sea, as second officer of English ships, I had been paid £18 per month with board and had worked seven days a week. As a labourer I was working six days per week and receiving a larger salary. Before the end of July I was promoted to gang foreman and received 55 cents per hour. By the time the serious work of rigging commenced I was put in charge of the rigging crew and drew 75 cents per hour. I was actually earning more than a master mariner was paid at sea.

I found that a suit of overalls and a pair of grimy hands were an asset rather than a drawback in this new land. It was how you did your job and what you were inside your overalls that counted infinitely more than what your social position might be. The mayor of the town was not ashamed to let people see him brush out his store or sweep his pavement. The shame would have been had he left his pavement dirty.

The superintendent and the time-keeper on the construc-

tion job were both ex-Army officers. We soon became friends ; I began to realize the great abilities of these men and I admired them for the magnificent way they conducted their battle against the forces of nature. Here were men who knew not the meaning of defeat. They fought against floods and blinding blizzards ; they gambled their knowledge and skill against ice and zero weather ; they kept work going according to schedule even if it meant working fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. The year it took to build that bridge was one of the happiest years of my life.

Having secured a job which was likely to last more than a year I sent for my wife and family. They arrived in Montreal aboard one of the Manchester liners. My cousin, Captain Ernest Beggs, was the captain of her.

Back in Hartland, I had secured the only vacant flat in town. It was located over a small general store. It was not the kind of home to which I would have wished to bring my wife, but it was the only place available and I had worked every night to make it look home-like and comfortable. I had redecorated the whole interior myself, after working hours, and the Howells were kind enough to come in some evenings and help. The furniture arrived from Montreal, the curtains and drapes were put up and the whole place was scrubbed clean. With all we had done to make it look its best, there was no disguising the fact that it was just a four-roomed clapboard shack without running water or inside conveniences. We had to carry drinking water from a well two hundred yards away and the toilets were located in the backyard.

I was worried as to just how my wife would take this drastic change from the lovely home we had sold in England. I might have spared myself that worry. She was fully appreciative of the effort I had made to make it as nice as possible and she assured me over and over that she had studied the matter carefully before taking the step which led to a completely new departure and she said also that she was willing to take, for better or worse, what the future had to offer.

That summer was exceptionally hot and the mosquitoes

were bad. The flat was unbearable during the really hot spells, but we stuck it out and looked forward to the Sundays when we could go off for picnics in the depths of the woods. What glorious outings these were after days of heavy labour and heat fatigue. All week it seemed too hot to eat, but on Sundays we would hire a horse and buggy, take all the fixings, and then drive out into the country to locate near a stream. I never failed to catch sufficient brook trout to satisfy our most ravenous appetites. How good they tasted . . . right out of the stream into the frying-pan and cooked in butter.

On the construction job we had a queer assortment of men. Lumber-jacks, labourers, carpenters, and cement-workers among them. Hard-boiled and hard-working they were, and governed by a keen competitive spirit. They would knuckle down to no man. If they couldn't prove themselves better workmen than their companions they at least were not satisfied unless they were as good as them. They needed no driving. One's chief worry was to keep up to them.

The men, working on the bridge-building project, could either board in the town or live in the huge camp boarding-house which had been constructed on the banks of the river. To them work was actually a pleasure. When I had to give up my rented flat, they helped me build my own home out of a disused tannery which I had purchased. They had what is called a building bee. They supplied the labour, I supplied the food and refreshment. It was impossible to make them quit even long enough to eat until the job was finished. After the roof was on they celebrated. Two gallons of Jamaica rum and several table-loads of victuals disappeared like the dew with the rising of the sun.

These men, when kept hard at work and given plenty to eat, were happy and simple as overgrown children, but . . . when they were idle, were ready for any mischief. Some of them were bad actors when they were full of bootleg liquor. Their only amusement, during periods of leisure, was competing at feats of skill and strength. The things they could do without tools, other than those of their trade,

were amazing. I never tired watching them use an axe or a peavee, roll a log, manage a boat or shoot with a rifle. If one couldn't do some of these things better than they could it was difficult to hold their respect.

Being a sailor I knew my work as rigger, but there seemed to be a little jealousy over the position I held until one day I proved that I was as good a shot with a rifle as the best of them.

The men delighted in kidding me about the way Englishmen used a double-barrelled shot-gun when shooting, instead of a rifle. Some of them were so expert with a rifle that they could pick the heads off partridge or cut the tail off a squirrel at twenty paces. I took all they had to say in good part until one day two geese came floating down the river. I saw them first and ran for the 30.30 rifle which was in the bunk-house. I took careful aim and cut the head off one. My second shot was low and rather badly damaged the other. However, I supplied a welcome change to the menu and the men gave me full credit for my marksmanship.

The next Sunday was given over to fancy shooting of all kinds with both rifles and revolvers. I did a little better than hold my own. This led to a rather amusing incident. There was one man on the pay-roll who was a poor type of Englishman from the pottery districts. He was loud-mouthed and vulgar. The type which bring discredit on their fellow-countrymen. He was employed as teamster and was as big as an elephant and almost as awkward. One day, just before knocking off time, he became abusive and insolent because I found fault with the way in which he was handling his team and delaying the work of unloading at the wharf. I became annoyed and told him that if he didn't shut his mouth I would shut it for him. One word led to another, much to the amusement of the rest of the construction gang in the vicinity. I did nothing until the whistle blew. Then I walked over to where he stood, to use the vernacular, "shooting off his mouth."

He asked me what I wanted. I told him I had come to keep my promise and shut his mouth. I pointed out that after such an attack of verbal diarrhoea he needed his mouth



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Charlo Falls, New Brunswick. One of Nature's most beautiful fishing spots : grand, rugged, majestic and beautiful.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Fred L. Hitchman of the Boston Bruins lands a 30-pounder out of Hartts' Pool, St. John River.

washed. The men burst out laughing and this caused him to lose his temper completely. We were near the edge of the wharf. He rushed at me and I dived at his ankles, threw him heavily to the ground and, before he knew what had happened, I rolled him over the edge of the wharf. I held to him by his mat of thick curly hair and forced his head under water until I figured his lungs were about ready to burst, then I pulled him up and asked him if he had shut his mouth or, at least, cleansed it thoroughly. I gave him a couple more duckings for good measure and then let him climb out of the river.

He kept his mouth shut, but it could be seen he was furious at being made the laughing-stock of the camp. He was in a smouldering rage, not only with me, but with everyone else as well.

One night he picked a quarrel with some of his relatives who lived just across from my own house. They ordered him out of the house. He returned, after midnight, armed with a rifle and threatened to kill them. The noise he made, pounding on the doors, and shouting his threats, woke up my family. I got up and dressed and went out on the back veranda. I saw the man was crazed with drink and anger. He was in a dangerous mood. Something had to be done to prevent serious trouble. I called across to him: "Dave, you know I can shoot and I've got you covered . . . drop that rifle and stop being a damned fool."

To my intense surprise he did exactly what I ordered. He evidently remembered my exhibition of marksmanship and the way in which I had handled him on the wharf, because he dropped the rifle on the ground and put up his hands. He turned face to the wall when I issued my next order. The whole situation had turned ludicrous, for I did not have my revolver. I had loaned it to a man who had gone hunting. I went over to where he stood, picked up the rifle and gave him a couple of good bootings to the seat of his pants. I then told him to beat it before the sheriff arrived. He went and didn't look back even once.

We didn't see him around for several months. One night I met him quite by accident in an ice-cream parlour. He

informed me that he had married and was working up-river. After talking in quite a friendly manner for some time, he finally blurted out : " You think you can beat me every time. . . . Well, you can't." Saying this he aimed a terrific blow at my face. I dodged and hit him on the chin. He went down stunned. I said as quietly as I could : " I know I can, Dave. Why not act sensibly and bury the hatchet ? " He picked himself up and left the store. I never saw him again.

All this may seem beyond the point of the story, but it was these incidents that established you amongst the type of men who work in the forests and on the rivers of New Brunswick. The Canadian troops crowned themselves with glory during the war, and when strangers come amongst them in their peace-time environment, they take them at their face value.

CHAPTER IV

WORKING ONE'S WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

I FOUND the majority of the men working on the bridge a fine bunch of fellows. Many of them were ex-service men and quite a number had decorations for bravery in the field, but were very modest and rarely talked of their war days unless it was while having a drink together when off duty.

One young fellow named Curtis was only twenty-one and held the D.C.M. and M.M. He was a young blood giant and was working his way through dental college. That is one thing about Canada that everyone must admire. . . . It is the land of opportunity. The door of prosperity is ever open for those with initiative and imagination. I became good friends with Arthur and we worked together most of the time. One day we enjoyed a good laugh.

We were working on a scow moving a heavy crib into position in the middle of the river. The current was very swift and strong. Just as we got the crib over the proper position the signal was given to lower; without warning a guy-rope parted; the crib swung around and knocked one of the workmen off the scow into the river. The chances were the man had been hurt or winded by the blow, so both Curtis and I jumped in after him. Curtis reached him first, just as he was going under for the third time. He grabbed him by the hair and pulled him up on to his chest. The drowning man began to struggle. I went to assist him and then unexpectedly my feet touched bottom. We had drifted out of the channel to a sand bar. I picked up the chap and hoisted him to my shoulder and walked to shore, while my companion nearly died laughing. Curtis worked

on the construction job all summer and went to the University of Toronto during the winter. I won't argue that pouring cement into bridge abutments will teach a man how to pull teeth or take a plaster of Paris impression of your jaw, but if you've got the guts to blister your hands it will provide the necessary money to give you a higher education. A little real muscle is not a bad asset to have when pulling a hard, set tooth.

Thousands of cases might be given of how men, prominent in public life in the Dominion to-day, started out with absolutely nothing of this world's goods.

Twenty-five years ago a boy named Eldon H. Waldruff was working as a drug-store delivery clerk in Toronto for \$1 per week. He was also a soloist in a church choir for which he received nothing. He had to buy his own music. Another boy, Gordon V. Thompson, was "crazy" about music and went around selling his own compositions. Gordon met Eldon, and the latter spent a whole week's pay in buying ten songs from Thompson. Young Gordon Thompson had associated with him as salesman one Leopold Macaulay. One of the songs they sold was "Anchored Fast," made famous by the group of Salvationists who sang it as the *Empress of Ireland* sank from under them after a collision in the St. Lawrence. One couldn't pick three men as a group with such humble beginnings. . . . To-day look at them.

E. H. Waldruff, the ex-drug-store clerk, is president of L. K. Liggett & Company, one of the largest chain drug-store corporations of the world. Gordon V. Thompson is a music publisher, while Leopold Macaulay was, until Mitchell Hepburn came into power, Minister of Highways with the Conservative provincial government.

Joseph Atkinson, "Holy Joe," was once a printer's devil. To-day he owns the *Toronto Daily Star*, *Toronto Star Weekly* and one of the biggest sky-scrapers in the City of Toronto. William "Bill" Wright started as a Tommy in the Army of Queen Victoria or Edward VII. He didn't come to Canada until 1906 . . . to-day he is a millionaire and owns the *Globe and Mail*, which is the largest morning paper in the Dominion.

Right in Hartland we had a Dr. Belyea who had dreamed as a youth of becoming a great surgeon. His family were poor, so he became a country school teacher instead, but only until he had earned enough money to put himself through medical college at the University of Montreal. Did he become a good surgeon? He certainly did. I once administered the anæsthetic while he performed an operation on a dining-room table. There was nobody else available to give the ether. The patient lived and is still living.

It is my humble opinion that the doctors do more for the good of humanity in Canada than do the preachers. One of the finest men I ever met was old Dr. William Curtis of Hartland. He never went to church in all the time I knew him and this didn't go down so well with many of the citizens, but he never refused to answer a sick call no matter what condition the weather or how poor the family or what distance he had to travel. This probably pleased the "recording angel" a whole lot.

On the stormiest night with the thermometer away below zero (I've seen it drop to forty below), he would struggle into his bearskin coat, hitch up his horse and buggy and drive fourteen or more miles to deliver a woman. What is more, he didn't ask her how much money she had or if she was married or single. He was a doctor. Relieving the sufferings of humanity was all that mattered. When he died I saw his will. It was a most simple document that spoke of the man's real character. One clause read: "I forgive all those who have debts owing to me and request that my books be destroyed and that no actions or claims be made against them."

Dear old Dr. Curtis.

As so often happens in small communities there are some people who worry themselves sick about what the others are doing. Somehow or other they always suspect the worst. The Government contract called for the bridge we were constructing across the St. John River to be a covered bridge. As the work progressed the good folk got together and thought the bridge should not be covered. The reason being that they thought it would provide a dark place

where the boys and girls of the town might find opportunity to do things which they were not supposed to do until married. Len ———, an ardent Catholic, and I went to hear a Baptist minister preach on the subject one Sunday evening. The preacher condemned the idea of covering the bridge in no uncertain terms. He said that to cover it would turn it into a potential ram pasture.

Public opinion was so roused that a petition was circulated ; it requested the Government to have the plans changed, and in the petition they gave their reason " that to cover the bridge would seriously jeopardize the morals of the young people of Hartland." The bridge was covered in spite of the petition and I saw a letter written to the contractors in reference to it, in which a member of the Government had said : " If the morals of the young people are so badly bent that it only requires a covered bridge to break them completely, there is little we, as the Government, can do about the matter."

Personally I knew a large number of the young people of Hartland, and I don't think there was much need to worry about their morals, if those who were doing most of the worrying had left them alone. It was rather amusing to hear the older folk deplore the new ideas and the freedom of the modern youth. They seemed to think that a girl could not go for a drive in a boy's car, take a walk in the woods, or even dance, without surrendering her most precious possession. What worried some of them most was the fact that as far as the girls were concerned there was no outward sign that such inward corruption did exist, and they reasoned that some person or persons must be helping them out of their difficulties. Who should fall under their suspicion but Dr. Curtis ! The only thing they needed was evidence.

I was told on good authority that one night a woman with six children called on Dr. Curtis. She was the wife of a local preacher. She told him she thought she had done her duty by God and her country, and pointed out that her husband was not blessed with much of this world's goods, and that he did not receive a very large stipend. She asked if he could not advise her so she wouldn't have any more

children. Dr. Curtis is reputed to have said : " I'm glad you came to me. I know you are a good woman. All you need do is kneel down every night when you go to bed and say your prayers. After you have said your prayers get into bed and take a good big drink of cold water . . . and don't take anything else."

There was a French-Canadian woman who lived just across the railway tracks. She was old and lame. Her face was wrinkled and her eyes were jet black and deep set. She was accredited locally with being a witch. She told fortunes and had the gift of second sight. Tourists came from all over the United States to have their fortunes told. One of her daughters was married to a Chinaman who owned the local laundry. They had a family of children. To say they were ostracized is putting it mildly. The strange thing is that the Chinaman was as good a husband as he was a laundryman, and the children of the marriage were as well behaved and as mannerly as any in the community. What is more, they always held a high place in their classes at the school. When I was forced to give up my flat and had to convert the old tannery into a dwelling, the Chinaman was one of our neighbours.

Our children and theirs used to play on the shore of the river and go fishing together. When my wife was taken seriously ill and my little girl was also given up by the doctors, I happened to be in the St. John Military Hospital, suffering from rheumatic fever. On arriving home I found that these people had been real neighbours and had done everything it was possible to do for the comfort and well-being of my family. When old Mrs. L——— took ill with cancer, we were able to repay them for their kindness by nursing her through her last illness. There were very few others who would go near the old lady. For some reason or other, she would not rest easily unless my wife or I sat by her bedside.

Despite all this unkindness, this lack of Christian spirit, the children of this strange marriage have grown up to be a family of which their parents may feel proud. It was only recently I sat and heard ten thousand people yelling their

heads off in a frenzy of idol worship as they watched one of these children perform on the football-field for a famous 'varsity. Sixteen years ago I was criticized for allowing my children to play with theirs; to-day thousands of sport fans turn out to watch the football matches and hockey games in which this laundryman's son is recognized as a star player.

To read the sports writers' comments one would think the boy was a god rather than a man, but if my judgment is right he is still unspoiled. . . . It is one of the things I like about Canada that in most of the larger cities there is very little snobbishness. The average person is taken for what he is . . . not for what he is worth.

Keeping to the subject of how the youth of Canada work their way through college and how thoroughly democratic the average Canadian is, I will reproduce here a story I once wrote for the *Toronto Star Weekly* which fully illustrates the point. I had been on a lecture tour of the Canadian Clubs in 1931 and I was returning on one of the Great Lake passenger steamers which ply between Fort William and Port McNicoll, to entrain for Toronto when I got the inspiration for the following article :

“WAITER . . . WAITER ”

How would you like to have your appendix removed by a waiter? Well, after the experience I had on one of the Great Lakes passenger steamers which ply between Fort William and Port McNicoll I can honestly say that should the necessity arise I would lie on the operating table without the slightest worry and let one waiter I met carve me like he so adeptly carved a turkey which was on the menu for Sunday dinner. Perhaps others won't be so backward in allowing waiters to remove their appendix, their teeth, or defend them in a law suit after they have read this story.

“Waiter, bring me some turkey . . . plenty of it. I am hungry and I like the dark meat best.”

“Yes, sir ! ”

“And, waiter, I'll have apple-pie and ice cream and some nice strong cheese and coffee. Bring my coffee right away. I like it with my meal.”

"Yes, sir!"

The waiter was about half-way to the kitchen when the American called: "And bring me some salad with the turkey." The waiter returned and holding the menu before the gentleman with the loud voice said in low, refined tones: "Just what kind of salad would you like, sir?"

The tourist named his choice and then remarked to the others at the table: "Fine waiters they've got aboard this boat . . . well trained and smart as you make them. I never got better service in my life."

"Y-e-s . . ." drawled an Englishman in the best Oxford accents. "These bally waiters certainly give wonderful service, especially to the ladies. I noticed last night that their attentions did not end with serving them dinners. I saw one who waits on this table up on the boat-deck with the very pretty lady who is seated at that table over on the starboard side."

The Englishman was quite evidently peeved and perhaps he had a right to be. Among the passengers were twenty young ladies going to a Sunday School convention in Toronto. The Englishman had taken quite a fancy to one of the delegates and he had not recovered from the hurt his dignity had received the previous evening when the young Miss whom he had condescended to honour with his attentions had turned down his invitation to take a stroll on deck and had accepted the offer of the waiter who had served him dinner.

"Can't understand your Canadian girls, by Jove," he continued. "Really very charming, and lovely and everything, don't you know, but so unconventional. I can't imagine an English girl of her class walking the deck at night with a waiter. It simply isn't done. I actually saw that infernal waiter sitting on one of the seats under the lee of a lifeboat with his arm around her. Beastly familiar I thought him, but when I actually saw her let him kiss her I thought my eyes had deceived me. I can't understand it really—not really."

"Would you be surprised if I was to inform you that

nearly all the waiters aboard this ship are students attending Canadian universities?" asked the fourth member at our table, who had not taken any active part in the conversation up till this point. "These young men are working their way through college so that they may become doctors, dentists, lawyers, civil engineers and the like. Their parents can't afford to pay the shot, so they work during the summer months as waiters, kitchen helps, bell boys or at any other job that may offer."

The American arrested his fork when it was half-way to his mouth. He was obviously unable to credit what he was told. The Englishman: "Say, old chap, do you mean that or are you just trying to pull my leg?"

"I'm not pulling your leg," the other laughed. "What I tell you is a fact and I'll prove it."

The smart young waiter who had captured the approval of the charming young Sunday School miss arrived with the turkey and coffee.

"Waiter, what do you do during the winter months when these ships are tied up?" the champion of our Canadian youth asked him.

"I'm attending M'Gill, sir."

"What course are you taking?"

"Medicine, sir."

"When will you finish?"

"I've two more years yet, sir."

"How many of the other waiters and kitchen hands are students?"

"Nearly all of them, sir."

"Do you fellows really need the money or are you keeping other men out of jobs they need?"

"I think most of us really need the money, sir. I could not continue at the university if I did not make from \$400 to \$500 each summer," he told us frankly.

"So it is not a case of doing some other fellow out of a job as is sometimes claimed?"

"Not generally, sir. There is one fellow aboard this ship, a bell-boy, whose father is a prominent public man. Perhaps he could get through all right without working all

summer, but one never knows just how the stock market crash affected even the richest families."

"You fellows seem to make a great hit with the ladies. Do the company's rules allow you to wait on them up on the boat-deck after the moon rises as well as when they are at a table?"

It was a hard shot and one he could easily have resented. He was the perfect waiter, however, one of those to whom the guest is always right.

"I know to what you are referring, sir," the future remover of appendixes replied, colouring a little. "The young lady you saw me with last night happens to be my fiancée. Although engaged, we don't get much opportunity to enjoy each other's company during the winter term, so she arranged to spend her vacation on the lakes this summer." His lips parted in a happy smile, life and the future held great prospects for him, even if for the time being he was just a common waiter.

When the time came to take our last meal aboard the ship I noticed that both the American and the Englishman left tips under their plates for the medical student which would have been more appropriate had they been making a wedding present—perhaps they were.

"We are too darned snobbish over on the other side even yet," the Englishman remarked in the smoke-room afterwards. "We lost a lot of nonsense during the war, but we are still apt to look down on anyone who does not happen to be in one of the services or a professional man."

"Do you know I have been very much struck with my experience to-day. Learning to be a waiter is not such bad training for a medical man after all. It teaches him patience, it makes him courteous. I happen to be a surgeon," he confided. "Some do me the honour of saying I am one of the leading surgeons in London, but I want to take my hat off to that young fellow in the dining-saloon. If obtaining my degrees had depended on becoming a waiter I think I would never have graduated from the pick-and-shovel class . . . I'm not joking . . . I mean it . . . really, by Jove!"

CHAPTER V

A LITTLE POACHING DONE IN CANADIAN STYLE

WHILE working on the bridge and living in Hartland I met all kinds of people. During this period I was writing the stories of *By Guess and By God* and *Hell's Angels of the Deep*, and I suppose that the urge for adventure and the thirsting after knowledge, born into me from generations of forebears, lured me into some strange companionships and stranger adventures.

People of the Maritimes are happy-go-lucky to say the least of it. They put their noses to the grindstones and make money because it is absolutely necessary. It is the modern way to live. Just whisper that a party was being arranged to go hunting or fishing and many business men would find a really good excuse for closing their stores or leaving the girl clerk in charge. The only thing that I disliked about it was that the success of a hunting trip was judged by the number of victims that fell to the rifles of the party (I have seen eighteen and twenty deer hauled out by a party of hunters), and a fishing trip was judged by the number of *dozen* trout taken. I can say, without fear of contradiction, that I have known six to ten dozen trout taken by rod in one day's fishing. No matter how plentiful game or fish may be they cannot stand that kind of punishment for ever.

There is a strange attitude towards this kind of thing. The natives seem to resent the concessions given to foreigners (Americans). They resent the fact that the wealthy American business men were allowed to lease rivers and streams and to monopolize the salmon and trout fishing in these waters. So bitter is this feeling that I have known natives to place wire across streams and rivers, where the

rights have been leased, to stop the salmon and sea trout from going up. The natives have waded into the pools below the obstructions and literally pitched the fish out with hay-forks.

Game- and fish-wardens can do little to prevent this sort of thing. One of the best salmon-pools of the St. John River was right at the foot of my house garden, and my family had all the salmon we could eat during the season and could put away in sealers what we required for winter use. Night after night the poachers would net the pool and always they would leave a nice big salmon on the back veranda of the house which looked down on to the pool at that spot.

Some person reported the matter to Fredericton, the capital of the province ; the local fish-warden was ordered to investigate and take action. He did and caught the poachers in the act. However, he didn't make any arrests. He had dropped down on them in his canoe, and when they saw him the poachers just went ashore and threw rocks at the canoe until they sank it. The warden had to swim for his life.

Personally, I never liked the idea of netting salmon, but the sport of spearing them at night with the aid of a light savoured of adventure. I made inquiries and asked to be allowed to accompany a spearing expedition some night.

I had retired for the night when a knock came to the door. A man informed me that the canoe was waiting at the foot of my garden. There were three others besides myself. One man was in the bow with a light and the spears, another in the stern with a paddle, and the other man and I amidships. Two of us were sitting down, the other two were kneeling. Moving about in the canoe is about as safe as allowing a madman to shave you.

I was situated so that I could see the light shining down into the water. At this particular time the big Atlantic salmon were running. These fish weigh anything from twenty-five to fifty pounds, but they are rarely, if ever, taken on a hook. They won't, as a rule, look at fly or bait. They must swim up the river to spawn.

We had paddled up from the spring pool to a spot just

below the rapids, at the mouth of the Becaquimic River, when the light rested on the biggest fish I had ever seen in fresh water. Quick as a flash the spear went plunging downwards, then something happened which none of us could explain. The bow of the canoe dipped with a jerk. The man with the spear went flying overboard and the canoe capsized. We were left struggling in the water. It wasn't very far back to shore. We recovered the canoe about a mile down the river and enjoyed a good laugh. All the man with the spear could say was that the fish he had struck was the biggest he'd ever seen, but that he couldn't explain how it capsized the canoe. The explanation may rest in the fact that a huge sturgeon, weighing over two hundred pounds, was found, some days afterwards, washed up on the river-bank dead. It had a salmon spear deeply embedded in the back of its neck.

There were three men in Hartland who never worked. In spite of this they raised large families . . . tremendously large families . . . were able to drive a horse and buggy and always looked well fed and reasonably well dressed. They called themselves "traders." They would trade anything they possessed at a price. One of them got into serious trouble with the inhabitants. He and the whole family were drummed out of town. The other two men were brothers and were likeable old rogues. I think that in no other country in the world you will find the like of these born traders.

I set off early one morning with Phil. He had a buggy robe, a rifle hidden under the seat, a gallon of moonshine, a hunting-knife, a jack-knife and a watch and chain, with possibly two dollars in change.

The jack-knife was probably worth a dollar at the most. He traded it at the very first farm we stopped at for half a dozen weasel skins that must have been worth, at that time, 25 to 35 cents each. To listen to Phil talk was an eye-opener. That knife had a history. Yes, sir. . . . It had been especially made in Sheffield and was presented to a sailor who had saved a man's life. It was so strongly made that one couldn't break it and the steel was so highly tempered



The silvery body jumps clear of the water as it tries to dislodge the hook.



A skilled guide at the paddle means a whole lot when you count your catch at the end of the day.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

The fight is on. A typical scene. Cain's River, N.B.

that it carried an edge like a razor. Yes, sir. . . . The man had always shaved with it.

"How did you come to get it, Phil?" asked the farmer.

Phil never flickered so much as an eyelid nor did he hesitate for an instant. "Me get it? . . . Oh I got it from a commercial traveller in Hartland. He'd met the sailor when he was broke. The poor fellow had been left behind, off his ship, in St. John, and sent to the hospital. He was broke when he came out of the hospital and hit the commercial traveller for the price of a meal. The traveller chap offered to buy him a meal, but said he wouldn't give him money with which to buy booze. They went into a restaurant together and he bought the sailor a meal. While they were eating the sailor told him his hard-luck story and happened to mention that he hadn't a blamed thing but the knife with which he hated to part. He told the traveller its history.

"The traveller generously gave the sailor five bucks and the sailor insisted on giving him the knife. He swore he wouldn't take the money unless the traveller took the knife."

"But that doesn't explain how you came to get it," said the farmer.

"Oh, I saw the traveller fellow whittling a stick outside the post office and made bold to admire the knife. He said it was heavier than he liked to carry so I offered to trade him a watch, worth all of five bucks, for the knife, providing he'd give me two dollars to boot. We made the deal so that knife set me back three bucks. Giving you the knife for six weasel skins is like me paying you fifty cents each for them and they aren't worth half that much. No, siree . . ."

The trade was made and before Phil left the farm he had persuaded the farmer to throw in a feed of oats for the horse in the bargain.

At Rockland, Phil traded the six skins for two dollars' worth of groceries. He traded the groceries to the next farmer for an assortment of skins which included weasel, skunk and a mink, which was none too prime. His rifle was worth about ten dollars; he traded that for a horse worth twenty-five. The buggy robe was worth about four

dollars at secondhand values and he traded this for a pig which had been killed and dressed. He got back to Hartland that night, having travelled a circular route, minus the knife, the rifle and the buggy robe which all had an outside value of \$14.75. He brought back with him eight skins, one horse, one pig, and various sundries. The skins sold for \$5, the horse for \$25, and the pig for \$7. Even if we only valued the sundries and the meals he got for himself and his horse at \$2, he realized \$24.25 for his day's work. Phil wasn't a mercenary man ; he didn't like work. He made the necessary effort five or six days a month and would fish or hunt the rest of the time. His technique was such that he was never worst in a deal, and yet he always convinced the other man that the latter was getting the best of the trade. His great ace in the hole was this. If he could assure himself that the man he was trading with had money, he always arranged the deal so that the other fellow had to pay him some cash as *boot* as they called it.

The hunting laws allow natives of the province to kill only two deer and one bull moose each year. The open season is usually from the middle of September to the end of November, but it is safe to say that as many deer are killed out of season as in season. It is hardly to be expected that a farmer will go without fresh meat when the deer feed every night in his fields of grain and buckwheat. Almost every farmer that I met " puts down " (either salts or pickles) the wild meat he shoots in the fall. He uses it during the winter and spring. It is, therefore, rather difficult to prove that the meat in a stew has been killed out of season. The offender has to be seen killing the deer or caught with the fresh meat or green hide before a conviction is made. Now old Phil or Ray always seemed to be able to supply a piece of deer meat when anyone wanted a roast of venison, irrespective of the time of year. They explained that it was mutton or veal. They always took good care to see that a few strands of wool or a few calf hairs were prominently noticeable when the parcel of meat was unwrapped. What puzzled me was how they could *always* get a deer when they wanted one. Hundreds of men hunt for weeks

and never see more than the white "flag" as it vanishes into the alders or disappears over the ridge. Both Phil and Ray could bring home the bacon any time. Those in the know said they were past-masters at the art of illegal killing. Their creed was to obtain the best results with the least possible effort and cost. According to their way of thinking, a quarter of a stick of dynamite, dropped into the right kind of pool, with a piece of time fuse attached, would produce more salmon or trout than many miles of weary tramping through dense thickets with a rod and line. A jack-light used at night would make a deer stand perfectly still while you took a pot-shot at it. An hour spent up a tree, overlooking a deer-lick in the summer, or visiting a deer yard in the winter, was sure to fill the larder. A deer-lick is a place impregnated with mineral matter or salt. It is a natural home for animals.

It was curiosity rather than any wish to break the law that urged me to try to persuade the two brothers to initiate me into the unholy art of poaching. Phil wouldn't listen to me. Nothing I could offer, no argument I might use, could alter his stubborn refusal to take me "jacking" deer. Ray was different.

If the men working on the construction job wanted some real liquor they had to have it shipped from Montreal because of the Scott Act. It was just another of those things beyond my comprehension. It was illegal to buy or sell a bottle of liquor in the province of New Brunswick, yet anyone could import a car-load for his own personal use, providing he made the purchase outside the province. The result was that ten or more would join together and bring in a big shipment. The supplies for one hunting party consisted of twelve dozen bottles of ale, one gallon of Jamaica rum, one case of assorted bottles of liquor—whiskey, gin, and brandy, one case of mixed liquors and a case of wines. As one member of the party remarked humorously : "The wines are for cooking purposes."

Ray always used to watch the trains come in and go out when he was in town. His wonderfully trained nose could smell a drink of liquor, even if it was in a corked bottle

wrapped in straw and packed in a wooden case. Having satisfied himself that a consignment had arrived, he would mosey around, seemingly accidentally, just about the time the nails were being pulled out of the lid of the case.

The offer of a quart of rum was more than poor Ray could resist, and it so happened that I went out with him one dark night to experience the thrill of "jacking" deer. According to Ray, from midnight to the time the night is darkest just before the dawn, is the best time. He took me in his buggy to a disused farm away back of Pole Hill. As we jogged along he told me that he knew there were plenty of deer feeding thereabouts because his brother had seen the signs only a few days before.

We arrived at the abandoned farm about eight o'clock. It was growing colder, and Ray gathered some dead wood out of an old orchard so that we might light a fire in the broken-down cook-stove we found in the shack. When the fire was burning and the kettle put on to brew a drink of coffee, Ray said: "I wouldn't be surprised if we didn't get one right in the orchard. Deer like apples and I could see where they'd been pawing around under the trees. When it's time, we'll shine the light all around the orchard from the back door. If our luck is in we won't have to travel none at all." Ray was so lazy he wouldn't scratch an inch farther than the spot that itched.

I made the coffee and poured into each mug a good liberal tot of rum. It was good rum and thirty-five over proof. Ray had never had it served in hot coffee before and he kept up a running comment for almost two hours telling me how good it really was. All the time he kept filling his cup and tasting the concoction with the air of a connoisseur. Midnight came and with the zero hour the moon sank behind a bank of clouds which showed just above the wooded ridges in the distance. It was a perfect night for the dirty deed. There was little, if any, wind; the air was sharp with frost; the sky was dark and starless.

When we had fixed the jack-light and issued forth to search the orchard Ray was none too steady on his feet. This did not give me much worry because I was carrying the rifle

and it was agreed that I was to do the shooting also. We found nothing in the orchard so moved off, as silently as two Indians, towards the fields skirting the woods. When in position Ray flashed on his light. It was a miniature searchlight and he moved the beam so that it crept along the edge of the woods.

Suddenly two lights appeared. They looked for all the world like two bicycle lights close together. I had been fully instructed in what to do, so I stooped in front of Ray and raised myself up until his light-beam shone down the barrel of my rifle. I could see the foresight, which had been whitened, as clearly as if it had been daylight.

"Get a bead on them lamps, then lower your aim just a little. You'll nail him clean through the throat," hissed Ray. Controlling my excitement, I tried to do what I was told. . . . My sights came on and I fired. . . . Out went the "lamps," but before I had time to congratulate myself they came on again as clear as ever.

"For God's sake, man, steady yourself," pleaded Ray, as if our very lives depended on killing that deer. Once again I fired and the same thing happened. The lights went out momentarily and then came on again.

"Give me that bloody rifle," demanded Ray, his voice sounding like an angry groan whispered between clenched teeth. I didn't argue; I gave him the rifle. Ray was acknowledged one of the best rifle-shots in the county. He fired almost as soon as the rifle was on his shoulder . . . the lights went out and stayed out.

"Good shooting, Ray," I exclaimed heartily, but he simply grunted like a well-fed Indian and said: "Some people couldn't hit the sides of a barn if they were shut up inside of it." I subsided. We walked over to where we had seen the "eyes" and what we found made me roll in the deep wet grass groaning with laughter. Our jack-light disclosed no deer, but that three sheep had surrendered their lives to our marksmanship. "Who couldn't hit the sides of a barn," I choked. Ray wasn't laughing.

"We've got to get the hell outta here," he gulped. "I didn't know any one was grazing cattle and sheep on this

farm. We've got to be clear out of these parts before daylight and back to our beds or there'll be the devil to pay."

We were well on our way before the first signs of dawn appeared in the sky. Our next problem was what to do with the sheep. Like Robin Hood of old, we divided them amongst the poorer families of the town, and although we told them it was deer meat we were giving them, they weren't at all hoodwinked. One man met me on the street a few days later and said : " Thanks a lot for the deer meat. It was grand. . . . Tell me, when did deer in these parts starting growing wool ? " and he dug me in the ribs and went off laughing heartily.

CHAPTER VI

THE ICE BREAKS UP

WHEN the ice carried away the highway bridge at Hartland during the spring break-up in 1920, it left tons upon tons of debris behind. The old wooden-covered bridge had been carried across the river on piers made of log cribs filled with hundreds of tons of heavy rocks. These old piers had to be removed from the river before the new cement piers could be placed. Breaking up these old cribs was no easy task. The cribs had been built in shallow water, then floated out into position and sunk by filling them with scow-loads of heavy rocks. The logs used in their construction were mostly cedar and they were well spiked together. To remove them we had to dredge out the rocks with "clam diggers" and then blow the logs apart with dynamite. In order to demolish what remained of the old bridge, we had to construct other cribs of sufficient size to carry the boilers and derricks required to do the lifting and dredging.

The annual spring break-up, such as that which caused the damage, is something grand and fascinating. One day you see the river frozen solid from shore to shore. Automobiles, pungs, and sleds cross and recross without fear of accident. Then, in April, the sun becomes warmer and the snow which has buried the country-side three feet deep begins to melt. The water in the streams and rivers begins to rise. The ice on the river begins to creak and groan its annual warning. The river is no longer safe for travel.

I stood twice and watched the ice go out. It was a wonderful sight. The ice and snow on the river vary from three to twelve feet in thickness. As the water in the main St. John River rose under the ice the pressure became greater

and greater until something had to give, and air-pockets would burst through the weaker spots and fling ice and snow many feet into the air. As the water reached the ice level all along the river the ice would creak and groan ; then, when it could withstand the pressure of the water no longer, it would quiver and crack with a noise like thunder, and breaking into pieces begin to move slowly downstream. As the ice in the lower reaches of the river was swept into the ocean the momentum higher up became greater and greater, until at last the whole river was in flood and millions of tons of ice came hurtling down river. Some of the pieces were comparatively small, while others weighed tons. They were piled under and over each other by the waters of the raging river.

In the spring of 1920 the ice was particularly heavy, the river rose quickly, and the waters were abnormally high. The ice was carried down with such speed that it jammed between the piers of the old bridge and a dam of ice was formed. The pressure of water pouring downstream from the mountains became greater and greater, until millions of tons of ice were piled up. Men worked feverishly to break the jam. They used dynamite and giant powder and placed the charges at the risk of their lives, but their brave efforts were of no avail. A mountain of ice formed under and over the bridge and suddenly, with a noise like the crack of doom, the bridge and piers gave way and the mountain of ice moved forward again, leaving jagged piers and a wrecked bridge in its wake.

The work on the new bridge progressed favourably until the month of August when unexpectedly it began to rain. It rained steadily for days. The downpour was general throughout the province. The water in the river began to rise and we had to work feverishly to build up the cribs and save the equipment. Cloud-bursts were reported from the hills. Dams which were controlling the waters in the streams and smaller rivers during the spring drive broke ; low-lying areas were flooded and houses, barns, dead trees and windfalls began to come crazily down the river.

My home was on the river bank at the north end of the



Photo by courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

The dam up river gave way under the terrific pressure of water and logs above it, and thousands of logs, trees and debris were carried away.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

A whole winter's cut of logs moored above the mill, ready for sawing. It was a "cut" such as this which finally broke adrift, carrying away the mills and bridges.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Tidal bore wave, Moncton, N.B. A solid wave of rushing waters several feet high follows the bursting of a dam.

town, near where the Becaquimic enters the River St. John. The water flooded the cellar and finally the ground floor. I took my family to higher ground. The news came that the mill dam on the Becaquimic was threatening to give way; the whole of the previous winter's cut of lumber was in the river above the dam. The logs were fed to the saw-mill as required. The continuous downpour had filled the streams and flooded the lakes which were the head waters of the Becaquimic. Such was the pressure that the dams were bursting up above it, and it was common knowledge that if the dam at Coldstream gave out, nothing below it could be expected to survive. Families with homes in the river valley were warned to vacate. They left none too soon. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day word was received by 'phone that the dam had given out and released the flood waters which extended twenty miles up the river.

I have seen war. I have experienced shipwreck. But never has anything captured my imagination more than the terrible force and destruction of that flood.

Several of us rushed up to the bluffs below Hell's Eddy. This is a deep pool located at a spot two miles from the mouth of the river, where it takes a sharp bend. The Indians will tell you that there is no bottom to Hell's Eddy and that men who have fallen off logs there have been sucked down in the whirlpool and never found again. It is a very dangerous bend and one which always gave trouble when the logs were being driven down the river. Immediately below it was a gorge the sides of which towered a hundred feet high. This gorge extended as far as the mill dam. The saw-mill was located on the north bank of the river below the dam and just above the railway bridge. The railway bridge was several hundred feet above where the Becaquimic entered the St. John River.

Those of us who stood on the bluffs could see up the river valley almost as far as Coldstream, our vision extending to the river mouth. In fact, we had a bird's-eye view of the whole.

With the collapse of the dam at Coldstream, the flood came rushing down the river valley carrying everything

before it. The height from the ordinary water-level to the top of the on-rushing wave must have been several feet. Huge trees that lined the river banks were bent down and up-ended. Debris of all kinds crashed and swirled in the raging torrent. When the whole tremendous force of the on-rushing waters hit Hell's Eddy, the very bluffs trembled and logs and trees were thrown high in the air. The pressure behind the roaring waters grew greater as the logs and tree wreckage jammed into the narrowing gorge. A dam formed and held. More and more debris piled on to the dam. The waters backed up and flooded the countryside above the bluffs.

It looked as if the jam of logs and wreckage in the gorge would save the mill and prevent the winter's cut of logs which was in the river above the mill from being washed out into the St. John River. If this happened, the whole year's cut could easily be lost.

Gradually the waters rose until they poured over the top of the self-made dam. The increased pressure threatened to be too much for the mill dam. The rise of water had already carried down thousands of logs and these had formed a jam above the dam. There was only one way to release the pressure and perhaps save the situation : to cut holes in the apron of the dam and allow the water to flow out into the river from underneath the logs and dam.

Men would have gone out and chopped holes in the dam with axes had they been allowed. There was no means, however, of judging how long the upper or lower jams would hold, and to be down there under the dam when either of them gave way meant death. As I have said before, every man in those parts is a crack shot. Half a dozen of us got our rifles and took up our positions on safe ground. We then proceeded to shoot away the apron boards. Captain Roy Rigby of the Carleton Light Infantry lay next to me. He cut through some of those boards faster than a saw could have gone through them. He placed bullet after bullet next to each other in a perfectly straight line, and so weakened the boards that the pressure broke them off and allowed the water to escape.

For a time it looked as if these measures might save the situation. It was hard to visualize at that time just what would happen if the jam in the gorge broke and the dam went out at the mill. There were over seven million feet of unsawn logs in the river, between the mill dam and the jam in the gorge. Above the gorge thousands of acres, on both sides of the river valley, were flooded. If the jam and the dam went out, the mill would be carried away and the whole weight of logs and debris would be piled up on the railway and highway bridges which spanned the Becaquimic River just above its mouth. If this happened, everything would be swept into the St. John River, and would pile up against the partly finished highway bridge that we were constructing. The new bridge was half a mile south of where the two rivers joined.

At the new bridge experienced lumber-jacks were working down on the face of the piers trying to prevent log-jams. This was no easy task because the cribs, upon which the boilers and hoisting engines rested, were now awash, and the floating logs and wreckage clung to them like steel filings to a magnet. No sooner did one jam begin to form than the lumber-jacks would attack it with poles and peevies and break it up. This titantic battle to save the bridge had been going on continually for twenty-eight hours when, just as it was growing dark, a cry of warning was relayed from group to group clustered on the high land above the railway tracks that led into the town: "The jam below Hell's Eddy has broken—the dam is going out!"

The men working on the face of the jam above the bridge on the main river were ordered ashore. It was marvellous to watch them skip and jump from log to log. Let an inexperienced hand try it, even in the still waters of a mill pond, and he will probably end up in the water every time. It is experience and skill that enable a fully grown man to jump from one bobbing log to another and know just where to land so that it will support his weight long enough to give him purchase for another jump. Under ordinary conditions during the annual spring drives, when the logs are floated down the rivers, these lumber-jacks will cross and

recross the river several times a day by means of these logs and never think anything of it.

The last man ashore was none too soon. The noise of cracking timbers and the roar of the flood, suddenly released, could be heard for miles around. What a terrible thing is the force of pent-up waters. When the jam broke in the gorge below Hell's Eddy, the torrent broke free like a live thing, maddened and enraged. It picked up thousands of logs and tossed them high into the air, as a bull might toss a dog. When these logs clashed together, as they were driven onwards under the terrific pressure of the waters, many of them broke, snapping with a report like a twelve-pounder being fired.

A mass of twisted logs, crumbling wreckage, and muddy water went over the place where the mill dam had stood. It swept on and engulfed the saw-mill and the houses on the north bank of the river ; then hurtling timbers and logs swept bare the wooded slopes on the south bank, and riding on the crest of the flood-waters the logs seemed to leap right over the steel railway bridge. It could be seen afterwards that the space between the river-bed and the railway bridge had been solidly jammed with logs and wreckage which had been carried forward on the crest of the wave after the jam in the gorge had broken, and many logs and much debris actually did go over the top of the bridge. The railway bridge escaped with extraordinarily little damage, but it was lifted off its cement piers. The highway bridge on the other side of it was demolished.

I stood there above the danger mark with the rest of the population, expecting to see the unleashed fury charge down upon the town. It looked as if nothing could save my home. However, the force of the waters rushing through the gorge and out into the St. John River was such that it carried the logs and debris of the saw-mill and houses straight out into the centre of the river and well clear of my own home and other houses and stores on Main Street which ran parallel with the river bank.

How can I describe what happened out there in the centre of the river in the growing darkness? Seven million feet



Photo by courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

The "drive" enters the main river, and men skilled in their work and quick as weasels and nimble as wild cats work backwards and forwards straightening out the logs and preventing them from jamming. The nearest land is thirty or forty feet under them.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

The main "drive" has passed on and these men are cleaning up. The boats enable them to get logs faster floating the stranded logs. They are specially built for river work.

of logs were spewed forth above the partly finished bridge. Out there among the raging waters was formed one of the biggest log jams of Canadian history. The logs and debris piled up until they were higher than the bridge itself. They filled in the gaps between the piers, blocked the river, and for a while they held, until the waters were fully a mile wide. The river rose higher and higher, the pressure increasing by thousands of tons. It was obvious that something had to go. Would it give at its weakest point, or would the bridge and eighteen months' work be swept away in a single instant? That was the thought in all our minds. The waters had risen until they were rushing down the main street of the town. It looked as if the whole business section might be swept away. Then, just as the clock in the tower of the post office struck midnight, there came a sound like the crack of doom.

The bridge had gone. Nobody could say just what part of it had gone, or the extent of the damage, until the dawn came, for the night was as black as pitch, the clouds still heavy and overcast, and neither moon nor stars threw their light over the scene of desolation. Nobody went to bed. Sleep was out of the question. Men and women stood around, shivering, in groups, whispering among themselves. It seemed as if the end of the world was at hand, and many of these people actually thought they were seeing the floods which would be the beginning of the end!

With daylight the waters began to subside, and it was seen that the first four piers had held and that it was those on the side of the river farther from the town, the unfinished ones, which had been carried away. Some idea may be gained of the force of the water when I record that afterwards some scows and machinery were located at Woodstock, twelve miles down the river from where the bridge was being erected.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF BENNY SWIMM

I WAS looking around studying conditions and farming locations when I met what may be called my first real adventure. It is the story of a man who killed another who came between him and his mate. Having killed the man he also shot his sweetheart, and then turned his gun on himself. He was the only one to survive the triple shooting, and was tried, found guilty, sentenced to death and hanged, TWICE. The details of this crime opened my eyes to conditions in farming communities in New Brunswick which should be corrected. Thousands of children are threatened with the fate of living under the same conditions and in the same environment as Benny Swimm. He ended his life on the gallows. No child forced to live as he lived can be expected to grow up any more enlightened than the beasts of the field. There are still thousands of Benny Swimms and Olive Swimms in our so-called civilized countries. They need the hand of fellowship, the enlightenment of the gospels, the doctrine of Christian charity more than any so-called heathen ; the heathen at least has some religion while they have none at all. The fact that burned itself indelibly into my brain, when investigating the circumstances that led up to the murder, was this : Right in the heart of a district (in which the conditions I am about to relate existed) was a town with five churches to a total population of 1000 souls. The night the murders were committed one of these churches was addressed by a missionary. He told of the work his particular religion was doing in China. He told his story well, and during the service sufficient funds were raised to enable him to purchase an organ and pay the shipping costs out to a Chinese

mission. I have no fault to find with undertakings of this kind, but I do say this : Charity should begin at home. It is just as necessary to educate and enlighten those unfortunates who are within our midsts as it is to send missionaries out to China. We elevate our eyes beyond our own horizon. Is it not time we bent our gaze not for ever upwards, but rather downwards, so that we might not overlook those we are treading on as we walk wrapped in a cloak of self-righteousness ?

The country in which Benny Swimm was born and raised was an earthly paradise. The most beautiful rivers of Europe cannot compare with those upon whose banks he spent his summer days, and evenings, fishing. Just back from the clearings upon which the homesteads were built stretched the virgin forests. The hills rose, ridge upon ridge, rolling back into the mountains. The first time I ever met Benny Swimm was in November before the fatal killings. I had gone out with two other men to hunt deer and moose. Big game was plentiful and the natives practically lived off the country. It was rarely they ever handled real money. They were, from a monetary point of view, the poorest human beings I ever have met in a civilized country. They were worse off in many respects than natives who lived in uncivilized parts of the world because there, amongst the aborigines, no money is needed and only tribal laws are effective. These natives of the "Bad Lands" of New Brunswick were under a tremendous handicap because of the fact that money was needed to pay rent and taxes and to buy the staples of life. When they didn't have it they were robbed right and left by dealers and middle men.

I have stood in a store shopping on a Saturday night with the money with which I could purchase the things I wanted at a fairly reasonable price, but not so with the homesteader. He had probably driven twenty miles into town. His buggy would be loaded with eggs, butter, chickens and other farm produce. His rent, or his mortgage interest, might be past due. He was always under threat of eviction ; had he known it, nobody would ever have evicted him. To foreclose would have been to realize absolutely nothing ; while the

man worked the farm, his creditors could stand by and grab every cent he earned and demand in barter everything he grew or raised. I never did see a more pernicious form of slavery.

The farmer would drive up to the store, carry in a big basket of eggs, and cheerfully inquire: "How much are eggs to-day?" The storekeeper would shake his head sorrowfully: "Ain't buying none . . . got more'n I know how to sell." The farmer's face would take on a worried look. He might or he might not try his luck elsewhere. If he did he was the eternal optimist. He would have received the same greeting in every store in the village. Having discovered he could not obtain cash, the game of "trade" and "barter" would begin.

"How much will you allow me on these eggs in trade?" the farmer would demand.

"Well I dunno as I wants 'em . . ." but the storekeeper would scratch his head, moisten his pencil with his tongue, do some mysterious figuring and then look up brightly and say: "Well, seein' it's you, I'll make it fifteen cents a dozen. How many dozen hev ye got?"

"Twenty dozen," says the farmer. "How much will that work out to be?"

"Three dollars exactly," replies the storekeeper, and Hiram begins to do his shopping.

The storekeeper gives him less than the wholesale price of eggs and charges him the retail price for the goods he receives in trade. The retail price he charges for the goods selected by the farmer in trade is from 10 per cent to 25 per cent higher than the farmer could buy them for from any mail-order house, if he had the cash to send with his order.

I have actually seen farmers being paid fifteen cents per dozen (in trade) for eggs when the same eggs sold in the cities at thirty-five to fifty cents per dozen. The storekeeper made from 33 per cent to 50 per cent on the price he charged for his goods, and made at least 33 per cent on the price at which he sold the eggs to the city markets. What is true of eggs is true of everything the farmer had to sell. Dealers would lend him money on his note to pay his mortgage or



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Brought to gaff after a tough fight. Nepisiquit River, N.B.



Clearwater River, a tributary of the Mirimichi River, near which Lee Grant had his trapping line.

taxes and then threaten proceedings if the unfortunate man did not sell his crops to them at their own terms. I have seen farmers forced to sell their potato crops and pulpwood for about one-third their real market value because those holding his notes forced him into the sale with threats of various kinds. What is the ultimate result? It can end only one way. The storekeepers become moneyed men, the farmers remain slaves or go bankrupt. They are forced off the more fertile farms by foreclosures, and farther off the beaten path until they ultimately arrive in the "Bad Lands." Here they associate with generations of men and women who have been forced to cut themselves adrift from civilization. They have given up the unequal struggle. They have been forced to revert to a level of living not far above that of the beasts of the forests; the beasts are more fortunate. Nature has at least provided them with everything they need in the way of food and shelter.

During the long monotonous months of the winter the furred animals of the woods are better clad, more warmly housed, and better fed than many of the families I met who exist on the fringe of civilization. I have no axe to grind. . . . To take up their cause can net me nothing in this world, for I live far away from them now, but when I, a stranger, went amongst them, ignorant of conditions and because of that unafraid, I was received at my face value. They extended to me whatever hospitality they could afford. I never betrayed the trust they placed in me and I was never harmed, although I remember one day standing on a ridge from the top of which I could see the shacks which were the homes of six families; only one family could boast that none of its members had been charged with murder or incest within the past few years. The practice of incest is common. To say I was horrified is putting the matter lightly, but after spending nearly two years amongst these people I learned not to blame them but the conditions that they were forced to endure.

On the occasion of which I write the leaves had turned from green to silver and gold, for the first frosts of autumn had touched them with the kiss of death. The hardwood

ridges were a riot of colour and beauty. A bright sun bathed the whole country-side, and the crisp air sent the blood coursing through one's veins. The weather was splendid and the beauty of the landscape nothing less than gorgeous. After finishing my work I called in at a local drug store. The two partners suggested that we spend the week-end hunting. There was no need for any further invitation. We decided to leave by car as soon as the store closed. It was a Saturday night and we could return Monday morning. There were always good prospects of finding deer grazing in the buckwheat fields in the early morning or just at dusk at night. To get within range of them, it was necessary to creep into the field under cover of darkness and hide oneself in a stone-pile to leeward of the forest. As the rosy tints of dawn lifted the veil of night from the eastern sky, the chances were that one might catch sight of deer feeding in the buckwheat before they withdrew, with the coming of day, into the shadows of the forest.

The deer were so plentiful in that particular section that they did great damage to the crops the natives coaxed to grow out of the stony soil. The farmers were never adverse to having them killed. Hunters were welcomed, especially if they were liberal with tobacco, liquor, and made the excuse of begging a meal so they could slip them a dollar or two. The only thing I knew that these farmers made, for which they could realize ready cash, was "Moonshine Whisky." The usual price was \$2.00 per gallon.

As this hunting trip was my first visit to the "Bad Lands," my two companions (they were ex-service men, and both had held commissions in the Canadian Forces during the war) told me some weird and terrible stories of the "folk" who lived away back.

They told me of revenue officers who had gone into that country and never come out. They stated that one man, Jim by name, was wanted by the law, but that all the forces of the Crown located in that vicinity were insufficient to bring about his arrest. It was said that he had once mentioned, while drinking, that he was responsible for the disappearance of the missing revenue officer. They told me

if I was accosted in the woods I was to say "Yes," if anyone asked if we were seen coming in. I knew they were pulling my leg, but asked why I should say "Yes" rather than "No." Arthur laughed: "Why, if one of those moonshiners ever thought no one had seen you enter the woods they'd take darn good care nobody ever saw you come out again. They think every stranger they meet in the woods is a revenue officer, a sheriff, or a game-warden."

When these chaps kill a man it is impossible to make a conviction for the simple reason that it is impossible to locate the corpse.

He explained that there were, in the "Bad Lands," bogs similar to those found in Ireland. They are reputed to be bottomless and are formed of thick, black ooze. He added very seriously, "If a man once gets into one of those bogans, dead or alive, he will never be seen again. The more you struggle the faster you sink. Once you go under you never come to the surface again. The law says that you can't convict a man of murder unless the body is produced."

I was also informed that these men lived by hunting and trapping, manufacturing moonshine, and by cutting pulp or logs. They are intensely jealous of their womenfolk as far as strangers are concerned. Roy added his say: "They'll never harm you if you mind your own business and leave them mind theirs. Most of them settle their quarrels with a rifle or an axe."

I was beginning to wonder if this was not sheer foolishness to go into a district where it was obviously as easy to be killed oneself as to kill a deer. However, at the back of my mind was the thought that my two companions were creating atmosphere for my benefit. Imagine my surprise when, arriving at a shack away back in the bush at an hour well after midnight, my companions parked the car in the farm-yard, and without a knock or by your leave, pulled the latch-string and walked into the shack. A fire was still burning in the wood stove and the sound of heavy breathing and snores, in various scales, came from overhead. Roy and Arthur, working by light of their flash-lights, made "shake-downs" on the floor. They directed me to follow suit,

so I spread my blankets and we turned in. I didn't sleep that night. I kept wondering if what my friends had told me about these people was true. If it was true, why had they taken such a chance? It seemed inviting trouble to walk into a man's house, without knocking or asking permission, in the middle of the night. I found out later that it is the custom of the country. Any traveller is entitled to shelter and food. The latch-string is always left hanging outside. To have knocked and aroused the inmates would have been more likely to cause trouble than to accept the invitation of the hanging latch-string.

We were up and out before daylight. My teeth chattered as we walked out into the frosty air and stretched our limbs, which were badly cramped from lying on the hard wooden floor of the shack. Arthur and Roy discussed the plan of campaign. What wind there was blew from the north-west. We chose to hunt in some fields which flanked the south-west slope of a ridge. We followed a wagon trail in the inky darkness which precedes the dawn. After walking for fifteen minutes my companions entered a field. Cautiously they led the way, travelling like Indians in single file. I had been warned to feel the ground carefully before allowing the weight of my body on my feet. This caution was necessary to prevent making a noise. When wearing moccasins one can feel a loose stone or a twig or branch underfoot. When hunting it is necessary to travel without making any sounds which would register on the sharp ears of animals. . . . The hearing of wild animals living in the woods is far better developed than their eyesight. A deer will take fright if it hears branches scraping against a leather wind-breaker or the hard cloth of overalls, but will scarcely notice the same sounds if they are caused by branches scraping against woollen oversocks and woollen mackinaw trousers and hunting shirts.

It is my opinion that a deer relies first on its sense of hearing, to warn it of danger, next on its sense of smell, and lastly upon its eyesight. I do not believe that deer have good eyesight, because once when I was still hunting I had the experience of watching a deer walk right straight towards

me. It was feeding as it came, and I did not move until it was within twenty yards of the trees against which I sat. The deer was turning over the leaves feeding on beech nuts. It was the finest buck I ever saw in the woods. It had the biggest and most perfectly matched set of horns I had ever seen. My rifle was resting across my knees, and, as I cautiously moved the rifle to bring it up to my shoulder, the butt scraped against the root of the tree. Up went the deer's head as if the animal had received an electric shock. It looked straight in my direction. I never moved so much as a muscle. I could actually see the nostrils of the deer working as if trying to locate a scent which might explain the sound; however, the wind was straight from the deer to me. I waited patiently to see what would happen. The ears were standing straight up and turned so that the cups pointed in my direction. The eyes moved, but could not apparently make me out. After what seemed a long time the deer moved its head from side to side and then went on feeding.

I remained perfectly still, wanting to observe every detail of this lesson in natural history. Suddenly the ears of the deer picked up another sound which mine didn't, for it jerked up its head suddenly and uttered a strange sound, half whistle, half snort, as it leaped a good twelve feet and landed behind some bushes. Its markings of fawn and grey blended perfectly with the foliage. Its horns looked just like branches of a tree and the beautiful animal stood there motionless, ears pointed, nostrils quivering, and this time it was looking away from me. After a moment or two I followed the direction the deer was pointing and saw one of my companions walking diagonally across the slope of the ridge. He didn't see either me or the deer, and the deer didn't move until he had passed its hiding-place and had his back to both the deer and me.

The moment the hunter was safely past the deer moved. It turned and bounded away in the opposite direction, covering almost incredible distances at each bound. All I could see was the occasional flash of white, which I knew to be the flag or tail of the deer. I fired three shots after the

departing deer, furious at having thrown away the opportunity of capturing such a trophy. I felt I might spend a lifetime and never secure such another set of horns as perfect as those I had just seen bounding away from me. My hunting companion called to me when he heard the shots and we joined each other.

I told him what I had seen and kidded him for walking right past the deer without seeing it. He thought the joke was on me. I had sat there and allowed the deer to escape. I had very little hope of having hit the fast-moving target, but we decided to follow the trail left in the dead leaves by the deer and make certain it was not killed or wounded.

To my surprise, we found it lying apparently lifeless. I reached for my hunting-knife, intending to cut its throat, when another strange thing happened and I got the surprise of my life. The moment I stuck my sharp hunting-knife into the throat the deer jumped up, knocking me flat on my back. All the wind was knocked out of me. My companion was so amazed that he stood there as if he had buck fever, and never made the slightest attempt to shoot the once more escaping deer. I was not seriously hurt, and after we had both recovered somewhat from our surprise we burst out laughing and enjoyed the humour of the incident.

“Where’s your knife?” asked my companion.

“In the deer’s throat,” I replied.

“Better watch out or it’ll come back and disarm you completely,” Roy yelled, doubled up with mirth. We examined the spot where the deer had been lying; there was not a spot of blood to prove the deer had been hit and explain why it had gone down, like the proverbial ton of bricks. The signs read as if the deer had been running fast and had suddenly gone end over end and dropped where it lay when we found it. We followed its trail again and we had not gone far when I noticed blood on the bushes both sides of the trail. For a second I failed to grasp the explanation, then I saw the reason. My knife had cut the jugular vein. The flow of blood pumped out on the bushes as the

THE STORY OF BENNY SWIMM

deer raced away had, at first, been arrested, until the knife had worked its way out of the throat.

The noble creature battled on to the very end. It didn't stop running until every drop of blood had been shed. When we examined it we found the explanation of the previous incident. My bullet had just creased its head where the horns join the skull. The shock had probably rendered the deer unconscious. When I stuck the knife in its throat I started the flow of blood or touched a nerve which brought it back to its senses. I got my deer and the splendid set of horns . . . but . . . I never found the knife.

Now to return to the story of Benny Swimm. All three of us crept forwards, taking care to make no sound, and finally we reached a huge pile of stones which had been accumulated when the land had been cleared. In the centre of this stone-pile was a hollow large enough to allow the three of us to sit or stand comfortably. We took up our positions and waited for the dawn. Those men who served during the war know what pranks the imagination can play. I am convinced that I saw more deer that morning than I have seen during the whole of my life since.

When it came full daylight the deer I had seen resolved themselves into various stumps and bushes. We had had our trouble for nothing. A survey of the field showed us that the deer had been feeding that night, but they had left before it was light enough to see them. We returned to the farm, having decided to eat there, and then still hunt in the woods during the day.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MURDER OF OLIVE SWIMM

THE Swimm household was astir when we got back from our visit to the buckwheat field. Old man Swimm would be a man over sixty. He was clothed in blue dungaree overalls tucked into gum-rubber boots. His dark-brown mackinaw coat was dirty and worn. The neck was wide open, showing a hairy chest and dirt-crusted neck. His hair was uncombed and hung long and ragged over his shirt neck-band. His face was long and thin and unshaven. Had he not developed the habit of slouching along with stooped shoulders he would have stood nearly six feet tall. His teeth were tobacco-stained and uneven. He had a low forehead, and bushy eyebrows hid a pair of steel-blue eyes set close together. He was wiry rather than thin, and reminded one of the weasel rather than a fox.

“Wall, git anything?” he greeted as we approached.

“No luck attall,” Arthur replied cheerfully.

“T’deer’s up on t’ridges. . . . Beech nuts aplenty this year,” he informed us, and inquired: “Have yer eat yit?”

Receiving a reply in the negative he motioned us inside. The shack was made of rough unmatched boards nailed to two-by-fours and covered on the outside with tar-paper. It was just one room downstairs and apparently one room up. A wooden stair without handrail led up through an oblong hole which admitted the family to the sleeping quarters.

Over the stove a bonny, buxom girl of twenty stood cooking buckwheat pancakes on the griddle. She was in absolute contrast to everything else about the place. Her face was not pretty, but she had the build of a Venus. She was dressed in a plain gingham house dress, beneath which

her bare legs showed white as riven snow. Her feet were enclosed in home-made moccasins. Her jet black hair hung loose and accentuated the whiteness of her beautifully-moulded neck. Her arms were bare and dimpled. There was plenty of fire in her dark brown eyes, and her mouth was well shaped, and her somewhat thick lips full and luscious as slightly over-ripe berries. She looked shyly from beneath her eyebrows as we entered. She spoke just one word : " Hello ! "

Arthur opened our packs and produced the provisions we had brought with us for breakfast and handed them to Olive. The girl was none other than Olive Swimm. She had been the storm-centre of love quarrels in that section of the country ever since she was twelve years old. Some said she was old Swimm's youngest child, others claimed she was an illegitimate child farmed out by her city parents. I could never imagine her the daughter of Jim Swimm. One could see the devil in her dark, laughing eyes. Not altogether a bad devil, rather a mischievous devil . . . one which loved to tease . . . to hurt a little, so to be able afterwards to enjoy the task of easing the pain. Surrounded by poverty, she was still full of the joy of living. She was a splendid animal whose only recreation could be the amusement she got from hunting or fishing and men. There was no other possible diversion. Here before me was a new type of creature, one who seemed content with her lot, full to the very brim with life, without religion, without worry (for she could not possibly be worse off for the material things of life, no matter what happened). All she had was a gloriously youthful body. . . . She was not like her sisters, who craved pretty clothes and jewels. These, she knew, were far beyond her reach. She simply craved the admiration of men and things of the flesh. Her whole attitude advertised the fact that she was over-sexed.

These folk who live their lives back in the bush eat what the land, the rivers and the forests provide. Buckwheat, deer meat, other game, berries, milk and eggs, and greenstuff in season are the main foods.

Olive soon had a stack of buckwheat pancakes a foot high

in the middle of the table, and we three hunters tucked into these with a real relish, for they were helped down with a little home-made maple syrup, or wild honey if we preferred it. Old man Swimm and Olive piled into the cold ham, tinned beans, white bread and butter, pickles and jam that we had brought with us. They ate with such a gusto that I marvelled they didn't choke. When they gulped down the strong, fresh coffee, sheer ecstasy shone in their eyes. Strange as it may seem, I never enjoyed a meal more than I did that breakfast of pancakes and syrup. Perhaps an early morning hike and the zest of hunting had given me the sharpest appetite I had ever known.

Nobody spoke a word while they were eating, so I had the opportunity to look around the room. Steel traps, fur-stretchers, two rifles hung from pegs on the wall. The floor was covered with bearskins and the hides of moose and deer. The furniture was simple : a good-sized table, a bench, two kitchen chairs, one old arm-chair, two stools, and a couple of grocery boxes filled all the requirements of the household. There was an odd smell about the place, which I afterwards discovered came from the green pelts of two foxes which Swimm had snared the day before.

Olive hardly spoke, but her eyes worked overtime, and Roy was the recipient of her attentions.

After the meal was demolished, for that is the only word applicable to what happened to that food, the men all rose and walked outside, filling their pipes.

"Don't know as I ever seed this mon afore," Swimm said to Roy, nodding his head at me.

Roy introduced me, and added the fact that I was recently out from England and looking for some good hunting and fishing.

"Plenty of game hereabouts," was the old fellow's non-committal reply. Although he did not know it, his whole attitude labelled him a disciple of Zeno ; he was stoicism personified.

Feeling it was about time I said something, I asked the old man if he had any objection to our hunting in that locality.

"Thar game don't belong to me any more than to any-

body else. It belongs to them as can shoot straightest and set their traps and snares best. We mind our own business hereabouts and don't like strangers. If you're a friend of Roy's it's all right with me."

In reply to Roy's questioning he informed us that we would be most likely to find the deer sleeping on the sunny side of the ridges, just where the thickets of evergreens divided the growth of hardwood trees on the ridges from the swamp land. With the experience of years he advised us to enter the woods from the lowlands by the river. He told us to separate so that one entered the woods two miles down the river, while the other entered one mile above; the other was to go in right abreast of where we then stood. His plan of campaign was simple. The middle man was to push through and take up his position on the top of the ridge, while the others would walk towards each other, keeping just within the thickets at the foot of the ridge on the edge of the swamp. In this manner, he pointed out that if we "started" any deer we would have a fair shot at them as they ran up on to the ridge and, if we missed, the chances were they would run within sight of the hunter who had taken his position on top of the ridge. We decided to follow his plan. I was instructed to start at once and enter the woods two miles down river. Arthur was to go above, and Roy would enter the woods from right opposite the farm. I wondered at the time if Roy hadn't chosen the latter position so that he could hang around for a while after we had started. We all took lunches with us and had compasses, plenty of ammunition, a hand axe and matches. It was roughly nine o'clock when I started, and we arranged to meet at the Swimm place again just before dark. If we were lucky we would bring the game out of the woods next morning, and if we were not, leave for home that night.

My suspicions in regard to Olive's "crush" on Roy were confirmed when I saw her come out of the shack with a rifle and announce that she would walk as far as the bush and shoot a few partridge for our supper. I had travelled about a mile when we turned to see Roy and Olive walking together towards the bush.

Only those who have enjoyed hunting in the Canadian woods in the fall of the year can fully appreciate the pleasure. After I left Arthur I wandered on until I thought I had gone far enough, then I crossed the river on a fallen tree and entered the woods. The silence was so great that the sound of my footsteps amongst the leaves seemed exaggerated one hundredfold. I experienced the feeling of utter loneliness. It seemed impossible to believe that these very woods were full of game. About the only thing that announced their presence were the squirrels or the chipmunks, and yet I had been told that bob-cats or lynx, deer, moose, bear, raccoon, fox and porcupine were to be found in abundance. One needs experience to "still" hunt in the woods. Twice I saw the "flag" of a deer, but, much to my disgust, never got the chance of a shot. About noon I sat down by a spring brook to eat my lunch, and while doing so heard a single shot fired. During the afternoon I walked slowly back towards the shack, and just before leaving the shelter of the bush I heard another rifle-shot, which seemed to come from the direction of the clearing in which the Swimm farm was located. I heard the explanation of that second shot after we had started for home in the car.

When Arthur and I reached the shack the car had gone, and the old man informed us that Roy was waiting for us about one mile down the road. He offered no explanation, so we set off. Arthur told me he had fired at a deer and missed. He seemed worried because Roy had left before our arrival. I also had developed a feeling that something had gone wrong, so we hurried on.

We found Roy sitting in the car and the windshield of the car was broken . . . shattered by a bullet. Roy told us his story. He had left Olive Swimm in the bush hunting partridge. He had left the woods ahead of us, and when he returned Olive had come out of the shack and stood around admiring the car. He asked her if she would like to take a short drive. She accepted. They had driven about a mile away from the house toward the end of the road, where it became little more than a wagon-track leading into the woods. Roy claimed they were sitting in the car talking,

when suddenly and without warning, a bullet passed between their heads. Olive jumped out of the car ; Roy dropped down and lay flat on the seat. There was no doubt in his mind that a deliberate attempt had been made to murder him. He said he heard Olive run down the road shouting : “ Benny . . . Benny . . . don’t shoot again.” Benny didn’t. He took Olive by the arm and marched her off home. That was my first experience with Olive and Benny Swimm.

I realize at this very moment that I will be condemned by many for writing these lines, but I have always thought we each and every one of us had a duty to perform. This task is far from pleasant to me, but if by digging a drain and cutting down the brush a swamp can be made into good arable land, why should those who know the conditions of which I write object to my clearing the thicket of ignorance and allowing the sunlight of intelligence and understanding to shine through into the dark places, so that those who have been condemned by fate to live the lives I describe may be given greater consideration and attention ? Indifference to the welfare of those less fortunate than ourselves is a terrible sin.

Within a year of the hunting trip Benny Swimm was under arrest for murder. He had killed Olive, who was his first cousin and mistress. He had killed her lover and had finally tried to kill himself, but the last bullet had failed to do its work and he lived to stand trial, and, according to people who were in a position to know, he was hanged twice. The hangman bungled his job the first time and failed to break Benny Swimm’s neck. The fact remains that after Swimm had been cut down, and his body placed in a cell to await burial, he started to recover from the strangulation. He moaned and groaned and rolled his head. It was evident that he was not dead, and the sheriff, not knowing what to do, ordered the executioner to hang his victim over again. This he did, and the body was left hanging until there was no question that life was extinct. These horrible details were all aired in the papers, but the investigation, which many public citizens demanded should

be held, was hushed up. Matters were put off and delayed until this busy world allowed it to die a natural death. I heard many people say, when discussing this case : " Why lose any sleep over a convicted murderer ? He killed two people . . . if he was hanged twice, that was poetic justice. . . . "

That isn't the point I wish to have the reader consider. I am not suggesting the abolition of capital punishment. I am not a " sob sister " advocating a policy under which prisons will be holiday resorts and wardens and jailers replaced by Sunday-school teachers. My purpose is to set forth the actual facts of the cases referred to in this book. You who read these pages must be both judge and jury. You have the right to every detail concerning the case upon which you are being asked to pass judgment. I cannot find words strong enough to condemn our present system of administering . . . so-called . . . justice. We hear too often this police officer or that being commended by the Bench for the able manner in which he " prepared " the case. A police officer should not prepare his case. He should not give his evidence in a biased way or with the object of securing a conviction. I have often turned sick in the stomach when sitting in court either in the capacity of a police officer or as a newspaper reporter. I have heard the police officer resort to perjury in order to secure a conviction. To their addle-heads a conviction is the only thing that matters. Some of them are so infernally ignorant that they think it is the number of arrests they make and the convictions they obtain that will determine their promotion.

A police officer should tell the judge and jury *everything* he knows about a case. He should not emphasize those points which are against the prisoner and touch lightly (if at all) on those details which might be in the prisoner's favour. It is his duty to give *all* the evidence and to give it in a clear and unbiased manner so that the judge and jury may learn the facts of the case as they actually happened. In this way only can they be expected to deal out justice.

Most criminal proceedings have deteriorated into a game of wits between the prosecution and the defence. Why

should we *prosecute* any person? The very fact that the Crown employs highly skilled prosecutors makes it necessary for the defendant to employ at great cost equally skilled counsel. If our courts were what we call them, Courts of Justice, the poorest labourer could come into them knowing he would receive justice without having to mortgage his house and home and the future of his dependents in order to raise sufficient funds to ensure that justice will be done. Once again I do not wish to be misunderstood. I know many officers who are more than scrupulous in the way they give their evidence. I know many Crown attorneys who are fair and always ready to give an unfortunate the benefit of the doubt. It is the system I attack. It should not be necessary for any person to spend thousands of dollars . . . yes, tens of thousands of dollars, because of proceedings either for or against him in a court of justice. There can only be two rulings : either a claim is *just* or it is *unjust*. Either a man is guilty or he is not guilty. Courts of justice have become courts of law. The simplicity of justice illustrated by the blindfold figure which holds the scales has been lost and in its place we have developed a most complicated system of prosecution and defence, played under rules and regulations so utterly beyond the comprehension of the average layman that it has become absolutely necessary for anyone who owns anything of value, be it business or property, to retain a smart legal adviser. This smart legal adviser charges one dollar if you 'phone him, two if he writes a letter, and five every time you poke your head into his office door. God help the person who took off his hat and coat and decided to stay awhile.

If I had been asked to present the case of Benny Swimm to a jury for their consideration, I would have done so as follows : The accused man is twenty-five years of age. He was born in a little one-room shack located on a farm which borders on the edge of the forest. He was brought up amongst abject poverty. During the winter months the whole family, men, women and children, slept in the one room and crowded into two beds so that the animal warmth of their bodies would offset the zero weather. There was

absolutely no privacy. Men and women, boys and girls of all ages just crowded in together. The miracle of birth, the act of procreation, the tragedy of death was as an open book to him and his companions from the first day they could use their reason. They grew up to understand only one law. Might was Right . . . Right was by possession. From earliest childhood he was taught to shoot. . . . Perhaps that is wrong. . . . It would be better to say that he grew up with a gun in his hands so that to use one was second nature. He grew up to believe that the gun he carried was for two purposes. The first to provide food . . . the second to protect his life and his property.

Benny Swimm was known throughout the community as a sullen, headstrong youth. As a result of continual baiting, he left home and went to live with his uncle, Jim Swimm. Here the conditions in the shack they called home were just a little better. The great attraction to Benny was the friendship of his uncle's daughter, Olive. She was not like the other children. She was sympathetic and friendly.

One day Benny returned home from school, his face black with passion. Anger and hatred clouded every feature, and this day his eyes were hot and dry. They shed no tears. He stood before his uncle, legs braced apart, chin quivering. He was just twelve years of age.

"How can I stop those kids at school plaguing the life outta me?" he asked.

"Rip their bloody guts out," was his uncle's answer. Benny Swimm took this advice literally.

When he went to school the next day he took his hunting-knife with him. After school was let out he was subjected to the eternal ragging, but this time Benny did not cry and run from his tormentors. He set his teeth, drew his knife, and ran at them. Into the bunch he tore wildly, slashing right and left, burning with the desire to be revenged, to inflict pain and injury in measure to the pain and injury he had been forced to suffer. Benny's crying days were over for ever. Never again would he run away. With the exception of Olive and her father he was friendless and alone. All the other boys and girls had declared themselves his enemies.

For obvious reasons Benny did not go back to school. News of his murderous attack reached the authorities, but it is easy to imagine that even if they troubled to investigate they could never find Benny. This country which I write about is a strange one. Those families who inhabit these "Bad Lands" may have their feuds amongst themselves, but they are united against interfering strangers and officers of the law. The moment the law entered the district he was *reported* far and wide by some method of signals, nearly always, as far as I could gather, by the firing of shots out of a rifle. These men, and their women also, were such expert shots that they rarely missed what they shot at. They were so poor that they valued each round of ammunition they possessed like so much gold. If they were not sure of a shot they did not shoot. When a rifle in their hands spoke it meant death was at the other end of the bullet's journey. These facts are so true that time and again I have seen one of these denizens of the "Bad Lands" stop and stand stone still when he has heard two or more shots fired in quick succession. As I got to know them better and became trusted by some of them I learned that they could distinguish between bursts of shooting which came from the rifles "of them damn fool city guys" and the deliberately spaced shots from one of the natives who was firing them as a warning. Thus it was easy for men wanted by the law to set off into the depths of the forest and remain in absolute safety until the all-clear signal was given. It was easy for the moonshiners to hide their stills, put out their fires, and vanish as completely as if swallowed by the earth.

When Benny grew to manhood Olive and he lived together, in the same room as the old man, as man and wife. If truth must be told it was Olive who did not seem quite content with her share of the bargain. She didn't mind Benny sleeping with her particularly. The veil of secrecy and the romantic atmosphere in which we civilized individuals like to surround sex, were things unknown to her. She had seen pigs and calves born ever since she could remember. Being the eldest child she had seen her brothers and sisters born and had, from necessity, when she was

old enough to be of any assistance, had to help her mother at these times. What we term the mystery of conception was no mystery to her. She had slept with her mother and father until her mother died. Children love to imitate their elders, and I have it on absolutely good authority that in many of these homes brothers and sisters sleeping together "played at being married" from the age of six and seven years onwards. These admissions have been made to me over and over again by children I came in contact with in my capacity of police officer and a member of the welfare committee and social hygiene council.

Under circumstances such as I relate the human emotions descend from the elevated plane to which civilization and Christianity have attempted to raise them and revert to plain carnal appetite.

The psychology of Benny and Olive in regard to sex matters was simple in the extreme. "When your stomach tells you you are hungry . . . you eat. If this is logical and correct then why not satisfy sex desire when it is felt?" The one thing that led to trouble, and afterwards murder, was this. Benny was to Olive just plain buckwheat pancakes, without butter or wild honey. They satisfied her stomach when she was hungry. Olive was not married to Benny, and she was young and, in her way, beautiful. She began to resent his attitude of lord and master over her. She tired of the way he treated her. She longed for the change of love just as she longed for a change from the eternal diet of buckwheat and deer meat.

Benny felt Olive was his by right of possession. He claimed he had grown to love her. He said he was infatuated with her. He repeated over and over again, between the time of his arrest and his execution, that he was madly jealous of her. These statements may or may not be true. The facts are that Olive loved to flirt with any good-looking man she met during Benny's absence. Benny had the cunning of the beasts of the woods, in fact he had even greater cunning, for he trapped and snared them with apparent ease. On more than one occasion he caught Olive "cheating." Finally he issued his ultimatum; he said: "If I catch you

cheating any more I'll kill you and the guy I catch you with."

According to Benny Swimm's code of ethics that was fair enough warning. Olive was like Eve ; she felt there was no harm in cheating providing she wasn't found out. That was why she let Roy see that a flirtation with him would be welcome, the day we made the Swimm farm the headquarters for our hunting trip. Her frivolity nearly cost Roy his life. She was able to persuade Benny that she was more interested in the car than in Roy, and convinced him that "nothing had happened."

During the summer, when the work on the farm was heaviest, there came to the Swimm farm a stranger seeking food. He explained that he was footsore and weary and remarked that he was willing to work in return for a few nights' shelter. He was returned from the war. Old man Swimm was in need of help in the worst way. He had his hay to haul in. The stranger stayed not a few days but weeks. Benny's jealousy finally drove him off the place, but the stranger did not go very far. He got another job on a farm a few miles away and managed to meet Olive every time Benny's back was turned. According to Benny Swimm, after his arrest by Sheriff Foster, Olive admitted meeting the man and argued that she had a perfect right to "go" with him if she wished. He quite frankly admitted that they engaged in terrible quarrels over this man. What finally decided the fate of all three was the fact that Benny developed a dose of the itch. It is upon such small things that fate works out its destiny. The stranger had failed to persuade Olive to run away with him and leave Benny until he developed the itch. The stranger was a man about twenty-four, but he had travelled. He had been to the war. He could talk of foreign countries. He could read and write. One night Olive confided in him that Benny was covered with little red sores. As a matter of fact by scratching himself with dirty finger-nails he had brought about a bad condition of impetigo. The stranger played his cards, as he thought at the time, cleverly. He convinced Olive that Benny had contracted venereal disease and argued that

this fact proved his infidelity to her, as well as absolved her from any further duty of loyalty to him.

This smooth-tongued stranger was very convincing, so much so that Olive told her father that she was through living with a man who was rotten, and informed him she was leaving home right away. Benny was away fishing when she left. When he returned and found her gone he stood as if in a daze. Then, when her father told him *why* she had gone, anger welled up in his heart until it drowned out all other emotions. Just one thought burned in his brain:

REVENGE.

There is no denying that Benny planned his revenge cold-bloodedly. He had no money so he sold a coat and vest. He "traded" his rifle for a revolver. He sat down and deliberately "cut" down some rifle cartridges and made them fit the revolver chamber. He did all this because he knew he would need every cent he had with which to buy food during the time he was on their trail. He was so determined to run them down to earth that he felt he could not afford to take the chance of arrest when stealing food.

He traced the runaway pair to Hartland. There he learned they had purchased tickets and left by train for a little village near which the man owned a small shack away back in the bush. Like an Indian tracker Benny remained glued to their trail. Four o'clock in the afternoon found him watching the shack from under cover of the bushes. Finally his patience was rewarded. He saw the man come out of the shack. He was unarmed. He picked up an axe and began to split some wood. Benny Swimm waited; he had only three bullets; he needed one for the man, one for Olive, and one for himself. He couldn't afford to bungle or miss.

The man finally put down the axe and filled his arms with wood. As he turned to walk towards the door of the shack, Benny stepped directly in front of him. The man's eyes opened wide, first in surprise and then terror. He saw Benny level his revolver and take deliberate aim at his head. The bullet pierced his brain before he could drop the wood. Olive, who was in the shack, rushed out when she heard the

shot. Benny grabbed her before she had time to more than see what had happened. He tore open her blouse, bared her breasts, and placing the barrel of the revolver square between them, pulled the trigger. He threw her corpse over that of her lover and then placed the revolver to his own temple and pulled the trigger. There is no question of doubt, . . . he did intend to commit suicide. It was only a miracle that the home-made bullet was deflected by the skull and did not pierce the brain as he intended. As it was it took months to nurse him back.

The Benny Swimm case aroused a great deal of public comment. Some person wrote a poem and sold it to help defray his legal expenses. It was really a very terrible indictment of local conditions and blamed them and the environment Benny had been brought up in rather than Benny. In the local drug stores or around the stove in the hardware store the men of the town would gather and discuss the matter.

“What I want to know is this,” said one old chap as he spat tobacco juice on the sizzling stove, “who is responsible for the conditions which permit children to be reared as Benny was reared? Here we got a prayer meeting on the streets twice every week and church services every Sunday. We can dig up \$500 to send a pianni to a missionary in China and never blink a bloomin’ eyelid. Gol darn it, that preacher feller that come to give them evangelical services two months ago took more’n a thousand dollars away with him. What I want to know is why they don’t tell folk the truth when they preach. If they told the truth they would have to tell them folks who contributed the money to them there collections that they’d come by that money dishonest like. They’d have to tell ’em that they’d defrauded their labourers of their wages . . . and according to my reading of the Bible that’s one of the four deadly sins crying to heaven for vengeance. It’s the selfishness and the greed of the few that make the misery for the many. If it weren’t for that we would have happy, prosperous settlements in the back country instead of what we’ve got now.”

“You’re right, Harry,” agreed another, “every second

farm's vacant. Nobody what has ambition will stay on 'em. Look at what has happened to them Soldiers' Settlement farms back of Coldstream. Them fellers had experience and self-respect. They wouldn't stay on farms. They just left 'em there and went across the border to live. It's an awful thing when a man will surrender his independence and work in another man's country for a wage rather than put up with the conditions he finds in his own."

And these men spoke the truth. Many farms around Hartland were abandoned in 1921 and 1922. The population of the town itself dwindled until, as one merchant put it, "Hartland will soon be like the deserted village of Longfellow's poem. The population is only half what it used to be. Why I remember, not so very long ago either, when we had a grist mill, a lumber mill, a furniture factory, and a starch factory, a tannery and a population of 1800 . . . to-day what have we got? The lumber mill and some general stores . . . no you can't eat your cake and keep it; if you don't play the game with the other chap it isn't long before you find yourself playin' alone."

"Well, how do you propose to stop it? . . . Who's going to put things right?"

"They'll be put right the same as they've always bin put right. Every change for the better has been a forced change. People'll grow so danged fed up one of these days they'll demand separation and throw in their lot with the States or there'll be a revolution like that one in McKenzie's time. . . . What you sow you'll reap. . . . Danged if the Bible ain't always right. . . . Trouble is them as preaches it most follows what it teaches the least."

It was a pity to hear so much discontent voiced in a community which should have been so happy and prosperous. The people of the Maritimes were sore at the people of middle Canada, because they claimed they had been penalized and unfairly treated ever since the signing of the British North America Act. There were times when the benefits of cessation were openly discussed. There were many who were in favour of the three Maritime provinces becoming an independent unit of the Crown, like New-

foundland, and I am very sorry to say there were nearly as many who would argue that the destiny of Canada was locked up with that of the States rather than with the British Empire. The real truth is that the man in the street was fed up with the corruption and graft which were rife, and the farmer and settler was dissatisfied with the way he was "gypped" by the dealer and middle man.

I spoke to a young Church of England minister who had been sent out together with his bride to take over a small parish. He was typically English and caused quite a commotion when he first arrived and took over the priestly duties.

When people saw him smoking on the streets, they were truly horrified. It didn't improve matters a great deal when a busybody told him that it wasn't customary for clergymen to smoke. He pulled his pipe out of his mouth long enough to say : "Personally I'd sooner do a little of my smoking in this world than do all of it in the next."

His visit to the soldiers' ward in the Woodstock hospital won him many friends amongst the veterans and shocked about everyone else. He spent a good hour talking with the men, fighting their battles over again, cheering them up with his bright sayings and merry smile. He could tell a good story and there was always a twinkle in his eye, so much so that when he stood in the doorway ready to take his leave and called out in his lusty stentorian voice : "Well, so long, boys . . . keep your peckers up," everyone but the troops took it the wrong way and there were many empty pews and a sad falling off in the collection next Sunday.

Discussing the conditions referred to in these chapters he said : "The truth is that we are cowards. We are afraid to face facts when they are unpleasant. We shut our eyes to conditions which hurt our sensitive feelings ; we are deaf to those who speak the truth. We are too apt to wrap ourselves in our cloaks of righteousness and repeat over and over again (so that we will ultimately believe it) the words : 'I am not my brother's keeper.' We will tell ourselves again and again : 'I cannot be responsible for

the troubles of the whole world.' Christ, whom we professed to follow, assumed the blame for the sins of the whole world and offered His own life in order that our debt to God might be wiped out."

These families can be saved completely. They are hungry for religion. The fact that I noticed this strange phenomenon restored my dwindling faith. There must be a God, I kept repeating to myself, otherwise it could not be possible that every human being would worship a divinity of some kind or other. These lonely souls would find a wealth of comfort in religion ; but it is hard to teach a man or a woman or a child to believe in the doctrines of Christianity when they see how so-called "real Christian people" act towards them. If one of them took a load of feed from a Christian business man it would be called stealing, and the whole machinery of the law would be put in motion to arrest the thief, even though he had taken the feed to keep his stock alive until the spring. If the business man outsmarted the farmer and gypped him out of the benefit of his year's work, that is perfectly correct in the eyes of the law, and the other business men of the community look upon the man as being "a real smart business man."

How can we expect these people of the back country to listen to us and follow our advice? About the only people they meet from the outside world are game-wardens, revenue officers and sheriff officers who threaten them with the punishments of the law for infringements of a code they had no voice in framing.

Why should a man be liable to fine and imprisonment for shooting a deer or moose out of season when his family are starving to death?

How would we feel if the authorities of the law sent in officers to destroy our livestock just because you couldn't afford to buy feed with which to keep them alive until next spring? I know dozens of cases where cattle and horses have been destroyed and, as if to add insult to injury, the farmer has been arrested and convicted of cruelty to animals. Surely, in a Christian country, the thing to do is to help the family before their stock of feed becomes so low

that their cattle have to starve? Are we going to continue on blindly until these people we treat so cruelly revolt? Picture how we would feel if we saw our cattle and horses dying for want of feed, saw them destroyed by men who look after the welfare of dumb animals, while human beings are allowed to suffer to the very limits of their endurance, and even beyond the limits of human endurance; and, remember, these people knew that only a few miles away granaries were bursting with grain, with no market towards which it could be moved. The whole situation is wrong, horribly wrong, and it has got to be righted or we will pay the penalty of our indifference in full. Almighty God has given the inhabitants of the world everything they need in order that they may live happy and normal lives. The system of government is doomed, under which it is possible for granaries to be filled to bursting-point and the crops so plentiful that half are left and allowed to rot in the fields, while cattle are killed rather than have them die slowly, and men and women stand in bread-lines, pinched with hunger and cold, amidst an over-abundance of foodstuffs which are held so they can be sold for profit for the benefit of a few. Thus spoke a clergyman.

Right back near where the Swimmings lived I met an old Boer War veteran. He had come out to Canada to settle down after fighting in Africa. He made a brave struggle, but gradually he was cheated and swindled until he had lost everything, and he found himself forced back and back until he actually occupied the last clap-board shack before you entered the absolute wilderness. This man's record of service to the Empire was brought to the attention of some members of the Royal Family when they were visiting Canada and the man was asked if there was anything he needed. He spoke up in reply: "Yes, sir, if only I had a decent team of horses I think I could manage fine." Much to his surprise the team of horses arrived. I saw them many times myself. It was a beautiful team of black horses, perfectly matched. All through this man's troubles and tribulations he held on to this gift from His Majesty King Edward. As he fought his losing battle he sacrificed one

thing after another, but he would never part with his team. There is no question in my mind that this team of horses were actually responsible for much of his trouble. There were plenty of men who wished to own them. He would not consider selling what he had received as a gift from the King. In that case the only way to get the horses was to involve the man in such financial difficulties that they could be sold by the bailiffs. Each time this old hero was placed with his back to the stone wall he managed to wriggle out, still holding on to his team. I stayed at the old fellow's shack the last fall he was alive. He was growing old and was crippled owing to the fact that he had had his feet badly frozen one winter. His home was a little clap-board shack with no upstairs or cellar. The boards had never seen paint and they were grey with age and warped with the action of the extremes of weather. The floor was rotten and full of holes. The furnishings consisted of stove, bed, chair and table. I could see daylight through the roof, and when I remarked upon the fact he grinned cheerfully and said: "Well, it don't leak none where I sleep."

He kept his beloved horses in the shed, which was nothing more than a lean-to, against the shack. He was a great old chap, typical of the British Tommy. He was cheerful and, strange to relate, he appeared to hold no enmity against anyone. He taught me what I know about hunting and trapping. I'll never forget his delight the morning he went to feed the few hens he owned and found a beautiful mink in the trap. The mink had been stealing his chickens, but it returned once too often and paid the penalty. The price of fur was high at the time, and the pelt would easily have brought \$20, because it was one which would have come under the classification of *extra large prime dark*. A trader paid the old man \$12 for his prime pelt, and the old soldier acted as if some distant relative had left him a fortune.

The old fellow's only friends were his neighbours and a young woman of about thirty who was half-witted. I was informed that she had given birth to several children. Most

of them had died at birth, still-born or as the result of inattention.

I spent a good part of the fall and early winter hunting and trapping, and natives seemed to go out of their way to make me welcome. A half-breed Indian took me with him on his trap-lines. Jim Lindsay allowed me the very great honour of staying one night with him in his cabin in the woods, and he showed me his "still" and how it operated. They seemed to know I had no wish to do anything other than help them, the result being that they acted perfectly natural towards me.

That winter I made a special journey into the back country because the half-breed trapper had promised to show me how to catch trout by fishing through the ice. On our way out of the woods we stopped at the old veteran's shack. The snow was several feet deep and we were travelling on snow-shoes. We found him dying. His stove had gone out and he was badly frozen. In his delirium, towards the end, he cursed the stars, which he claimed were mocking him through the holes in the roof of his shack. We did everything we could for him, but he died that night; and that same night one of his horses had to be shot, it was gone so far with starvation. The other one was saved. The woman had become frightened and deserted him that morning.

I spent the next night with the half-breed, who lived with his brother and a woman and her two children. This woman had left her husband, or perhaps it was he who left her. There were only two beds in the shack. The children slept in one, while the three adults slept in the other. I was actually offered a place in the bed with the grown-ups. When I said I would make do with my blankets on the floor I was informed that I would freeze to death when the wood in the fire burned low and the cold crept in through the chinks in the floor. I tried sleeping on the floor, but finally ended up in a chair, stoking the fire through the night.

CHAPTER IX

HUNTING AND TRAPPING

LEE was a typical backwoods man. Tall and slim he was, and lithe as a panther. He reminded one of a closely-wound spring. He had extraordinarily long legs and moved over the ground at an almost unbelievable speed. He didn't walk as we walk ; he simply glided along. When the wind was stilled and the air literally "dead," and the silence of those mighty woods that of a tomb, he could float along the trails without making the slightest sound. His feet never broke a dried twig, his clothes never scraped against the branch of a tree. His long, sinewy body would weave in and out under perfect balance and control. He had a hard, handsome face, jet-black hair, and piercing dark brown eyes. He was born of a white father and an Indian mother. He was a child of the forests.

He could neither read nor write. The ways of civilization were a mystery to him. He couldn't understand how people could live and survive in a crowded state in a city. If he was ignorant, judging from our standards, he was most learned in the ways of the wild. He was able to read animal signs with a clearness and rapidity which was simply amazing. Signs which were absolutely lost to the vision of my inexperienced eyes told him every detail of the romances, dramas and dreams of the woods which had been enacted during the previous twenty-four hours. He was so well versed in the ways of animals that I have heard him name his catch before we were within a hundred yards of his snare or trap. By this I mean that as we walked along, visiting his trapping-line, he would turn and say : " Got a bob-cat in the next snare," or : " Got a big fox in the next snare." One day, when travelling through the woods, he stopped

and said : " You've always wanted to shoot a bear. You'll get your wish to-day." I was frankly amazed. " How can you tell that, Lee ? " I would ask ; and he would chuckle, delighted at my expression of bewilderment.

" You city fellows are plumb dumb . . . I mean blind," he would grin. " Why, hang it all, when you go a-visiting you write your folks a letter telling them you're a-coming. They read your signs and know when to expect you. Same here. The bear you're going to shoot passed along this way not so very long ago. It's a mammy bear. She's in one hell of a temper and don't you forget that when you happen to see her. She's not just left signs, she's left sign-posts twenty feet high. She's got two cubs with her," he added, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

" Considering you can tell me so much, may I ask for what time you've made the appointment ? " I said jokingly.

" That'll depend on how far she's travelled since she placed her foot in the trap. I had one setback there near the dam which we crossed when we came to the river."

" I didn't see any trap," I expostulated.

" No ! You don't see anything. If you'll keep your eyes open I'll teach you to read the language of the woods," he replied.

" Lee, I'd enjoy nothing more. . . . I'm really willing and keen to learn."

We were sitting eating lunch when this conversation occurred and Lee lit his pipe and proceeded to give me my first lesson in woodcraft.

" You remember me shooting old Nellie the day Jim died last fall ? " he asked me. (Old Nellie was the veteran's horse.)

I nodded.

" Well, I put a twitching-chain on her and hauled her up there by the dam. I dragged her back into the bushes just clear of the trail.

" I let her lie there all winter and I've been looking for signs since the middle of February. I saw them signs I've been watching for the other day, and I set a bear-trap right

against old Nellie's belly. I knew bears had denned up hereabouts, and I figured on getting some of them."

"And you've got one now?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I've got a big black mother bear and two cubs. A bear's always mighty hungry and none too gentle-mannered after she wakes up from her long winter's sleep, and then she has to put up with two cubs pullin' at her when she's half starved. To find a dead horse lying right near her den looked to her like a gift from the gods. When she looked it over she saw the signs where other animals had been feeding off the horse and she was satisfied that Nellie would make a safe meal. She ripped open the belly with her long, sharp claws and hunted around for tit-bits for her cubs. I set my trap for her next visit."

"But you didn't leave the trail after we crossed the dam. How do you know you've caught the bear?" I demanded.

Lee leaned his head back and the woods echoed with the ring of his mirth. "My God," he roared, "you don't mean to tell me you didn't notice the signs that bear had left behind when she took to the woods with her right front paw in the trap?" I had to admit that I hadn't noticed a thing.

"Why, she was so infernally angry when she found she'd stepped into that trap that she ran amuck until the woods around there just looked as though a hurricane had hit 'em. She musta fought for an hour to try to get rid of that trap. She stripped the bark off trees. She climbed others and threw herself down to the ground trying to break away from the toggle to which I had the trap chained. She levelled the bushes, leaving a trail as plain as yer hand in front of yer nose. Then she decided to make off and take the trap, chain, and toggle all along with her.

"Look!"

Lee pointed to the woods and there, sure enough, I saw for the first time the signs along the trail we had been following since leaving the dam. I saw bushes crushed and branches broken and disarranged. The trapper took me over and pointed out the newly-broken twigs. He then went on his knees and showed me the signs which told him the bear was travelling with the trap on the right front paw,

and that she was accompanied by two cubs. I'll frankly admit that I was thoroughly ashamed of my lack of observation. I had always prided myself that little, if anything, escaped my eyes. I had tried to benefit from the lesson so effectively told in the school readers called "Eyes and No Eyes," and here I found I had been as blind as a bat.

Lee stood up and adjusted his pack. "You can shoot it and I'll give you the hide," he offered generously, as he turned and led the way through the trees down towards the swamp.

We had travelled about ten minutes when my companion stopped suddenly. To me he looked, in pose and attitude, just like a pointer frozen on a point. I followed the direction of his gaze, and, after straining my eyes for a full minute, I saw a black shaggy head, in the centre of which burned two small blood-shot eyes which were glaring at us from over the top of some alder bushes not twenty yards away. Had I been alone I think it is quite likely that I would have blundered on right into the infuriated bear. Without taking his eyes off the bear or moving a muscle I heard Lee whisper : "See her ? "

"Yes," I breathed.

"I'm going over to the right to attract her attention. Get her right behind the shoulder-blade when she moves clear of the bush. Chances are she'll come at me standing up."

He didn't show the slightest trace of excitement, while my heart was beating like a trip-hammer. The moment Lee began to move I took a grip on my nerves and steadied myself for a good clean shot.

Lee circled to the right and then turned and walked towards the bear, taunting her with the barrel of his rifle. The animal turned its head and looked at him, but did not charge. It was evidently tired out after its struggles, but there was no question that it was infuriated. I brought my rifle to the ready ; Lee motioned me to come nearer. He was within a few feet of the bear by this time. Once again he motioned me to approach. Without understanding his reasons I did as requested.

The bear was completely hidden from my view except for the head. She was behind a windfall, and some evergreens formed a perfect screen. When I was about ten or twelve feet away from the bear I stopped and looked at Lee, standing there within six feet of the 240 lb. of concentrated fury.

"Make a noise . . . attract her attention," he hissed, and I noticed a strange look in his eyes as he did so. I also noticed that he had transferred his rifle to his left hand and carried his hunting axe in his right. I was puzzled, but I made the noise, and the bear turned its head towards its new tormentor. Quicker than I could register the move Lee leaped in and struck the bear with his little hand axe. To my amazement I saw her crumple and drop out of sight as quietly as if she had been the victim of black magic. My friend burst out laughing: "Why waste a bullet when a tap on the nose with the axe does the trick just as well and doesn't spoil the skin."

He stepped around so as to be at the back of the fallen bear and at its head. He grabbed the ear and rolled the huge black head towards him, watching closely to make sure the bear was dead. He was in a position to jump clear should the bear suddenly "come to life again," as he put it afterwards.

Satisfied that his blow had landed on the right spot, he drew his hunting-knife and bled the bear. As the blood gushed out over the snow the great body gave a couple of spasmodic jerks and the taut muscles relaxed with a series of shudders.

"What about the cubs? Where are they?" I asked.

"We'll wait around. They'll come back to their mother."

We drew off and sat waiting. Neither of us said much. My thoughts were far from pleasant. Live cubs were worth money. To get them they had to be robbed of their mother. She would never have surrendered them alive. My thoughts ran riot for a while. Birds had to die to provide pretty feathers for women's hats; fur-bearing animals were trapped in order that milady might wear handsome furs. The man I sat with was a professional trapper. Killing provided his

bread and butter. The satisfaction and zest he got from hunting and outwitting the denizens of the woods smothered any feelings of sympathy he might have felt. The first thought that came to his mind, when he saw a fox lying frozen stiff with a snare around its neck, or found a mink drowned in one of his traps, was the value of its skin. Yet this man was not unkind by nature. He killed quickly and mercifully. He set his traps cunningly and in such a manner that the unfortunate animal which was caught would die as suddenly as possible. He never left a wounded animal. If it was at all possible he would track it down and terminate its sufferings.

"I thought you were going to let me shoot that bear so I could claim the skin as a trophy," I said, breaking a long silence.

"It's a caution how uncommonly extravagant you city guys is," he laughed. "I carry a rifle all the year round and sometimes I don't fire twenty rounds away in a twelve month. When I find animals alive in my traps I kill 'em so as not to spoil their fur. If I want to eat I use this twenty-two." He produced a long-barrelled revolver from a holster carried under his arm.

Talk of eating reminded me that I was ravenously hungry. "I hope you'll feel like wanting to eat soon," I said lightly. I had noticed already that this strange man seemed to eat from necessity, rather than because he was hungry or had a particular relish for his food. I was learning to keep my eyes open and my mouth shut. I had wondered that morning how we were going to obtain food while away on the trip. Lee informed me when issuing the invitation that we would cover about sixty miles and be away about three days. After I had accepted the invitation I watched him pack and was perturbed to see he placed only about a pound of fat bacon, one loaf of bread, a small packet of tea, and a tin of butter in his pack. I asked him what I should take in the way of food and he only replied that he had plenty for both of us. He reminded me that I would have all the weight I wanted to carry when I shouldered my rifle and the pack which contained my blankets. I took along two tins of beans, intending them as a surprise.

We lapsed into silence after Lee told me we couldn't make his cabin until after dark owing to the delay with the bear. I proceeded to try to master my hunger as I knew he must have been doing. I felt chilly. Cold shivers began to race up and down my spine. Suddenly I felt a nudge in the ribs. Lee was gazing at what will live in my memory as one of the most heartrending sights it was ever my misfortune to witness. The two little cubs had returned. They were just tiny balls of black fluff. They nosed at their mother as she lay there so still and indifferent to their demands. I saw them try to feed at the breasts which would nourish them no longer, then they snuggled up close as if to benefit from the little warmth still left in the body. Lee whispered : " Poor little blighters." Even he was moved to sympathy. " Let's go grab 'em. I'll feed 'em when we reach the cabin to-night..

We caught them without much difficulty. I never felt anything quite so soft and warm as those two little orphans. We made room for them in my pack. After that we skinned the bear. I was still working on one hind-leg when Lee had finished the other three. Having finished the rather messy job Lee rolled the hide and placed it where it would be safe until our return. It was too heavy to carry with us. He then opened the bear and cut the tenderloin out and also about two pounds of the best part of the round steak.

As we turned to go I could not help but remark how terribly like the human corpse the bear looked when it was stripped of its skin. A layer of white fat (from which is rendered the famous bear oil) gave the body the appearance of a human being which had been decapitated. We returned to Lee's homestead and left the cubs in charge of his brother the next morning early. Before we reached the cabin intended for spending the night we had other adventures. While following Lee, who was travelling at a steady gait, which forced me to break into a run every now and then, I noticed him freeze like a pointer once more. His eyes were on the trail reading the signs. As I came up to him he turned and smiled. " You're sure bringing me luck this trip. If I don't miss my bet we'll find a bob-cat in a snare



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Deer : A buck with a doe, "shot" with a telescopic lens.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

More than once I have come upon a sleeping deer in summer time. Here we see a beautiful buck caught off guard. His horns are just coming out of the velvet. It is a perfect head.

just about half a mile down the trail, and I'm atellin' you right now it's the biggest cat I've ever come across in these here parts."

I'd given up being surprised or incredulous at what this man said and did. I'd also given up asking what invariably turned out to be foolish questions. Lee rewarded my silent but inquiring look with an explanation.

"See here," he said, pointing to the trunk of a windfall that lay straight across the trail we were following. I looked and he proceeded to read the signs for my benefit. "See those scratches?" I bent down close and saw on the smooth tree trunk, from which the bark had been worn, several scratches. "These," said my companion, pointing to certain marks, "are the marks left by the hind paws of a lynx or, as we call 'em, bob-cats. He's been travelling this trail at a pretty good lick. The way he dug them claws into the wood as he took off with a leap tells me that. The width of the claw-marks gives me a reasonably good idea of the size of the paw. These belong to a mighty big cat.

"Then again I noticed away back that a 'cat' was moving fast along this trail just ahead of us. Once or twice I noticed its tracks in the snow when it stepped clear of the other tracks left by snow-shoes, rabbits, the deer and foxes. I could tell by the way it kicked off that it was travelling fast as if it was bound some place and not just wandering along with no special place to go."

"But how do you know it will be in the snare about half a mile down the trail?" I asked.

"That's just a guess, but the chances are in our favour. That cat's moving fast and without its usual caution. It is following the trail rather than sneaking through the bush because it can make better time. The chances are it will never know that snare is set in its path until it feels it tighten round its neck."

We were travelling along as he explained, and as we turned a bend in the trail we came suddenly upon 90 lb. of fury. This animal was most certainly not the common Canadian lynx. It was more of a cross between a lynx and a mountain lion. Whatever its origin, it was crouched there spitting

and growling in a manner calculated to strike terror into the hearts of its enemies. Lee motioned me to stand back. "Be ready to shoot if it breaks the snare," he warned, then, sinking to his knees, he crawled towards the infuriated animal with the little axe ready in his hand. When he got near the animal he teased it until it sprang at him. He did this to judge the distance the animal could spring. The snare it had run into was fastened to a good-sized toggle made from a small spruce tree. When the cat sprang it was brought up all standing by the weight of the toggle and it went wild with rage and fear for several minutes. It twisted and bounced and turned and squirmed until the air was thick with fine snow. The noise it made was blood-curdling. I marvelled that the fine snare wire stood the strain. "Let me shoot it, Lee," I begged.

"Go ahead if you want to," he replied, but added: "Bullet holes spoil a good pelt." I lowered my rifle and the cat quietened down. Lee crept forward another few feet. He made a couple of passes in front of the animal's nose with a stick that he held in his left hand. The cat clawed at the stick angrily. However, it was more or less exhausted by its struggles and the choking wire. Once again the stick passed before its nose, and this time it did not strike with its sharp claws. It crouched and glared and a low growl rumbled deep in its throat. The next instant it was dead. The moment it allowed the decoying stick to pass without striking at it, Lee had raised the axe and struck the beast right over the nose and between the eyes.

"Let's push along to the cabin and skin it there," I suggested, for I was tired and hungry. Lee put up his knife and nodded consent.

I turned the cat over to make sure it was dead and then grabbed hold of its fore-legs intending to lift it to my shoulder. It seemed unwieldy. When I stood with its fore-feet over my shoulders its hind-feet just touched the snow. Lee gave me a hand and I finally got the animal over my shoulder. I had it in such a way that I could hold on to its paws in front of my chest. I didn't carry it far. It soon began to weigh like a donkey. My knees began to

sag and my legs staggered. Finally I called to Lee and dropped my load.

"Thought you wouldn't carry it far," he remarked cheerfully, and in no time he had the animal hung from the limb of a tree and was removing the pelt in expert fashion.

The joy of the Jews, as they sighted the Promised Land, had nothing on me when I suddenly became aware that we had reached our goal. Lee stopped to let me catch up with him. "We're at the cabin," he announced. I realized by this time that he got a real kick out of bewildering me. I looked round, but failed to see anything which resembled a shack or log cabin. It was night, the moon was shining and the snow reflected its light. Objects were easy enough to see.

"Where is the cabin, Lee?" I asked in a tired voice.

"Right over there," he pointed up the ridge a little to our left. "You could walk right past it and never see it," he explained. "You circle off to the left and I'll circle to the right. Move so that you meet that fir thicket over there," he directed, pointing out the way. "I never travel a regular path to the cabin, because to do so would give its location away to strangers. My friends all know where it is and are welcome to use it at any time."

The cabin was made of logs and completely hidden in the thicket of spruce and fir. Within ten minutes a fire was roaring in the stove. Lee fetched water from a near-by spring which never froze, and filled the kettle. He lit a tallow candle or dip and prepared supper while the kettle was boiling.

He had provisions in the shack. There was flour in a tin with an air-tight top, baking-powder, salt and pepper and sugar. He mixed some bannocks and they were soon cooking on top of the stove. I opened a tin of beans; two strips of tenderloin were soon adding their aroma to the general appetizing smell.

I was so infernally hungry that the recurring thoughts of how much like a human corpse that bear had looked as we left it lying face down in the snow didn't bother my appetite in the least. Hot bannock, baked beans and bear meat,

followed by strong black tea, soon had me in a different frame of mind, and ere long I was stretched in front of that stove, puffing my pipe, listening to the true story of Lee.

We had finished our meal and washed up the dishes before we blew out the candle and lit up our pipes. We leaned back on the home-made rustic chairs and toasted our toes in front of the fire.

"Are you happy living this kind of life year in and year out?" I asked bluntly.

"Sure am. . . . I wouldn't live in the city if you was to give me a street of houses and make me the mayor," he replied.

"But have you ever lived in the city?"

"Yep! Worked and slaved in the city. I used to load lumber on the ships in Campbeltown on the north shore. Least of all, I did in the summer, but in the fall and winter I trapped. Then I was arrested . . . they accused me of murder and tried to hang me. I was convicted of manslaughter and sent down for a stretch of ten years. I got two years' remission for good behaviour and was only twenty-five when I got out. I was so scared of the thought of ever being cooped up again that I struck for the bush as soon as I got out, and I've lived in the bush ever since. Thar ain't no man ever going to take me back to prison alive again," he concluded definitely.

I was thrilled that this usually silent man appeared willing to talk. Everyone I had questioned about him in the town of Hartland spoke of him as little better than an outlaw. He was "bad medicine." He'd killed one man and he'd most likely kill another. He was a man of whom it was well to steer clear. Few people, if any, would hunt and fish in the woods travelled by the Lees or the Lindseys. Notwithstanding the terrible reputations given these men I found myself peculiarly attracted to them and, what is even stranger, I found they seemed to trust me and accept me into their domain, not as an equal, or as one of themselves—but as one who could be trusted.

"Lee, would you care to tell me your story? I'm most certainly interested. I've travelled a lot and perhaps I can understand."

"I've nothing to be ashamed of . . . it's them damned fools who railroaded me to jail what should be ashamed . . . they tried to hang me, but they didn't have enough brains to build up enough evidence against me. They held me in jail, helpless to prove my innocence, while they worked for two weeks trying to build up a case against me. The jury failed to agree on the murder charge . . . but they found me guilty of manslaughter. That is what makes me so blazin' mad . . . when I think of the eight years I spent in prison. Either I was guilty of murder or I was innocent. Those fools couldn't prove me guilty of murder and they wouldn't give me a chance to prove my own innocence, which I could have done easily if they had let me take 'em to where I found the body. I could have read the signs for them so a blind man could have seen my innocence. But, no . . . they wanted me hanged or salted away. My father had a bad name. . . . I was 'called' to follow in his footsteps. When I found him dead it was easy for them to get rid of me by chargin' me with murderin' him. We'd often quarrelled. . . . Everyone knew that. My father was a white man. I don't know where he came from originally. Some says he was a sailor who got drunk and was left behind when his ship sailed. Others claim he had travelled north after having escaped justice in the south. He was lazy, cruel, and fond of drink. My mother was a full-blooded Indian. He married her because it was the easiest way to obtain a slave. He never did a turn of work. If the spirit moved he might do a bit of fishing in the summer or a little hunting and trapping in the winter. We were mighty poor and lived close to our bellies.

"Mostly I remember hunger and beatings of when I was young. My mother was patient and took it all without a murmur. I didn't mind the beatings I got because soon I learned to run away, when my father was in one of his crazy moods, and not to return until I got the 'all clear' signal. As I grew older I resented the fact that he beat my mother. When I was about sixteen I turned on my father one day and, much to my surprise, I licked him

in the fight. I knocked him out cold. When he came to he didn't say a word and he never again bothered my mother. That happened in the fall of 1905.

"My father had some old Mauser rifles which he used for bear-traps. He'd wire them up in a tree and hang his bait in such a way that when the bear reached and pulled at it the bait would release the trigger-spring. Usually the shot went either clean through the bear's head or just between the shoulder-blades. He was clever in setting these traps.

"After the quarrel we both 'paddled our own canoes.' He went his way and I went mine, except that we both used, as our common headquarters, the cabin where my mother and younger brother lived. I earned some money loading the ships and I bought my own traps and snare wire. I had my own trap-line and he had his. One day I crossed his trail and the signs showed me plainly he was in trouble. I could see he was wounded and was dragging himself along. I followed his trail and I found him. He was as dead as a smoked salmon. I threw him over my shoulders and carried him home. I went to the police and reported everything. They clapped me in jail.

"They got busy and the next thing I knew I was charged with murder. They brought forward all kinds of evidence to show there had been no love lost between us. They had witnesses who swore they had heard my father threaten me and me threaten him. They brought out the facts about the fight and witnesses swore that I had told them I would kill my father the next time he laid hands on my mother or younger brother. All this evidence was true. Many people say things when angry that they don't mean. My statement was read. I had simply told the police of finding my father's trail, following it, and finding him dead. I told them I had carried him in.

"I went into the witness-box and swore I didn't shoot my father. I was cross-examined by a lawyer who must have thought it was his job to hang me whether I was innocent or guilty. He wanted to know what I was doing in the woods that day. How I came to cross my father's trail. He made me admit I'd used threatening words.

When he'd finished with me I knew I was as good as dead meat.

"Every time I tried to explain that it was my opinion that my father had been the victim of one of his own bear-traps I was shut up. My opinion wasn't evidence. I was being tried on the weight of evidence, not people's opinions, I was told."

Lee sat silent for a while, puffing hard at his pipe. "I could have back-tracked my father's trail if only they had not put me in jail . . . but what does it all matter now? They found me guilty of manslaughter. The only man who had a good word to say for me believed I was guilty. He pleaded that I had been subjected to long years of provocation. He built up some kind of a fairy tale about us meeting in the woods. He claimed the signs had been covered by a fall of snow and that if they hadn't there would have been evidence of a bitter struggle where we had met. He argued that my father was probably the attacker, burning with resentment because I had beaten him in a fight a few weeks earlier. He drew a picture of me being beaten down and left lying on the ground. He told the jury to imagine me lifting myself to my elbow, reaching for my gun and, in a fit of anger and resentment, firing the fatal shot at my father's retreating figure as he dodged through the trees. That lawyer what was told off to defend me would have made a bloody good author . . . he'd all kinds of imagination . . . but then again I suppose he really saved my neck. If it hadn't been for his pleadings I'd very likely have been strung up."

"And when you got out you came here?" I asked.

"Yep. My mother died while I was in prison. My younger brother Fred was taken in by the woman I'm living with now. She's not my wife. She was deserted by her husband after she had adopted my brother. She struggled along, all the years I was in prison, by taking in washing off the boats in the summer and trapping in the winter like a man. She's a hell of a good shot . . . better'n me. The first winter after I was let out of prison the trapping was good, pelts were prime, and prices were high

as they've ever bin. The three of us worked hard, and we made a real killing that winter. Between us we made nearly \$2000.

"We knew we weren't welcome around Campbeltown, so we decided to move to where the trapping was better, and that's how we located here. I've been here since 1916 and I reckon we'll stay here until the place is trapped out."

"And where will you head for then?" I asked.

"Labrador. . . . I've always wanted to go there. I know there is fur a-plenty and gold, too. If ever I made a good stake I'm a-going there."

We filled the stove with some hard wood and turned in. I felt very tired but truly happy. I believed every word that Lee had spoken that night. There is an old saying that "to know a man you've got to sleep with him." I slept with Lee and those two bear cubs that night. I grade him number one.

If there are any of my readers who have never travelled in the bush, and slept in the heart of the forest, they have missed an experience. Get back into the woods sixty miles from habitations and learn what real silence is like. If your soul is troubled and you want to sit alone with your conscience, and fight out your battles with self, that is the place. If you want to commune with your Maker the place to go is to the top of one of those glorious hardwood ridges, carpeted with maple leaves and sweet with the perfume of balsam, spruce, and fir. It is the only place that I know where the silence is so great that it weighs down on you; it is the only place where the darkness is so complete on a night when there is no moon that it can be felt. I have sat and wondered where the denizens of the woods disappear during the day for many signs speak of their presence and the night rings with their cries. If you've any imagination the woods must give you thrills and pleasure . . . especially if you can locate a guide such as I had.

Suddenly I sat bolt upright, my short hairs tingling on the nape of my neck. I had been awakened from a heavy sleep by one of the most horrible sounds my ears had ever registered. It was half screech, half scream.

"That's only an Indian Devil howling its head off . . . maybe the mate of the one we got to-day," Lee calmly explained. "We have a variety of cats. There's the true Canadian lynx, then there's the mountain lion found out west, and we have the, what we call, 'wild cats' (bob-cats and Indian Devils). The last are the biggest. When they land on the back of a deer they can tear, with one swift backward stroke of their hind claws, right down into the nerves of the spine between the shoulders. They raise the devil with deer. They kill just for the lust of killing. I've found as many as twenty killed in one deer-yard, when the snow's been real deep, some winters."

Lee, knowing I was interested, remained awake and interpreted the various nocturnal sounds. The bark of the fox, the hoot of the owl, the howl of the wolf. . . . Finally, with a heavy yawn, he advised me not to get up during the night and not to take any notice if I heard or saw animals running around the floor. "There's a family of skunks made their den under this cabin. They kind of have the run of the place, but they won't bother you none if you leave them alone. They's just the same as a house cat and make real good pets. The scent they throw is the only means the Almighty gave 'em to help take care of themselves. The porcupine is the blighter which will muss up your cabin, steal your grub and raise hell generally. They are good to have around if you run out of grub and need a meal in a hurry. It is the only animal in Canadian woods which a man, who is lost, can overtake on foot and kill with a club with a whack over the nose. Incidentally, they are mighty good tasting . . . something like a cross between chicken and pork."

Lee rolled over, tucked his head under his blankets, and was off to sleep.

CHAPTER X
ON THE TRAIL OF THE "MAD
TRAPPER"

NEXT day we were up before daylight. We had a long day ahead of us and it was essential that we make an early start if we hoped to make the second cabin before midnight. It was good to eat a hot meal of pancakes and bacon before setting out in the bitter cold of early dawn, and I silently wondered what we would eat that night. Provisions seemed to be Lee's least worry.

We had not travelled far when we came to a snare with a beautiful red fox as the prize. It was frozen stiff and could not be skinned without thawing, so it went into the pack, adding weight to our load. Two mink had fallen victims of traps set near the river. After that we ran into bad luck, for nearly a dozen traps held nothing but squirrels and blue jays.

There was not a dull moment for me. My companion told me all the secrets of trapping and explained the habits of the various animals. As the day wore on I began to realize that a change had come over this man born to life in the wilderness. Two hours went by without a word being volunteered. I was too tired to talk and was satisfied to keep plodding along, trying to keep up to the tireless pace he set. We stopped only long enough to eat a slice of bread and butter at noon. Our early luck had run dead. We found nothing of value all afternoon. There had been a recent fall of snow and the ground was a virgin whiteness except for the tracks of animals.

We came to one trap set on the stump of a tree. It held another squirrel. As Lee took the squirrel from the trap he uttered an angry oath.

"Look at here," he demanded.

I looked, but saw nothing to justify the oath.

"Don't you see, somebody has been robbing my traps?"

I was loth to admit that I saw nothing out of the ordinary. Lee shook his head pityingly. "They can rob the eyes outta your head and you'd never know it, but they can't fool me. . . . See these hairs stuck to the jaws of the trap."

I felt like a fool. The hairs meant nothing to me. The trapper explained: "These black hairs are off a fisher cat. Some thief has robbed my trap line from where we left the river. He put blue jays and squirrels in them to make it look as they had sprung 'em. I've been suspicious for quite a ways back, but these hairs prove it." I have often wondered what marvellous detectives these trappers would make if trained to hunt criminals instead of animals. The recent snow had covered the tracks of the fur thieves, but a few tell-tale hairs left on the jaws of the trap had convinced Lee that they had taken the valuable fur-bearing animals out of his traps and placed in them blue jays and squirrels.

"We might as well make the best of it. I'll get these guys before the season ends or know the reason why," he told me as he re-set the trap.

We came to a lake, and not very far from the shore Lee stopped and chopped a hole through the ice. With a hook, baited with bacon rind, attached to a piece of string, he caught four beautiful trout, each weighing about three pounds.

To say I was astounded is to state it mildly. I suggested the fish in that lake must be as thick as sardines. He laughed at my remark. "Don't kid yourself," he admonished, "fish have their habits like everything else. I've heard dozens say there are no fish in this lake, but I know where to find them." Once more he initiated me into the ways of the wild.

"These lakes are spring fed. The springs boil up from the bottom of the lake. Where the springs are located the mud is washed away, leaving clean sand and gravel. The fish hang around these spring-holes because the water is cool in the summer and warmest in the winter and because the feeding is best. I can catch a mess of fish in half an hour any

time I'm hungry. There is really no need to freeze or starve in the woods if a man knows his business. It's the greenhorns that get into trouble."

We made the cabin without further incident and after feeding the bear cubs ate a lordly meal of fried trout and hot biscuits. That night I heard neither howl of wolf nor screech of wild cat. I literally died, as my head hit my pack in the bunk, which was filled with spruce boughs.

After an early morning meal of bear meat, beans and dry toast, Lee announced his intention of hunting bigger game than any we had yet caught. He said he was going to track down the man who had robbed his traps. His plans were simple.

"These fellows aren't so very far away," he informed me. "They have followed my trail when I have been going my rounds and located my traps. They waited for a snow-storm and then robbed my traps knowing the falling snow would cover their tracks. They put the birds and squirrels in to fool me. They are probably strangers. If so they've either built a cabin or they may be using an old set of camps left by a lumber company some years back. I'm going to circle around to-day and see if I can't pick up their trail."

I had an idea which I honestly believe made me go up, in Lee's estimation, one hundred per cent. It struck me that if the fur thieves had followed him once the chances were they would follow him again. I suggested that it might be a good plan if we set off as usual and then doubled back over our own trail about noon.

"That's what I call a real smart idea," he informed me enthusiastically.

We set off and travelled fast until noon. We ate the last of our bread and then instead of doubling back over our trail we made a wide circle so to cross it about two miles back. The trick worked; when we came to the trail we saw that we had been followed by two men. I was surprised by Lee's next move. Instead of trailing the two men, he back-trailed them and located their hide-out in the old camps.

"Where do we go from here?" I asked jocularly as we

finished our survey of the camps and examined the nice catch of fur hung up on the walls and tied up in bundles ready for packing out.

"Don't look to me as if they have a trap or snare about the place," Lee muttered, eyeing everything carefully. "Chances are they'll know they've been caught and won't follow us, but if they do it means trouble. I'm taking what fur they've got bundled. It's probably mine anyhow. I'm heading straight for home. It'll be sixteen hours steady going, but I can travel these woods by night as well as by day. They won't be able to catch us if we travel by night. Do you think you can do it?" I said I thought I could, but spoke more confidently than I felt.

We wasted no time, and set off following the trail we had recently travelled. Just before dark Lee left the trail and led the way across a swamp. Twice he crossed beaver dams and, after travelling through dense bush while it still remained daylight, we discarded our snow-shoes and travelled the length of a lake which was swept clean of snow by the wind. Lee explained that this last manoeuvre was to delay the fur robbers should they have decided to follow us.

It was dark before we left the ice and I could readily understand how difficult it would be for any person following us to pick up our trail unless they circled the lake shore to see where we had taken to the woods again. Even if they picked up our trail it gave us a lead of miles.

We arrived back at Lee's shack at eight in the morning, having travelled twenty-five hours. We had eaten nothing except some biscuits which had been left over from breakfast and a small chunk of bear meat. My reward was a hearty breakfast of buckwheat pancakes and boiled eggs, and after that a sound sleep. Lee's reward was \$600 worth of prime fur.

News that these thieves were located at the old logging camps was sent to police head-quarters, and they were rounded up by game-wardens and their arms confiscated. They were imprisoned because beaver pelts were found in their possession. This explained to me why Lee had carefully removed all beaver furs before he selected that which

he took with him. It was closed season on beaver that winter.

Tucked in the bottom of my pack, when I got home, was a fine set of fox furs and a beautiful raccoon skin. I knew that was Lee's way of saying thank you. Incidentally, word was passed along that there were fur thieves in the district around Brown's old camps near the Becaquimic Lakes, and a well-organized raiding party caught the thieves just as they were ready to depart for their homes in the spring. The men belonged to a small town, just across the American border, near Houlton, Maine. They were convicted of hunting and trapping illegally. Their traps, rifles, and the fur they had caught were confiscated and they were sent to prison.

Officers of the law, whose duty it is to preserve law and order in the backwoods country, know that it is comparatively easy to get their man once they are satisfied they are on the right trail. They also know this: if the man they are after shows he is aware they are on his trail and does not stop and surrender the police realize at once that he either means to die fighting or believes he has greater endurance than his pursuers. His only hope is to keep going until he can leave the tell-tale snow behind or he may be lucky and run into a storm that will cover his trail. Failing a storm he must keep going relentlessly, in the hope that he can cross the border and escape from their jurisdiction. The trail of the "Mad Trapper" amply illustrates what I mean.

Up in the North-West Territories two men had their trap-lines. Little was known about them. They had bought provisions and supplies for a winter's stay and had announced their intention of trapping a wild stretch of country between Peace River and the Yukon. One of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrols picked up a man's trail and followed it to his camp. They found, in the camp, a dead man. Investigation showed that the partners had quarrelled and that it had ended by one of them killing the other. Their experienced eyes told them a simple story. The utter loneliness had probably affected one man's

brain. In the ensuing quarrel one man had been shot and killed. Which one? The man who had gone mad or the one who was sane? It was quite clear that the survivor had not left permanently. The signs went to show that he had packed, ready to hit the trail into the wilderness, and intended to leave the log cabin with its gruesome mystery far behind.

The two officers came to the conclusion that the man who had killed the other was away making a final visit to pick up his traps and snares. In the cabin the winter's catch of fur, the food and provisions were packed ready for the trail. They decided to wait and capture the man on his return. One of the officers went to the cabin door and stepped outside. The moment he did so a rifle-shot rang out on the cold frosty air. The officer fell dead. His companion knew that he would suffer a like fate if he showed himself. He realized that he was alone in the wilderness with a madman who had killed two men. He was virtually a prisoner in the cabin. He had plenty of food and no fuel. The man outside would take good care he did not get fuel or drinking water. The question was this: how long could the man outside endure? He undoubtedly had food and the means to light a fire. He could make himself comfortable from where he could watch the cabin and prevent the other man's escape. The surviving officer was faced with two alternatives. He could make a dash, in the hope of making the shelter of the woods and fight it out, or he could wait inside the cabin and hope that the murderer showed himself or fell asleep. He put his hat across the window and a bullet crashed through the glass and buried itself in the logs on the other side of the cabin. That, at least, told the officer the direction in which his enemy lay. Without further hesitation he bolted out the cabin door and circled quickly so as to put the cabin between himself and his would-be murderer. Quick as he was, the madman was quicker. His rifle spoke as the officer dashed out the door and a shot tore its way through the flesh over the ribs. The officer was painfully but not seriously hurt.

There followed one of the strangest duels that ever were

fought. Both men were expert marksmen and each knew that the first to show himself again would be the first to die. Each tried to outwit the other. The wounded officer determined it was his duty to try to make his escape and secure assistance, because it was an impossible task for one man to follow a "killer" with any hope of success. He knew that even if the murderer took the trail, in an attempt to escape, and he followed him, it would be only a matter of time before the madman would halt and shoot his pursuer from ambush as he followed his trail. Under cover of a friendly darkness the wounded officer made his escape.

The next day was one of those which helped make history for the famous police force. Weak from loss of blood, stiff and sore, weary from pain, the Red Coat struggled on. He was fully aware that if the madman had decided to follow him, to stop, even for a minute, might seal his fate by allowing the other to catch up to him and shoot him from behind. Once he felt tempted to stop, in the hope that he might ambush the other man as he followed the trail. He finally decided against that policy, because he had no means to tell for sure if the murderer was following him or whether he had loaded his sled with the furs and provisions and rushed for the wilderness and possible escape.

He decided to push on and arrived at the police post dropping from sheer fatigue. He told his story and immediately three officers and a native guide set off in pursuit of the fleeing man.

The weather remained clear and cold. The police picked up the man's trail and realized that the result was dependent on which had the most luck and the greatest endurance. Their task was to overtake him before a snow-storm blotted out his trail or before he reached the limits of their jurisdiction and escaped, through Alaska, into Siberia. It soon became evident that the man they sought knew where he was heading and was experienced in the ways of the wilderness and capable of living in sub-zero weather.

Over mountains, across valleys, along frozen rivers, and through forest the trail led. The Indian guide, being as

able as a tracker as the man they trailed, was skilled in woodcraft. The farther they travelled the more convinced they were that the man ahead of them was a super-man. It appeared that he would never weaken. No matter how they cut down their rest periods, he seemed to remain just as far ahead of them as ever. The Indian guide could tell this by the ashes of his fires. A week went by without snow, and still the man was ahead of them, driving, as straight as a crow flies, for Alaska.

Then came the snow which blotted out the murderer's trail, and it came just at the time they thought they were gaining a little. It is easier for one man pursued to live off the country than it is for four men who follow his trail. He is breaking new territory. One hapless rabbit, a partridge, or an unsuspecting deer can provide a single man with ample food ; it takes a rifle bullet to kill even a partridge. The point is this. The sound of that rifle shot spreads the alarm amongst all wild things in that vicinity. The man who fires the shot secures sufficient food for at least one day's supply, while the men who follow him would be lucky if they caught sight of hide or feathers. Even if they were lucky and saw rabbits or partridge they could only hope to get one, and they have to share it four ways. When the snow finally blotted out the murderer's trail, two men remained while the others returned to replenish provisions. The two men who remained had to separate, and each travelled in a huge semicircle from the time they set off until they met at night. It was ticklish going. First thing in the morning they would set off. One man to the right, the other to the left. This was in order to ensure that one or the other would pick up the man's trail before dark. The two men had blazed a trail in order that their companions might easily pick it up when they returned with the provisions. Handicapped as they were by the weather the police picked up the murderer's trail once again after travelling in ever-increasing circles and meeting with true instinct and marvellous skill at the prearranged rendezvous. Once more, after picking up the trail, the chase went on relentlessly. Finally perseverance won its reward.

Four o'clock one afternoon they were shocked to realities when one of their number sagged at the knees and crumpled up as a rifle shot broke the stillness of the northern forest. The other members of the posse, realizing they had at last caught up with the murderer, threw themselves flat and wriggled to the nearest cover. They put up a steady barrage of rifle shots which allowed their wounded companion to gain shelter. After that it was only a question of time.

The skies were overcast, the sun had hidden itself from view. A heavy oppressive silence hung like a curtain over the white-cloaked wilderness. A chipmunk chattered angrily from a tree at being aroused by a noise such as it had never heard before. There, 500 miles from the nearest civilization, five men waged a fight which was bound to write finis to at least one more man's life.

While the wounded policeman and one other drew the Mad Trapper's fire, their two companions circled the man they had brought to bay. They knew it was useless to call on him to surrender ; the man they were after intended to escape or die in the attempt. His only remaining chance was to kill or wound all four of them. It was he or they, and fate decided that the mad trapper's blood should dye the snow crimson nearly one thousand miles from the spot where he had killed his partner.

The mystery of the Mad Trapper's identity has never been solved to this day. Who he was and from whence he came, will likely remain a mystery for ever.



A beautiful moose similar to the one the author shot, with a $54\frac{1}{2}$ -in. spread.



Calling a moose.

CHAPTER XI

MOOSE HUNTING

PERHAPS there is nothing more exciting than "still hunting" for big game. Personally it is the only kind of hunting that has ever appealed to me. By "still hunting" I mean tracking down your quarry on foot when the snow is on the ground, or creeping silently through the woods in the fall of the year, gambling your ability to see your intended victim before he smells or hears you. If you get your quota of game under these conditions you have earned it.

I cannot see that there is any sportsmanship in standing in a runway waiting for dogs to chase frightened deer towards you. I have never considered it sporting to kill a bull moose by bringing him right up to the point of your rifle by the "calling" method. This method is used extensively by guides who wish to obtain fine heads as trophies for sportsmen. During the rutting season for moose, which is usually associated with the full moon in September, a bull moose will travel in a direct line almost as straight as the crow flies, when he hears the call of a cow moose seeking her mate. This is the only time I have known moose to attack men or horses; at all other times they will, unless badly wounded, run and try to make their escape.

I have met at least a dozen men in New Brunswick who could make a "horn" out of a piece of birch bark, and imitate the love call of a cow moose so perfectly that the bulls would come to within ten feet of them. They, together with the so-called sportsman, would be on a platform up a tree out of harm's way. I have seen bull moose stamp and snort with passion as they trotted angrily around trying to solve the mystery. They couldn't scent their tormentors

because they were well above the ground. I am not belittling the skill of the men who do the "calling." They don't just "moo-oo-ee" through the horn, they can actually "talk" to the bulls which are in the vicinity.

Joe Lee "called" a moose for me in the woods twenty miles back of Beauford, which is a little settlement far back in the wilds. The only sound I heard which reminded me of other men and civilization, during the two weeks I spent at his camp, was the whistle of a train, once, when the wind was in the right direction. This section of the province is one of the best for moose, bear, and deer, for there are plenty of hardwood ridges to provide beech nuts, and there are plenty of beaver dams forming little lakes in which lily pads and other water-plants thrive. It is on such that game feeds.

Joe had built a platform about twelve feet above the ground by the simple expedient of lashing three saplings to trees which stood close together in the form of a triangle. He secured other branches across them and made it a very comfortable resting-place by putting an abundance of sweet-smelling spruce on the platform to lie on. The spruce boughs are always placed early in the summer, months before the hunting season opens, because had they been cut in the fall the smell of newly-cut foliage would have warned approaching game of the presence of man. If you want to stock your larder with venison, bear, and moose meat, or collect a trophy worth while, you don't have to overlook a single item, because it is my experience that moose, deer, and bear are exceedingly quick, as well as clever and cautious, unless they are scared and frightened.

We stepped silently along the game trail towards the "dead-water," near which the look out had been erected, about four o'clock one September afternoon. We intended to wait for dusk. Before we climbed up to the platform we saw a doe deer feed on the lush grasses near the water's edge. We didn't kill the deer because we had plenty of partridge back at the camp, and game was so plentiful that we intended to shoot nothing during the first ten days of our holiday, unless the animal had an exceptionally fine head.

MOOSE HUNTING

To arrive as close to a deer as we did that afternoon requires considerable skill and patience. You must manœuvre around and get the wind in the right direction in the first place, and one must avoid breaking a twig, or even making the slightest noise which is foreign to the surroundings. We got to within twenty yards of the deer and watched the graceful creature feeding, all unconscious that two men with high-powered rifles capable of dealing out instant death were creeping so near to her.

When we got tired of watching, Joe just scraped the heel of his rifle-butt against the root of a tree, and like a streak of lightning the deer reached the cover of the nearest underbrush with a single bound. She stood straight up for a moment, with the cups of her ears turned in the direction from which the sound had travelled, and her nostrils quivering. Then she made a peculiar noise, almost like the bark of a dog, but deeper in tone and much more coarse in quality. It had a certain resemblance to the roar of a lion, but of less volume. It was undoubtedly a warning given for the benefit of other animals in the vicinity.

We climbed into the trees where the look out was built, and located ourselves comfortably on the platform, lit our pipes, and waited. At that height above the ground it was safe to smoke. There were all kinds of signs around this little lake which went to prove that it was well frequented by moose and deer, but although we waited until dusk we saw nothing more. During our lengthy wait Joe had made a horn out of some birch bark, and just as the shadows were deepening into the darkness of night he put the horn to his lips and made a call which while something similar to the moo of a domestic cow is altogether different in detail. The call Joe gave out was of longer duration than that of a cow. It started low. It rose and vibrated with the wail of loneliness and the purr of tenderness. It reached a final crescendo which was a full invitation, of longing, and animal passion. He waited a moment or so after the first call and then gave a couple of peculiar amorous grunts, which were so realistic that I almost went into convulsions from smothering my laughter. I had never heard anything like it in my life.

This man who had been born and brought up in the woods could actually talk to the wild creatures. I have seen and heard him chatter away with a chipmunk, as we rested on a bed of leaves deep in the heart of the woods one sunny afternoon during the glorious Indian summer. I have heard him call wild ducks, and honk just like a wild goose. But of all the calls he ever made, I never heard anything to equal the love message he sent out while imitating a cow moose that evening.

We sat in silence, listening for a response. Nothing happened. Once more Joe put the horn to his lips and made the call. This time with a little greater intensity. I'll swear there was a note of impatience easily recognizable. Again we waited, and still nothing happened.

"Will a bull travel far?" I whispered.

"Just as far as he can hear, and that's a helluva long way," Joe replied.

While we exchanged these few words in a whisper, Joe's ears caught some sound which failed to register on mine.

"There's one a-coming," he hissed.

I strained my ears, but never a sound could I hear.

Joe had his head cocked on one side. "He's stopped," he whispered. Back went the horn to his lips, and he did some more animal talk which was so full of sex appeal and coquetry that I had to smother another burst of laughter. Don't think Joe Lee wasn't serious. He was as serious as the proverbial owl, and he was plainly at a loss to figure out my hilarity. But I think I would have been lacking altogether a sense of humour if I could have reclined up there in those trees, "perched" if you would rather, and listened to this tough hard-boiled woodsman, with a black stubble of beard on his chin a quarter of an inch long, act the part of an amorous maiden moose, without nearly dying of laughter. I've seen some funny things in my travels, but nothing quite as funny as that.

But as I just said, Joe was serious, and the bull moose had stopped. That to Joe (as he explained afterwards in camp that night) meant one of two things. Either Mr. Moose was not quite sure of the direction of his lady love or he had

smelt a rat. Joe thought he might not have done the last call just right, and that Mr. Moose was suspiciously inclined.

Joe Lee decided he would settle the question one way or the other. He picked up the horn and gave another call. This time he regulated his voice so that it was low and tender. Without an explanation I knew he was telling Mr. Moose that he had heard him coming, and this last call was just sufficiently loud to inform him that in the words of the old song "She wanted him only." The call was sent for his ears alone. The first calls had been a general broadcast, calling all stations. This last call was something personal and far more intimate.

No sooner had the call gone forth than Joe said he heard the bull moose coming again. I began to think I must have suddenly gone deaf as a door-post, for I couldn't hear anything.

After a few seconds Joe said: "Damned if he ain't stopped again . . . can't figure him out at all."

Once more Joe called, but this time the sounds which left the horn were distinctly those of offended pride and impatience. They couldn't be called a moo; they were more a series of pettish grunts . . . similar in meaning to the pouting of a spoilt child.

Once again Joe heard the bull approach, and this time I heard him also. At first faintly, then louder, I could hear his antlers knocking against the branches of trees, and then we heard his grunts.

Suddenly I said: "Listen, Joe, did you hear that?" Evidently he had, for his head was turned towards the direction from which this new sound had come.

The night was still and darkness was almost at hand. The still waters of the lake were without a ripple. They looked greyish white in the twilight. Great hardwood trees reached skywards from the tops of the ridges. Evergreens clustered the shores of the lake. Soft woods, such as spruce and fir, and cedar and tamarack, were so thick in the swamps that they were almost impassable. It is hard to try and describe such an experience. There we were, two humans, in the midst of such immensity. It made me feel so tiny,

so unimportant. The silence was so great that the call of a loon shattered it like dynamite shatters a rock. It is not just silence, it is a strange stillness which awesomely is so very like the stillness of death, and perhaps what makes it impressive is that one feels within oneself that right in this stillness there is life. Teeming wild life working out their existence, fighting their dramas of love, life, and death. Twilight in the woods is impressively beautiful. The intense stillness and silence put one so many many miles away from everybody and everything else, that instinctively you begin to realize that God is very very near.

But these thoughts had been rudely pushed aside by this new sound which was entirely different from the others we had heard. My mental picture formed as the result of the first sounds I had heard was that the bull moose who had first answered the calls was nervous and suspicious, but there was nothing like that about these sounds which were now rapidly approaching. One needed little imagination to picture a two-thousand-pound monarch of the forest crashing his way through thicket and swamp, you could hear his mighty antlers knocking against saplings and branches of trees. His grunts, deep-lunged and full-throated, came clearer and clearer every second as an acceptance of the female's invitation, and plainly a warning to anything that might be so foolish as to stand in his way.

Joe let a sound out of the horn which was a mixture of happiness, excitement, and timidity. The big fellow came crashing onwards. There was little need for any further silence or caution on our part. This passion-blinded animal would stop at naught until he had mated. Such a scene viewed in its natural surroundings is at one and the same time something which is awesome, majestic, and both thrilling and beautiful.

"What do you make of it, Joe?" I asked.

"What I heard first was a young bull. Maybe a two-year-old. . . . This one that's a-coming now is an old bull. The young fellow knows what's good for him. He ain't for trespassing on the old bull's preserves."

This, then, was the explanation. The young bull was the



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

A cow moose and her calf run from their feeding grounds amongst the lily roots.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

A bull moose with its horns in the velvet, swimming across Rainy Lake.



A cow moose swimming across the lake.

first to hear the "call." He had come gallantly seeking what possibly may have been his first love-tryst. But the young bull had heard the old bull before the ears of either Joe or I had heard the approach of the second animal. And he knew that the animal making those sounds was more than a match for his immature years. He just boasted a couple of spike horns, while the other was a veteran with nineteen points and a spread of fifty-four and a half inches. How do I know? . . . Well, we shot them both.

The big bull came charging along until he stood right under the platform on which we were perched. There he stopped and looked around, pawing the ground and snorting with impatience. It was the most impressive thing I think I have ever seen. A full ton of muscle and bone. Big head, huge chest, tapering body, slim haunches. Horns that boasted a web more than eighteen inches deep, with big powerful spikes jutting from the web. The body was just slightly darker than the surrounding shadows. "Let him have it," Joe hissed.

I don't know why, but I just couldn't bring myself to kill that moose. It seemed unfair to fool a beast like that and then slaughter it like farmyard cattle are butchered.

"Let's see what he'll do," I begged.

First he charged way off into the woods. Joe gave a couple of toots on his horn, and he came charging back again. This time he didn't just paw the ground. He stamped and tore the turf to smithereens with his razor-like hoofs. He was mystified and growing more and more angry every second.

"If you don't shoot him, I will," Joe threatened in a whisper.

"Frankly, Joe, I hate to take such a mean advantage," I replied.

Joe shrugged his shoulders and reached for his rifle. I held on to it. "What in the name of tarnation is the matter with you?" Joe demanded angrily, and added: "Do you want to stay up on this confounded platform all night?" We had raised our voices, but the impassioned beast did not go. He dug his hoofs in the ground, snorted

in rage, and scraped his horns against the trees as if trying to shake us out of the branches.

"Better go down and make him a personal apology," Joe sneered. Joe had killed game for meat and fur, or as a professional guide, ever since he was a child. His job was to find the game and provide the targets, it didn't worry him how he trapped or killed so long as he delivered the goods. Which is just the way he would explain the situation.

It was almost dark by this time. The gentleman moose had his mind set on one thing and one thing only. He had heard the mating call. He had answered it, and his lady friend was up a tree. Unconventional, but he was convinced it was true. He had no intention of leaving until he had knocked down the trees, or had shaken whatever was up there out of the branches. I honestly believe he would have tried to dig them up at the roots. I've never seen anything in nature quite so terrifying as that huge creature was as he gave full vent to his baffled rage.

"You'll hunt a helluva of a long time before you see another set of horns like them," Joe muttered disgustedly.

Suddenly I thought: "If it isn't playing the game with the moose, it most certainly wasn't treating Joe very well." I admit also that there right under me was a magnificent set of horns. I raised my rifle. Aimed down right between the shoulders and sent a .303 soft-nosed bullet right into the great beast's heart. He crumpled to the ground in a way which made me think he had suddenly been changed from a mountain of muscle and bone into a jelly. I'm not ashamed to confess that I felt sick. There is something terrible in the fact that we can change an animal, and for that matter a human being, from something which is pulsing with life and hope and desire into nothingness in the split fraction of a second with a pellet of lead weighing less than an ounce.

We bled the moose, cut it open with our hunting-knives and gutted it, and left it where it was until morning.

It was late when we returned to camp. Our two companions, who had accompanied us on the hunting trip and had been off in another direction, had returned to camp

before us, got tired of waiting and had had their suppers. We told them of our splendid luck. After we had eaten a meal we sat in the old log-cabin telling yarns. The oil-lamp had a broken chimney and the light flickered badly. After a few drinks we decided to go to bed. Next morning we took the horse and wagon, which had toted our outfits into camp, loaded the moose and sent it into Hartland where the carcass could be put on ice. The strangest thing about this story is the fact that Arthur Kyle and Al Cummings, the other two members of the party, set off next morning, keen to see just how big a head we had secured. I remained behind with Joe to harness the horses. Just as Arthur and his companion reached the place wherewe had left the carcass, they saw another moose standing right under the platform from which we had shot the bull. They both fired and dropped the second bull also. Believe it or not, but it fell right on top of the other's dead body. The second moose, as the picture shows, was only a young fellow. In fact he was just old enough to kill, being probably one year out of the spike horn classification.

The load of meat we took out of the woods was so heavy that we broke a wheel off the wagon during the journey, but such is the ingenuity of these men who live in the wilds that we lost less than thirty minutes time before we were started again. To repair or replace the wheel would have been impossible. These men just took an axe, cut down two trees of equal length and dimensions, and after removing the other rear wheel they used the two small trees as drag-poles under the body of the wagon and hauled the two moose out without further mishap.

CHAPTER XII

SMUGGLING ON THE NEW BRUNSWICK BORDER

IN the fall of 1921 I was in the town of St. Leonards, N.B., investigating on behalf of certain interested business men and citizens rumours that had reached their ears with regard to the wholesale smuggling that was taking place along the international border.

Conditions affecting dry-goods trade, silk business, the jewellery, boot and shoe, automobile, and tobacco trades were such that the people engaged in them had begun to look elsewhere than to the much-discussed "hard times" for the real cause of business failure.

Commercial travellers visiting the border towns began to speak of smuggling as one of the chief causes of adverse business conditions.

I had investigated privately for members of the New Brunswick Temperance Alliance cases of violation of the liquor laws of the province and I had, on more than one occasion, told members of the N.B.T.A. that I had good reason to believe that unless the law was enforced to the letter, or abolished altogether, the conditions arising from its abuse would bring ruin to the province; for I could see that a degree of smuggling had developed which could only be described as commercial piracy.

From information I had acquired, I believed that the professional bootleggers running liquor from New Brunswick into the United States were by no means returning empty-handed.

I had obtained definite evidence with regard to the smuggling of scrap gold by a French-Canadian for manufacturing purposes. I also knew that this same man was

manufacturing stills of a portable kind which he sold to farmers and trappers in the back settlements. They distilled the moonshine, he collected it and sold it to the States near Moulton. I also discovered that diamonds and jewellery were smuggled, manufactured, and sold by this same man.

On his return trip from the States he brought back jewellery, shut-gun and rifle cartridges, and various other small commodities, which he sold for a considerable profit to the detriment of the other legitimate dealers.

The local police officer was so over-anxious to catch the man that, without proper investigation, he held him up when he met him on the road at night, with the result that his capture consisted of only one gallon of alcohol and a .45 colt automatic. If the officer had made further investigation he would have found that under the car was an extra fuel tank which held fifteen gallons of alcohol. The one gallon seized was simply the overflow which wouldn't fit in the tank. The other miscellaneous small articles were usually located in the spare tyre, and in a false partition in the top of the car.

I determined to get to the bottom of this affair and find out what this man's activities really amounted to.

I accepted his invitation to go deer-hunting, as I thought I would probably learn more interesting information.

Another inducement was this, I had started to write a book on New Brunswick, a province in which I had great faith—and was keen to get some really interesting information with regard to actual conditions there.

The proposed hunting trip was into a section of the province, where there lived a man named L——, who was considered a regular "bad man." It was common gossip that he lived by making and selling "moonshine," and I felt sure that the trip would prove highly interesting in more ways than one.

It did. The French-Canadian smuggler and I left town on November 28th, 1921, two days before the deer hunting season finished, and drove out to a set of camps about fifteen miles back from the River St. John. Here we parked the car

in a barn and packed our kit into another camp about three miles farther into the woods. This was a privately owned sporting camp, but with the true hospitality of the country, it was free house for all who wished to use it. The only stipulation was that, unless lost, you were expected to replace the food and fuel that you used during your stay.

My companion was surly and out of temper from the very start, and the journey was far from pleasant. We trudged into camp about five in the evening and got a fire going, made supper and turned in, intending to make an early start in the morning.

Jake was openly hostile and evidently seeking an opportunity for a quarrel. I tried to find out what was on his mind, but he gave silly and petty reasons for his bad temper, saying his stomach was out of sorts, his head pained, and such like.

Next morning, after breakfast, we started for a good hunting-place about two miles distant. We saw nothing but partridges all day until about four in the afternoon when, as we were walking slowly along a ridge, I saw a deer. Jake was higher up on the ridge and farther from the animal than I was, so I fired and shot the deer, hitting it in the head.

About two seconds after I had fired, a bullet whistled over my head, cutting a twig off the branch of a tree immediately above my head. I fell on my stomach behind a wind-fall and demanded in no uncertain tones: "What the hell are you shooting at?"

He came towards me, face flushed, and said he had fired at a second deer that had made off just as I fired.

I wasn't very well satisfied with the explanation and spoke my mind with regard to his carelessness. However, I didn't really think at the time he had deliberately tried to kill me.

We opened and cleaned the deer and dragged it to the camp. It was growing dusk and I made the fire and was preparing some food for supper while Jake cleaned his gun.

Suddenly he began to curse and swear, the reason being that his pull-through had stuck in his gun. I was busy at the stove and saw him go out of the shack, which was a ten

by twelve affair, made of spruce lumber and covered with tar-paper. The next thing I knew a missile sailed through the side of the camp and missed me by less than two inches.

I grabbed my rifle, threw a bullet into the chamber, and went to the door, determined to settle the matter right there and then. Jake must have heard me moving, for when I got outside he was innocently probing at the hole in the side of the shack with his knife.

"What the devil's the game?" I demanded angrily. "That's the second time you've nearly shot me to-day."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that the shot you just fired came through the wall and nearly hit me," I said, still holding my rifle menacingly.

"Hell! I only fired a blank to blow the cleaner out," he said. "I didn't think it would go through the wood."

"What difference is there between a lead bullet and a brass pull-through, as a missile?" I demanded. "Why did you fire at the wall behind which you knew I was standing?" I warned him that if there were any more near-accidents I'd make sure of him immediately afterwards, and I took his rifle away from him.

We ate our supper and then hit the trail for home.

On the way home I was puzzled to know why he had tried to shoot me, even if he suspected that I was the cause of the twenty-dollar fine which had been imposed following his arrest. After much pondering the thought came to me that he must be in the smuggling and bootlegging game to a far greater extent than I suspected; that he probably thought I knew all about his activities and was only waiting to get more details before closing down on him.

I found out later how true my deductions were.

The customs employ men without pay, who depend for their livelihood on a share of the fines imposed as the outcome of convictions registered as the result of their information. Jake must have thought that I was one of these informers.

It was shortly after my adventure with Jake that I got some very interesting information. I heard that this highly ingenious jeweller was purchasing all the old liquor

bottles he was able to find. He also bought in the States a small hand-printing press. I further heard that he was in communication with relatives of his who lived near St. Leonards, and had arranged for a younger brother to take over his business in H——.

Later investigations showed that Jake had the ability to manufacture any kind of liquor from the moonshine his friends had sold him, using extracts and essences bought in the States. In other words, he bought back the product of the stills he had sold them. Jake was far too wise to put all his eggs in one basket, and that is why he thought of getting numerous other people to distil the alcohol for him. From what I gathered, he had some scheme which protected them, in as much as if one got caught and fined, all contributed to make up the amount.

Jake made plates of the labels of various well-known brands of liquor, and made the liquor out of the flavours and essences mentioned above, then bottled, marked, and sealed it, and the great day arrived.

He took samples of his handiwork to Houlton where the success of his ingenuity was tested out by well-known bootleggers. The results were such that he was welcomed to their ranks, and moved with his family to the vicinity of St. Leonards, and it was there that I next got in touch with him.

I was in St. Leonards on a supposed hunting trip. The season opened on the 15th, and I put up at a hotel until the date came round.

The real purpose of my visit was to check up on the strangest story of bootlegging and smuggling I had ever heard. In the United States it was legal to purchase denatured alcohol and take it out of bond, providing it was to be used for the manufacture of commercial commodities, such as perfumes, anti-freeze, etc. My information was that this denatured alcohol was being bought by the Walnut gang in St. Leonards and redistilled to take most of the poison out of it. It was then converted into popular brands of liquor, and sold to the public at an enormous profit. I was convinced that there was some truth in the story,

because the volume of alcohol sold out of bond for manufacturing purposes had suddenly increased by millions of gallons.

A good jovial bunch patronized this hotel—one of the best hotels in the province. Bootlegging was the main topic of the day, and there was nothing guarded when discussing it.

The French-Canadians had no use for the Prohibition Act and certainly had no intentions of keeping it. The hotel had an open bar in the basement where one could refresh oneself with any kind of liquor desired. I spent many hours in this place, listening to the tales of the activities of the famous Joe Walnut and his gang. It was quite evident that Joe was the high light around St. Leonards, and his star was still in the ascendent. In the hotel one met customs officers from both sides of the Border, police and revenue men all drinking together with well-known bootleggers and smugglers.

This Joe owned the Arrow Hotel. It was the headquarters of the gang. Joe had the reputation of being a great practical joker. He was a typical French-Canadian of the woodsmen breed. Tall and slim, agile as a cat, dark-featured, with thin, cruel lips. His eyes were black as coal, yet slightly protruding, the white bloodshot from constant drinking. He was reported to have a fiendish temper, and few scruples. He had eleven children ; several of the older boys were actively engaged in the bootlegging and smuggling game with him, others attended private schools, while most of the girls were being educated in convents.

The tilts he had with the prohibition officers were considered well worth telling about. One story is told of how a prohibition agent, small in stature, but big in courage, undertook to bring him to heel. He arrived at St. Leonards and thought himself unknown, so he put up at a hotel and joined in the life of the town, tickled to death with the evidence he was accumulating. According to the story, Joe played him like a cat does a mouse ; then one night, when he thought the gang needed a little recreation, he arranged an auto-party and invited the would-be Sherlock Holmes along.

The invitation was accepted and they all set off in the best of spirits. The party grew wilder and wilder, and when the climax was reached, Joe told the little detective that he had known who he was the whole time. The victim was "drenched" with rum out of a cow's horn, like a veterinary would drench a sick cow, and given a good deal of rough handling. He was then stripped of his clothes, tarred and feathered, and left on top of Van Buren hill, while the gang sped across the border into Canada again.

Later the prohibition officer was seen staggering down Van Buren hill, drunk as a lord. He was so thoroughly ashamed, or frightened, that nothing more was ever heard of the incident.

The next story was told of a determined posse of officers who arrived *en masse* and, armed with search warrants, ransacked ——'s hotel from cellar to attic. They found eight barrels of alcohol, and these were promptly seized. The barrels were in the cellar, so the cellar door was locked and a guard left on it while arrangements were made to get a team to haul it to the station for shipment to Fredericton, to the Government warehouse there. The real truth of the story will never probably be known, but from reliable sources I heard that while the guard was on the door, Joe and his sons entered the cellar from a secret chamber about which no one else knew. They moved the eight barrels of liquor and replaced them with barrels of water, and it was the barrels of water that went to Fredericton.

Walnut professed to be highly indignant about this "outrage" and fought the case through the various courts, and finally he won out and the liquor was ordered to be returned to him. It had been safely stored in the bonded warehouse until the court action had been settled, and upon the appeal being won by Walnut it was shipped back to him. But Joe didn't want water. It was no good for his business, so he refused to take delivery until the barrels were proved to contain the seized liquor. They were found to contain water flavoured with a trace of the stuff that gives a kick. Joe went off half-cocked. He demanded his liquor. He sued the railway for it. He claimed the railway

had let some crooks steal the liquor while it was in transit. The investigators proved they hadn't. Then Walnut sued the Government, claiming that they had taken eight barrels of liquor from him and he was entitled to eight back, or the value of them. He got \$1000 as their value.

There is no doubt that this victory made Walnut uncrowned king of Madawaska County. After this his activities knew no limit. Car loads of a popular brand of ale were shipped to St. Leonards from Quebec, either consigned to Cuba, or billed as hay. There were dozens of ways he got over, under, and through the various laws that affect, or rather, don't affect the liquor trade. Anyway, the beer arrived in St. Leonards safely. It was left in the yards to await transfer to the United States lines for shipment to Cuba. The American railways wouldn't accept it if it was sent over the river. But it never went. It disappeared, went into thin air while still on the Canadian side. All charges were prepaid and no claims were made. The empty box car would usually show up on some pulpwood siding a few miles away.

Reports say that Walnut and his gang handled as many as four car-loads a week. The N.B.T.A. asked for the records of the sales to be produced, and demanded that the prescriptions issued by doctors be shown which should have covered the sale of this huge amount of liquor. They were told by the Government that the chief liquor inspector had destroyed them, as he was entitled to do under the provisions of the Act.

It was the Government's conniving at this wholesale bootlegging into the United States, and according to reports, into Ontario, via Quebec, that tied their hands when the bootleggers started to kick over the traces and bring into Canada return loads of smuggled goods from the States.

According to reliable reports, sixteen cars were driven over the international bridge and smuggled into Canada one night, and the newspapers of the province took the matter up, but nothing further was heard about it.

It was while at the hotel that I met Mr. F. P. Robertshaw,

the head of the customs preventive service in New Brunswick. He was a fine old man and most popular. Everyone called him "Colonel," but he quietly told me that he had no such military rank.

Mr. Robertshaw was a man of about sixty or sixty-five. He had chronic heart trouble and for this reason always engaged a room on the ground floor. "In the city I'm all right," he said, "but in these confounded country hotels, where there are no elevators, it is the very devil, if your heart is on the blink."

Like many other men he had a wholesome regard for his enemies. Who can help but admire brave opponents, even when they are striking at the very heart of your country? The British and German troops fraternized over in France at Christmas. Why then shouldn't the customs officers and the smugglers fraternize between skirmishes? No reason at all. That is probably how Mr. Robertshaw came to give me the following story about Walnut.

Walnut had in some way or another got foul of certain U.S. Customs officials. Too much bad booze had been going across and the prohibitory forces had been asking some pertinent questions on both sides of the line. Special officers were sent to deal with the situation but, owing to the corruption which was rife in the ranks of those who were in the pay of the Government, word was given to the gang and they knew exactly what to expect.

Did they lie low for a while until this latest hullabaloo blew over? Not a bit of it. Walnut was a real adventurer—a relic of the old buccaneering type. There was nothing on earth he enjoyed more than to match his wits against those of the men who represented law and order.

He quite openly let it be known that he was going to run a load of liquor across the border on a given night. The whole place talked of it. The officers on the U.S.A. side heard of it and set their plans accordingly. But in laying their plans they either failed to properly estimate the class of man they were up against, or failed miserably in imagination.

They laid their trap in a road they knew he would have

to travel. They put logs and benches used in road construction work across the roadway and then took up their positions about two hundred yards away in the direction from which Walnut must come. They waited content with the thought that even if he refused to stop on their demand, the barricade of logs would stop him in no uncertain manner.

Walnut was nothing if not punctual. Right on the dot the headlights of a powerful car appeared around the bend doing a good fifty miles an hour. The customs and prohibition officers lined themselves across the road, waving their arms and flashlights and yelling to the daring rum-runner to stop. The big car flashed straight ahead and the officers had to jump like frightened rabbits to prevent themselves being run down. But they didn't worry. There still remained the barricade, and they had given him warning, so if he got killed it was nobody's fault but his own.

That Walnut must have known the barricade was there appears certain, for when he arrived at it he slowed down sufficiently to prevent a bad accident, but at the same time hit it neatly at one end with sufficient force to pile it into the ditch and badly smash up his car, worth about \$5000.

The officers ran to the scene of the accident, expecting to find a corpse, instead of which they found a very much alive and angry man. Walnut raved and swore at them for a bunch of murderers and threatened them with all the penalties that civilized law would allow to be imposed on men who endangered other men's lives. He called them a bunch of murderous and brainless idiots.

The venom and anger of Walnut took them aback. He didn't act like a man who had reason to worry over what they would find in the car, and with sinking hearts they made their search. There was less booze in Walnut's car than there is pork in a Jewish butcher's shop. They were fooled. They had been double-crossed.

They stood around like a bunch of whipped curs, knowing well that Walnut would sue them for damages for the wrecking of his car and endangering his valuable life.

Walnut raved and fumed. His anger knew no bounds, the froth gathered around his mouth and his bloodshot eyes

made him a terrible sight in his fiendish rage. He played up like this until the officers actually began to apologize and tried to pacify him. But he was only acting and keeping their attention centred on himself, for a moment later a huge truck swung around the bend without lights and flashed by them through the space cleared by Walnut's car. It went around the next turn, at sixty miles an hour. Even if the officers had been on their guard and prepared to use their guns, which they were not, they would have hesitated to do so, for at the steering-wheel of the speeding car was a woman. And some there are who say that that woman was Mrs. Walnut. I wonder !

According to reliable information, Walnut's lawyer—and he retains the best that can be procured for dollars—brought suit against those responsible for the wrecking of the car and endangering his valuable life, and damages amounting to a small ransom were paid to keep the matter out of the courts and the papers.

It is little wonder then, as Mr. Robertshaw said, that the officers appointed to enforce the laws—usually men who could not qualify for any other position that paid higher wages than the paltry sums they received—hesitated to lock horns with a man of the calibre of Mr. Joe Walnut. "Those who enter the service," he added, "who have brains, more often than not used them to get rich quick."

I also met a man who, up to this particular time, was an honest officer. (He had only been in the customs service a few months.) He claimed that it was impossible for them to go straight and keep their jobs. If they got too busy they got framed and lost their position, or life was made so uncomfortable for them that they resigned in order to get peace and security. It is little wonder then that the majority of the young fellows appointed to the service from the towns in which the smugglers and bootleggers rule supreme take the paths of least resistance and make hay while the sun shines.

Another thing that has to be taken into consideration is that vast wealth in the United States and Canada means great political advantage. Great political advantage can

be used to appoint men to positions in the Government service who will be naturally grateful to those who put them there.

Walnut's nephew was Chief of Police in St. Leonards. Another relative was the Government liquor vendor ; others held any and every position of advantage in the town.

The gang consisted of about sixteen of the toughest lumber-jacks or sailors that could be gathered together. Across the border Walnut's partner had another gang equally as powerful and unscrupulous. The doings of these gangs had the citizens terror-stricken. Murders had been committed, and although the evidence was almost undisputable, juries had always found it impossible to agree, or had frankly given a verdict in favour of acquittal. They were in such fear of the gang that I later proved it would have been impossible to get a jury of twelve persons, drawn from that district, to agree. Walnut did not hesitate to threaten, bribe, or terrorize, and those who found favour in his eyes were well repaid.

I visited the homes of the three customs officers at St. Leonards, and when one considers that these men are very poorly paid, it seems astounding that they could afford the luxurious homes they possessed. Sub-collector Walsh had a beautiful home and he and his wife lived luxuriously. An electric washing-machine using power that was manufactured by a local firm, and sold at a fabulous price, did her washing. Electric polishers kept her matched hardwood floors in perfect condition. Douglas fir-sheathing was everywhere. One officer had the entire inside of his beautiful home done in Douglas fir. It was one of the finest decorative creations I have ever seen. Panels of dark- against panels of light-grained wood, surrounded by panels let in at an angle which formed a pleasing mosaic effect. Fir stairways, with maple treads, all highly shellacked and varnished. One kitchen was done in white enamel, with a beautiful cooking-range and set tubs and hand-basins. And all this out of incomes ranging from \$85 to \$125 per month !

Sub-collector Walsh was very hospitable. The finest stout and ale were none too good for the guest who visited

his home. But he was one of the hardest men to get to talk I ever met. If he did talk, it was always in a circle, and when he had finished he had said nothing.

But with ships operating on the water, motor cars and freight cars on land, it was impossible for even the Walnut gang to avoid some seizures. Quite a load was seized one day by prohibition officers, and it was put in the customs bonded warehouse for safe keeping. That night the warehouse was broken into and the contents removed.

Joe was a great business man. He always played to pay off a loss with a gain. The story is told of how he lost a consignment of whiskey, and lost it without hope of recovery. That night he sold forty cases to a man who had been recommended to him, but who wasn't a steady customer. The lights went out in the town (that was always done when Joe was operating), not to conceal what he was doing, but as a warning to curious persons that they had better stay indoors. The cars went round to the barn at the back of Walnut's hotel and were loaded with the liquor. Joe received his pay, and off the cars started.

A 'phone message went over the wires and the gang in the States set off in their cars. The cars which had loaded up at Joe's were intercepted, badges were flashed, and the whole lot was confiscated. The drivers were put in one car which headed for the nearest jail. However, the driver of that car was a good-hearted kind of fellow and for a consideration he allowed the victims of the hoax to escape. They had conveyed the load of booze to where Joe's gang wanted it, and they had paid sixty dollars a case for the privilege of doing so. And in a case like that, Joe could afford to be generous and let them off before they were lodged in jail. Although, of course, they richly deserved a term in jail for trying to defraud the Government and for breaking the prohibition laws.

CHAPTER XIII

I JOIN THE C.P.R. POLICE

DURING the whole of the previous summer and fall, I had worked steadily on the construction of the bridge, with the exception of various hunting and fishing trips referred to in previous chapters.

Winter with its icy winds and zero weather made work on the bridge anything but pleasant. Once the river was frozen over the actual spanning of the bridge between the cement piers was rushed ahead, the construction company taking full advantage of the frozen surface to simplify their problem. A tall trestle of spruce was erected between the piers and the bridge work carried on this temporary erection until it was finally hung from the permanent overhead supports. When everything was ready the trestle was removed and the bridge was in place.

The ice was so thick that heavy sleds loaded with produce travelled across regularly. Motor cars drove backwards and forwards as on the king's highway, but this ice was nearly the cause of my death. One day in January, 1922, the temperature was down to around forty degrees below zero, and I was trying to recover some of the machinery which had been washed off its cribbing and lost during the heavy floods. After the water had subsided we located the machinery by dragging for it. We marked the location and left it until the freeze-up. Once the ice was solid all we had to do was to cut through it, rig sheer-legs over the spot and hoist the machinery to the surface. In this particular instance a hole had been dug in the ice big enough to allow us to raise a donkey engine which we knew to be located at this spot. Before we could arrive at water we had to dig down through a drift of approximately seven feet of

snow and frozen sleet which had accumulated as a result of the various storms. We had finished digging the hole and had left barely enough ice to support us as we worked. In order to climb out of the hole we had cut some crude steps in the icy side walls. I was the last to climb out, and had just reached the top when, in some way, my feet slipped and I went crashing down into the hole with sufficient force to break through the thin ice. The waters closed over my head, but I kept my presence of mind. I knew there wasn't another hole in the ice for a mile below. I opened my eyes and started to swim up-stream immediately. It was my only hope, and with my lungs bursting for want of air I saw the shaft of light in the surrounding darkness and swam frantically to reach the spot. If I hadn't made it I would not be writing this story. My head bobbed above the surface and I grabbed a rope-end one of the men dangled down to me. Fortunately he had seen me fall. I was hauled up on to the ice and when my aching lungs received their first breath of the zero air it felt as if I had swallowed scalding water. The temperature of the water was actually about sixty degrees warmer than the air. My clothes froze on me as my companions rushed me home and they were as stiff as a board before I got there.

That ducking didn't do me any good. Ever since demobilization I had suffered from rheumatism, and the repeated wettings one was subject to when working on the bridge aggravated my condition. Shortly after the above experience I began running a temperature. My health grew steadily worse until I was finally admitted to the Lancaster Military Hospital in West St. John the following September. It took the local doctors, who were treating me, seven months' constant effort before permission was granted to admit me, and that permission had to come from the British Ministry of Pensions in London. I was so ill by that time that in order to make the journey from Hartland to hospital, I was placed in the baggage car on a stretcher, and I was given morphine to ease the terrible pain I suffered as the train bumped and bounced over the rough, uneven road-bed.

While in hospital I was allowed my retired pay, which, after deduction for hospitalization charges, amounted to about \$8.60 per week, owing to the adverse rate of exchange. Although we lived in Canada and our cheques were received from the Minister's representative in Ottawa, we were paid in £ s. d., and lost three or four dollars each time we cashed them. Could anything be more ridiculous? When I record that in winter time the rent and fuel alone cost more than the total allowance I received, it is little wonder that as the result of seven months' illness at home before my admittance, and seven months more after admittance to hospital, I was literally cleaned out financially before I was well enough to seek another position. I lost my home in Hartland. I owed money to almost every store-keeper in the town. I eventually got some naval prize-money and moved my family to St. John, where I thought there was a better chance to obtain employment.

I want to pay tribute to the business men of Hartland. During the whole time I was ill my family never actually suffered privation, and when I wrote and told my creditors that the money I had received from England was just sufficient to pay 50 per cent of what I owed, and enclosed my cheque for that amount, every one of them sent me a receipt in full of my indebtedness.

February, 1923, found us without a nickel. I naturally didn't want to leave my family in a strange place without friends or relations, but every effort to find employment failed and I decided to try to get back to sea. I was soon convinced that the only way to get back to sea as an officer in the Canadian Government Mercantile Marine was to have powerful influential friends with the right kind of political affiliations. Every job in the Civil Service is filled by patronage. After every federal and provincial election, if there is a change of party, there are wholesale firings and hirings. The heads of those who were in office prior to their party being defeated fall under the political axe like turkeys' heads every Christmas. This system in my humble opinion is bad for the country. Those who fill office and hold Government positions are often incompetent, and most of

them have been so brought up that they don't think it a sin, much less a crime, to make their hay while their political sun shines.

With no chance of getting a ship, I was offered the opportunity to go rum-running. Any man who was hard boiled and could handle himself or a gun could get a job with the bootleggers and smugglers, and while some may doubt this statement I honestly believe that, second only to the export of wheat, bootlegging and smuggling are Canada's largest industries.

I shovelled snow with the rest of the city's unemployed. That winter the snow was seven feet deep and the streets often impassable. It is no exaggeration to say that after the streets had been shovelled clear, and the snow piled on the edge of the roadway, persons walking on the pavement were unable to see the street cars going along the middle of the street. Snow shovelling was the only work I was able to secure during the first month I was out of hospital, and in order to provide for my family I had to spend the gold and silver coins which had been used in our marriage ceremony, before my luck changed.

My wife and I and our four children were living in furnished rooms at this particular time with a Mrs. Arthur, wife of an Old Country sea captain who, like myself, had come to Canada to seek his fortune. His experiences had been very similar to my own, and at last, much against the grain, he had accepted the command of a ship called the *Bernard*. She had been used during the war as an armed trawler for anti-submarine work and mine-sweeping. Her peace-time job was smuggling liquor from Canada into the United States.

Mrs. Arthur was a very fine woman, but she was just as badly off financially as we were. Her husband had gone to sea, but he was not to receive his remuneration until the cargo was landed and he returned to St. John. He never did return to St. John or any other port.

Just before the *Bernard* sailed Captain Arthur came to the house and told us he didn't like the way things looked. He informed us that two men had arrived from Toronto,

and explained that they were the super-cargo and the buyer's representative. They had what appeared to be proper credentials, but Captain Arthur liked the situation so little that he cleaned and loaded a heavy .45 colt and took it with him. I offered to go to sea with him as a deck-hand, but he couldn't make the arrangements as the crew had been appointed by the owner. The *Bernard* was never heard from again, but it was common knowledge along the water-front that she was attacked by hi-jackers while at anchor off Rum-Row. I was told on very good authority that the two men who boarded her at the last minute were in all probability not what they represented themselves to be. They were suspected of being actually in league with the hi-jackers, and when the attack was made they are supposed to have helped shoot down the captain and crew. The value of the *Bernard's* cargo has been variously estimated at from \$100,000 to half a million dollars. No matter what the details are, the fact remains that nothing has been seen or heard of the *Bernard* or her crew from that day to this. However, when I investigated the matter to try to help Mrs. Arthur, I found that the wife of one of the men from Toronto who had joined the ship just before she sailed, had left her Toronto address and gone to the United States approximately six weeks after the *Bernard* sailed. Inquiries went to show that she had not worn mourning or appeared upset or distressed. Neighbours of hers stated that she had explained she was leaving to join her husband, and that they were going to reside elsewhere for business reasons.

While I was making these inquiries, and while I was away from the house looking for work, this woman, the wife of the man who claimed he was the super-cargo, called at Mrs. Arthur's home in St. John. She was dressed extremely well, and was bright and cheerful. She told Mrs. Arthur she had just dropped in to ease her mind and tell her not to worry. She assured her that everything was going to turn out all right. Her parting words were: "Don't worry even if you don't hear from your husband for six months. When he does turn up he will be a wealthy man and your

worries will be over for life." She also promised to send Mrs. Arthur some financial assistance immediately.

If only Mrs. Arthur had thought to have her followed, but she didn't. If only she had called in the police. The poor woman was too pleased at receiving the good news to even dream she was being deceived, and she failed to realize that the visit from the woman was merely to pacify and keep her quiet until those guilty of piracy and murder on the high seas could cover their tracks and make their getaway.

Time went on and I had been forced to sell my wedding presents and some of my books. One can suffer a lot personally without complaining, but it is simply hell to see one's wife and children suffer from hunger and cold. We all used to go to bed early those winter nights to conserve our inadequate supply of fuel, and it was no uncommon experience to find, when one got up in the morning, ice in the kettle which was left on the stove.

A man may go down, but if he has "guts" he is never right out, and as I set out each morning looking for work I said to my wife: "Cheer up, old dear. It's a long lane that has no turning, and remember, I'm only twenty-eight years of age. It isn't possible that I'm not going to work again for the rest of my life. Just think as I do. Every step I take is one more step nearer to the job I'm looking for."

But at times I really did begin to get discouraged. I used to sit down and give the matter serious thought. If I couldn't find a job why not create one? St. John, New Brunswick, had no fire-boat or harbour patrol. I went around and tried to interest the harbour board and the civic officials, but to no avail. I tried to point out to them that such a piece of fire-fighting equipment would be a real investment because of the miles of docks they owned, which property was without proper fire protection. Captain Mulchay was harbour-master and Lloyd's Agent in St. John at the time. He was all for the idea, and he worked hard with me to put it across, but we couldn't make it go. I suppose I may be forgiven for saying "I told you so," but the fact remains that the grain elevators and the docks in West St. John did become the prey of flames and property

to the value of millions of dollars was wiped out a few years later.

The more I learned about bootlegging and smuggling the less I liked the idea of getting mixed up in it. It just reeked with perjury and graft, theft and murder. The bonded warehouses in St. John were stocked chock-a-block with liquor of every kind. Schooners, tugs, and yachts were loaded down to the gunwale and cleared through the customs for Bermuda. The voyage to Bermuda and back would have taken a fast, sea-worthy vessel more than two weeks at the very least ; these rum-runners were back in dock reloading in as little as forty-eight hours. I have actually seen a vessel load a cargo of liquor at the bonded warehouse, sail at dusk for Bermuda, and return to St. John under cover of darkness the same night. Her whole cargo was unloaded at Long Wharf, from whence I saw two truck-loads of liquor put into a drug store (owned by the son of a city detective) for local bootlegging purposes. The rest of the cargo was loaded into railway box cars and huge transport trucks for distribution throughout the provinces of Quebec and Ontario in Canada, and the State of Maine in the U.S.A. This liquor had been released from bond for export purposes only, without the payment of duty, but instead it was short-circuited and handled for domestic consumption by bootleggers, or transported to the States by rail and road.

The ingenious way these bootleggers billed their liquor when shipping it to various destinations under false bills of lading was often amusing. I saw six-dozen bottles of liquor packed into barrels and then covered with fish gut and consigned to a glue factory in Toronto. I know of another large consignment of grain alcohol shipped in coffins. Another as Bible tracts, and still another shipment, worth \$100,000, was covered with Christmas trees and shipped as such.

Many a box-car was loaded at both ends with liquor and in the doorway with lumber or lathes. But this was all good revenue for the railways, both the Government-owned Canadian National and the privately

owned Canadian Pacific. They were not required by law to inquire too closely into what the packages of freight, which they accepted for transportation, contained. It was like the words of the old song : " Everybody's doing it, doing it . . . doing it. Everybody's doing it now."

Under the Scott Act the province of New Brunswick was supposed to be dry, but the whole thing was a farce. The fact that it was very wet when it was supposed to be very dry wouldn't have been so bad had it not been ruinous for legitimate business. Any person who wasn't actually blind couldn't help but see that every truck that took a load of liquor from Canada into the United States over the Maine border returned with a load of dutiable merchandise which never paid duty. Under these circumstances it was impossible for legitimate business concerns, who had to pay duty on imported articles, to compete with the unscrupulous concerns who smuggled their merchandise into the country without paying duty. During 1923-4-5 the number of legitimate business houses which failed in the Maritime province and went out of business was simply appalling. Manufacturing dropped from \$165,000,000 in 1921 to \$23,000,000 in 1925.

The more I studied this situation the more disgusted I became. Hundreds of thousands of young men had gone to war from patriotic motives and to uphold their ideals. They had fought a war to end wars and to make the world a better place to live in. Crazy as it may seem to many, I began to think that it was just as important to fight the enemies of one's country at home as abroad, but before any person could do this he had to obtain undisputable evidence. I met several prominent business men who I knew were hard hit by the conditions I refer to. They were easily convinced, but they didn't seem willing to band themselves together and fight this lawlessness which was reducing them to financial ruin. They felt sure the cards were stacked against them, but I became more determined than ever, and I felt convinced that if sufficient evidence could be obtained to justify calling for a show down, there were still enough honest citizens who would be willing to

fight the thing to a finish. The big obstacle was how to obtain that evidence without funds. One day the solution came to me in a most unexpected manner.

I was walking down King Street, St. John, when I met Sheriff Albion Foster of Carlton County. He stopped to talk to me and asked me what I was doing. I had got to know and admire Sheriff Foster while living in Hartland, and I told him quite truthfully that I was looking for work and couldn't find any. He said: "Ever consider being a policeman?" I'd been many things but never a policeman, so I told him: "I'd be glad to try anything that would enable me to earn an honest dollar."

He told me that he knew Inspector Stevens of the C.P.R. Investigation Department personally, and offered to introduce me to him. I accepted his offer, and that night I was on my way to Montreal to be sworn in as a member of the C.P.R. Police. Next morning I was interviewed by Mr. Cadieux, the Acting Chief, and sworn in and returned to St. John for duty. Here was a real break, as they say in Canada. The newly reorganized force of railway police was recruited mainly from returned ex-service men with good records, and it was officered by men who had years of experience in the best police forces in the Old Country. Many of the rank and file were ex-officers and non-commissioned officers. The pay and conditions were such as to interest a fine type of men. I served five years with the C.P.R. Police, and I am still of the opinion that judging them from the view-point of their honesty, integrity, efficiency and smartness, they can hold their own with any force in the world, and they don't have to take their hats off even to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I never heard of any serious corruption after the force was reorganized.

Mr. Chamberlain, who reorganized the force after the war, was himself an ex-member of the R.C.M.P. Mr. Cadieux, his Assistant, is acknowledged amongst police circles as one of the most able and keenest brains on the North American continent. General E. de Panet, C.M.G., D.S.O., etc., who succeeded Mr. Chamberlain after his death as Chief, is not only a man of outstanding ability,

but a man other men love to serve and know how to respect. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company police their entire transportation system from one end of Canada to the other, including their ships and docks. Why do they need police? What are their duties?

First of all the Investigation Department takes care of all claims resulting from theft or damage over the entire system. Secondly, they are there to protect the company's patrons and render them any assistance or service within their power. Thirdly, they aim to prevent thefts, and educate other employees to avoid damaging freight and baggage, and to prevent fire and accidents. Every member of the force is a fully-qualified first aid man. The cost of maintaining such a force is very great, but this expenditure has been justified by a reduction in the enormous amount of claims made annually against the company for losses due to theft and damage to less than 25 per cent of what it was before the Investigation Department was reorganized.

When I arrived back in St. John, Inspector Stevens sent for me and we had a long chat together. Evidently Sheriff Foster had given me a very good character, because the Inspector informed me that for the time being he wished me to do plain-clothes duty. He told me there was considerable thieving going on from amongst the cargo being unloaded at the docks, and from the ships themselves. For the first two weeks I just wandered around as a stranger, and was not even introduced to the sergeants and other constables.

Inspector Stevens told me that many complaints had been received that each time the ships returned to Liverpool heavy losses of ships' linen and bedding were discovered.

To cut a long story short. Before I had been on the job two weeks I noticed certain things happen, and obtained information that practically convinced me these losses could be charged up to the man whose teams hauled the linen from the ships to the laundry. While the evidence pointed to the fact that he was guilty of stealing and selling large quantities of table linen and bedding, it was difficult to understand how he got away with it in view of the fact that it was supposed to be checked off the ship and into

the laundry, and re-checked when it was returned to the ship after being washed.

A little more work went to show that if he stole a dozen table cloths, he tore another dozen in halves, and by collusion with certain laundry officials the halves were checked in as whole cloths. When they were returned to the ship they were taken into stock, all nicely washed and ironed, as whole pieces. One of the ship's stewards worked in with the scheme. After the investigations were completed, Inspector Stevens turned the case over to Investigator Carson, and together he and I made a tour of the city one Monday morning to examine all the family washing hung out on the clothes lines to dry. All C.P.R. property is specially marked for identification purposes, and we took the names and addresses of all people on whose lines we found C.P.R. linen or bedding. We had a considerable list when we finished our day's work, and we swore out search warrants. The raids that followed were so successful that from the home of the man who did the hauling from the ships to the laundry we filled a patrol wagon with C.P.R. goods. We searched this house about six in the evening, and we found the table set for the evening meal. Everything on the table, silver and linen, belonged to the C.P.R. The bedding on the beds was C.P.R. property, and even a clock on the wall had been purloined from one of the ships. When we left we took the man with us under arrest.

We raided one place after another all that night, and by morning we had recovered over a thousand dollars' worth of goods. Then the real fun started. The news of the raids swept like wild fire through the city. People who had bought goods from the teamster grew nervous and the office was literally swamped with articles sent in anonymously. We raided one large boarding house in the west end of the city and recovered several dozen blankets, but in another raid we were just too late. All the beds were innocent of bedding. We smelt a rather peculiar odour from the cellar and found the furnace just about choked with partly consumed bedding. We, however, recovered enough evidence to justify the raid.

Next came the preparation of the case and the trial. Much to our surprise the case was heard in the magistrate's office and not in the court room. It appeared that the teamster had wealthy and influential friends. He pleaded guilty to the charges laid against him, and was sentenced to three years in prison. We had still another surprise in store for us, because we had only just left the court house when we ran into the man who had just been convicted. Thinking he had escaped, we grabbed him and took him back, but we were informed that the magistrate had seen fit to temper justice with mercy and had allowed him to go on suspended sentence. He was the magistrate's first cousin.

Life as a member of this fine force was never really dull. The longshoremen had had things pretty much their own way until the force had been reorganized, and it took quite a while to prove to them that the era of lawlessness had come to an end. Some very amusing cases occurred. On one occasion, frozen carcasses of pigs were being loaded into the hold of a ship, when suddenly there was great excitement. Inquiries resulted in the information that a longshoreman had been injured badly by a pig falling on him after it had slipped out of a cargo sling. A stretcher was lowered into the hold, and the man hoisted on deck covered in blankets. A couple of men grabbed the stretcher and rushed off towards the first-aid dressing-station. I went along to get the particulars for my report, but the stretcher never arrived. I went to investigate, and came across the men on a railway siding, cutting up the carcass of a pig with a cooper's axe. Nobody had been hurt. Some of the men with more imagination than honesty had dressed a frozen pig up in a suit of overalls, and then called for a stretcher to get it up out of the hold. The men took to their heels when I arrived on the scene, but we obtained their names and they were not allowed to work on the ships again.

Another time large barrels of rum had been unloaded on to the wharf, and all had been transhipped into box-cars except one which was for local delivery. The freight shed was empty except for this forty-gallon barrel of rum. A constable named C—— was on duty in the shed that

I JOIN THE C.P.R. POLICE

night to watch the rum and protect the property against fire. It was a lonely job tramping backwards and forwards in the zero weather with nothing going on to occupy his attention. The constable grew tired and decided to sit down on top of the barrel. He swears he never went to sleep, but the fact remains that when he jumped off the barrel it rolled over empty.

What had happened was this. At high tide some men had got under the freight shed in a boat. Looking up through the cracks in the floor, they located the barrel of rum and then, using a long auger, they bored up through and tapped the barrel. They caught the rum in containers and made their escape without the constable being aware of what was going on.

CHAPTER XIV

A FIGHT TO A FINISH

ST. JOHN is Canada's greatest winter port by reason of the fact that the St. Lawrence is frozen over for at least four months each year and Montreal cut off from the sea. With the opening, each spring, of navigation in the St. Lawrence the feverish activities along the harbour front of the Maritime port die a natural death. All those permanently associated with the shipping trade move back to Montreal, and those casually employed go back on their farms or to their fishing. But it is during the quiet of the summer months that bootlegging and smuggling activities reach their peak. It was owing to the fact that I was ordered to remain in St. John as one of the resident constables that I saw so much of this illegal traffic.

In case any reader doubts the veracity of the incidents here reported, or thinks it impossible that such conditions could exist, let me remind him at this time that five years later, through the initiative of the Honourable H. H. Stevens, Member of Parliament in the Federal Government for Vancouver, a Royal Commission was appointed and the evidence given before that Commission will confirm the truth of every case I mention in these pages. The evidence is in the final chapter.

Although I had been moved from St. John to Toronto at the time, I was served with a subpoena to appear before this Commission when it was sitting in the Maritimes, and I worked in conjunction with Sergeant Lucas of the R.C.M.P., gathering witnesses together. The dangerous positions in which these witnesses were placed was fully recognized, and only police officers and Government employees were put in the witness-box to give evidence

publicly, the others being allowed to give their evidence privately.

There is always cause and effect in everything. I do not intend to be a critic, I know that the rest of the world cannot be very concerned with Canadian affairs ; therefore I write this book from the human interest point of view, attempting to tell a number of stories, all of them true, some of them humorous, and others decidedly tragic. I am also convinced that the old saying : " You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," sums up the situation so far as the prohibition laws are concerned. You can pass laws, but if they are unpopular you cannot enforce them. You cannot legislate a single person into Heaven. In the Maritimes and the New England States there are many descendants of the old Quaker stock. The grip of the Old-Blue laws of New England has been retained on many members of the community down through the generations. I would be the last to question their honesty of purpose. They were in revolt against legalized drinking, gambling and prostitution, and they formed themselves into a powerful minority to fight these conditions. They succeeded in having legislation passed which they innocently thought would deal traffic in vice its death-blow.

The Scott Act made it illegal to buy or sell liquor in New Brunswick, and it closed up all hotel bars and saloons, but the farce of the whole thing was that under the Act any householder could import all the liquor he wanted for his own personal use and that of his family. Furthermore, practically every drug store was a Government vendor. If you wanted a bottle of liquor all you had to do was to get a prescription from a doctor (he charged you \$2 for it) and the nearest druggist would fill the prescription for one bottle of any kind of liquor you might fancy would cure your supposed indisposition. In other words, the liquor traffic was taken away from the hotel keepers and turned over to the doctors and druggists.

Business took a decided slump in the Maritimes about this time. Taxes were not easy to collect, and the Government needed revenue. A notice, therefore, was sent out to

all Government vendors to relax in regard to the regulation requiring a doctor's certificate. What a boomerang this turned out to be. As long as a doctor's prescription was required it was easy to check the stock and sales. Without one being necessary practically every druggist in the province became a bootlegger, and hundreds of them stocked up with around 10 per cent of liquor purchased from the Government, on which they paid duty, the remaining 90 per cent they bought from the smugglers without paying duty.

Just to give some idea as to the gigantic proportions to which bootlegging and smuggling had grown, I was witness, one night, to the unloading of a cargo of liquor valued at nearly \$250,000. The manner in which the land crooks dealt with the shore crooks is interesting.

The initial negotiations for such a deal might be first discussed in Toronto between the principals. The owner of the liquor which was stored aboard a ship on the high seas, or locked up in a bonded warehouse on the seaboard for "Export purposes only," would name his price and guarantee to land the cargo ashore at a given spot, or deliver it to boats owned by the purchaser just outside the legal limit. Off the American coast most of the deliveries were made to fast motor-boats. In the Maritimes they were usually landed right in the heart of the city, mostly at Long Wharf.

You might think that any boat could get a load by producing forged credentials, but they couldn't. At the time the deal was completed the vendor and the purchaser went to the bank, and the amount of money involved in the deal was withdrawn in paper currency. The bills were then torn in half, the purchaser giving one-half to the vendor and retaining the other half himself. He didn't give up the second half until the goods were delivered as per contract. If, as in the States, the delivery was to be made to motor-boats, say one hundred cases at a time, then the man in charge of that boat would be given sufficient torn halves of bills to cover his particular loads, and when he met the rum-runner out at sea he turned them over to the captain or the

supercargo, as the case might be. The serial numbers of the halves he turned over were checked against those held aboard the ship and identification properly established.

The particular night I refer to, while patrolling the railway property in St. John, a man approached me and begged to be allowed to keep me company until morning. He told me frankly his reason. He had received nearly a quarter of a million dollars, all in 1000-dollar bills. He told me he was scared stiff he would be robbed and murdered before morning. He had expressed these fears to the man who had purchased his cargo. It was then I was paid the most extraordinary compliment I ever received in my life. This frightened individual, with what amounted to a small king's ransom on his person in torn 1000-dollar bills, said: "The chap who bought the liquor knows you well and you know him. He said he couldn't understand you. He told me he had offered to cut you in on every case landed on C.P.R. property and that you had refused the offer. He had said that I could trust you to give me protection, but that if I offered you money you would probably hit me over the head or arrest me for attempting to bribe an officer."

This was true enough. It would have been most convenient for the smugglers to land their stuff right at the back of the cold-storage warehouse, but my duty was to protect the C.P.R. property and not encourage a gang of thugs and smugglers to make it their rendezvous. I let the man stay with me until I was relieved at 7.30 a.m. I never saw a man more frightened. He just didn't know what to do to assure his safety until the banks opened at 10 a.m. I took pity on him and took him home to breakfast. When it was time I took him down to the bank. The way the teller's eyes popped out of his head when the man produced the fortune in torn bills amply repaid me for my trouble.

Many a time I have been asked by those who knew me and my attitude towards bribery: "Don't you think you are a damned fool? You could be on Easy Street if you'd change your attitude." I always replied: "A man's self-

respect is worth more than money. My father told me that money dishonestly earned was Devil's coin, and would bring unhappiness rather than pleasure. Moreover, I am out to learn all I can about smuggling and bootlegging, and I am going to be free to take whatever action I may deem fit. My only interest now is to get the true picture."

Because I wouldn't be on the receivers' end of their questionable generosity I was under suspicion the whole time. One day my wife received an anonymous letter informing her that if I was not out of New Brunswick before the frost was out of the ground I would occupy six feet of real estate, and it wouldn't cost me a dime.

A liquor cargo of the size I refer to would be handled in a few hours. Trucks and teams would haul it to stables, barns, and warehouses, and the drug stores would receive their quota direct. If the ship was not finished unloading by daybreak she would sail out of the harbour and return the following night, but many of them didn't even bother to go out to sea again. They remained moored snugly alongside the wharf, and started to unload again as soon as the street traffic had died down after midnight. The Bay of Fundy fogs are just about made to order to cover traffic of this kind.

Thus we see that a piece of well-intentioned legislation, passed by a small but noisy minority of honest but ignorant people, handed the welfare of the province over to gangs of criminals and petty crooks.

Why didn't the customs act? They did. Before the Royal Commission evidence was given that when honest officers came across cases similar to those I describe they took action, but their efforts were frustrated by powerful political personages. One ship was seized when she returned to port after clearing for the West Indies, and the bond was escheated and forwarded to Ottawa with a covering report. The bond was returned the next mail and the ship ordered released. If you doubt my word read the evidence given before the Commission. It wasn't long before the liquor barons ruled the country, and every person in the police forces or Government employ realized that the only

way to hold their jobs and keep their feet above the ground was to follow out the Chinese advice : " See nothing ; hear nothing ; say nothing."

Personally, I have always believed that there is more that is good in this world than bad, and I determined to go ahead quietly and give these enemies of society a run for their money. A meeting was held secretly, at which a few influential men of known integrity were invited to attend. I pointed out to these business men the reasons their business was falling off. Some of the facts I brought to their attention were as follows : No smuggler ever ran a load of liquor across the American border without bringing back a load of dutiable goods. I asked them to just notice the empty cigarette packages which lay in the gutters along any street in St. John. A large percentage of them had contained American cigarettes. The retail price of American cigarettes was just one-half that of Canadian make. Cigarettes were shipped wholesale into Canada from the States in egg crates as " eggs " because they were the same weight. What was true of tobacco was true of every other commodity which could be sold to advantage in the Maritimes, even to automobiles, silk, cotton goods, radios, jewellery, etc. More than a dozen automobiles were brought across the International Bridge at St. Leonards one night. They were being *cleared* by an international gang of automobile thieves. One man thought of an ingenious way to clear his smuggled stock quickly and turn it into cash. Twice in one year he had an audit, took stock, and then had a fire. He sold his stock to the insurance company. The insurance company recovered what they could financially by selling it to a Jewish firm who specialized in salvage work. They advertised the " Fire Sale " widely and sold the stock for less than half its value. Pity the poor merchant trying to compete with this sort of thing.

Fires became so frequent that the rates in the Maritimes reached the all-high record for all time. One night I was staying in a little town up country when the second-class hotel caught fire. It was a windy night and should the fire have got from under control the whole town might have

been wiped out. I offered my services to the local volunteer fire department. I went into the burning building with a line of hose and got to the top of the attic stairs. I had the utmost difficulty getting into the attic because the doorway was plugged with old mattresses, and the smell of coal oil was very noticeable. The fire was burning fiercely and the smoke was very dense. I forced my way in and laid down on the floor to suck what good air I could from off the nozzle of the hose. The force of the water rushing out clears the smoke from just around the nozzle. I was just beginning to gain a little headway when suddenly the water stopped, and I was left to the mercy of the flames. To get down the stairway I had to wrap one of the mattresses around me to protect me. When I got to the bottom I found the hose-line had been cut with an axe. I was informed by a man in the darkness to mind my own bloody business. The downstairs windows were knocked in and a hole cut in the roof "to give her more draught." The regular volunteers played water on the other clap-board buildings to prevent the fire spreading. The hotel had not been paying for some time, and the owner collected from the insurance company about twice the amount he could have sold it for.

One night, while "pounding my beat," I was approached by a smart-looking little Jew from Ontario. He introduced himself to me and said: "I understand you have a British master-mariner's certificate?" I told him I not only held my British master's certificate but also my American as first mate. "I have a good offer to make you," he continued. "See me in the office at the New Brunswick Cold Storage plant after you come off duty. I will be alone. You won't regret coming."

Seeing that at the time I was about as popular with the bootlegging fraternity as a sore tooth I pondered the matter over and decided, before keeping the appointment, to tell the night billing-clerk, Sandy Noble, where I was going, and when. It was just possible I might be invited to go for a "ride," and I knew only too well that when one was taken for a "ride" one didn't come back. This invitation fol-

lowing the threat recently sent to my wife put me on my guard, so I took my revolver from my hip pocket and placed it under my left armpit, where it was covered by my great-coat. However, my suspicions were without foundation.

The man C——, who was president of a large distilling corporation, came right to the point. He said : “ Carr, my crowd can’t figure you out at all. You won’t come in with us, yet as far as we know you don’t try to do us any harm. All the same, we are God damned suspicious that you’re up to some game and you’re well watched. How would you like to quit pounding the beat and earn five hundred dollars a month honestly ? ” And he emphasized the word “ honestly.”

“ No man would turn down an opportunity to improve his position. What’s your proposition ? ” I replied.

“ If you’ve got the qualifications you can take command of a ship we own. She is going to Germany for a legitimate cargo of industrial alcohol. I offer you five hundred dollars a month and a bonus when the cargo is delivered in Boston.”

My reply was : “ I know wood alcohol is cheaper than grain alcohol, but surely you fellows don’t intend to risk wholesale poisonings for the sake of the lousy money you’d make out of the deal.” I was burning up with suppressed anger. I felt as if I could have killed these men without remorse.

“ Don’t be a fool,” he snarled. Then he changed his attitude. “ I’m going to put the cards on the table. I’ll trust you to keep your mouth closed whether you take the job or not. The captain we had aboard drank himself to death. We need a deep-sea man for this job. It’s got to be put over safely. There’s a lot of money at stake. This stuff is being shipped from Germany to the States as industrial alcohol. It’s in barrels. When it arrives in Boston it will be examined by the appraisers. The barrels they take samples from will contain wood alcohol, but ninety per cent of the cargo is pure grain alcohol. We have the barrels containing the wood alcohol identified with a special mark. Every detail has been carefully taken care of. The cargo is consigned to a big industrial concern which manufactures

boot polish and other things containing wood alcohol. If you do your part and navigate the ship safely everything will work out fine, and we are not tight when it comes to handing out bonuses."

Sixteen thousand gallons of this alcohol was seized when being landed near Montreal from the barge *Gipsy*, and sold back to C—— by the Minister of Customs for 36 cents per gallon.

I'll admit the temptation was great. I knew plenty of men who had made small fortunes quickly by being lucky in the rum-running game. There was something within me which caused me to revolt at the thought of becoming mixed up or involved with these racketeers. I turned down the offer.

It was not very long after this interview that I was on night duty in the Mill Street railway yards. I was walking around examining the seals on the doors of the freight cars, and making sure that none of them had been broken into. As I passed along walking down the tracks, I was struck over the head by a man wielding a heavy car-stake. Fortunately I saw him just as he prepared to strike, and I moved sufficiently to cause the blow to glance off my head. The full force of it, however, struck my left shoulder and practically paralysed it for the moment. The man took to his heels. I never did agree with indiscriminate shooting by constables so I drew my night stick and gave chase. The man was gaining on me, so I threw my club and hit him on the back of the knees and brought him down. I had on my heavy overcoat, and my gun and handcuffs were inaccessible. We fought and rolled all over the yard. Finally he began to weaken. At least I thought he did. We were between the tracks. He was face down and I was astride of him. I asked him if he was willing to come quietly and threatened to use my stick on his head if he didn't. Partially off guard I felt him bunch himself like a coiled spring, and the fight started all over again. Both of us were getting badly mugged up by this time and our faces were cut and bleeding. Once more I got the upper hand, and he was again face down with me on top. It was just at the spot where an engine had



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

King's Square, Saint John, N.B.



Saint John Harbour, showing Long Wharf in the foreground and the new elevators which replaced those burnt in the disastrous fire.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

A typical harbour scene, Chatham, New Brunswick.

dumped its ashes, and I ground his face well into the pile just to let him see I was getting good and angry. The man was a hard-headed individual because I broke my night stick over his head without knocking him out. He began to squeal when I ground his face in the cinders and cried : "I give in. . . . You've got me beaten. You've cracked my skull."

I dug my fingers into the back of his coat collar and went to yank him to his feet. He got to his knees and then, quick as a flash, he locked his arms around the back of my knees and heaved with all his might, and I found the position reversed. I was on my back and underneath ; he on top. He tried to wrench my broken night-stick out of my grip, but fortunately I had the leather thong around my wrist. He pounded my face with his fists. He tried to get at my revolver, but didn't succeed. Finally he brought his knee into my middle and just about knocked the wind out of me. I was able to blow my police whistle, but nobody came to my assistance. We fought until we were both practically exhausted, and at the finish we just lay alongside each other panting and unable to strike another blow. He began to recover and started to crawl off. I was too weak to stand and tried to crawl after him. He got to his feet and I tried to pull my revolver, but before I could get it from under my coat he dodged between some box-cars and got away. I was furious. I was determined that I wasn't going to be the laughing stock of the whole community. I had recognized my assailant as an Indian, so I went home and changed into plain clothes. I was so battered up that my wife hardly recognized me. I told her I was going to arrest that man if it took me two weeks. I knew he wasn't in much better shape than I was, so I made my way out to the Indian encampment and there I picked up his trail. He had had a wash and his wounds dressed. A squaw told me he belonged to a reservation up-country and that he had "jumped a freight." I followed him and picked up his trail at Moncton. I went to see the chief of police and told him my story. He said : "I only know one Indian that could give you a battle like that. His name is Paul. He is as treacherous as the devil.

He nearly killed me two years ago when he escaped from jail. He has done time on several occasions." The chief sent out two of his men and they reported the Indian had arrived at his reservation. I 'phoned St. John, and Investigator Carson and Constable Currie drove by car and joined us. We surrounded the reservation, and then, accompanied by the chief, we began a search of the shacks. We found the Indian laying on a bed in a drunken slumber. His arms were up over his head. I had had enough fighting for one day, so I snapped the handcuffs on him before he was awake. We were taking him struggling from the shack when his wife arrived and began to belabour us with a broom. She weighed about two hundred pounds. We tried to shake her off but it was no use, she clung to us like a leech. We got our prisoner to the police car and piled him into the back seat. Before we could start the car the woman piled in on top of us. It must have been a screamingly funny sight to see the old Indian lady pounding the dickens out of the chief and I in that back seat, but we got them both to the police station and into separate cells. She kept yelling : " I want my man—I want my man. He just come home and you take him from me. . . . I want my man." As far as I was concerned she was welcome to him, but we had to take him to St. John for trial.

He was convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary. Before he was removed to the cells he threatened he would " get " me when he got out of prison. He may not have had any connection whatsoever with the bootleggers and smugglers, but I will always have my own opinion about that.

CHAPTER XV

"ST. STEPHEN'S BOTTLING WORKS"

IT was whilst serving with the C.P.R. police that I came in contact once more with the international smugglers who operated in and around St. Leonards and Van Buren. The Investigation Department received information from their agent that a car billed as denatured alcohol had arrived consigned to the St. Stephen's Bottling Works, St. Leonards. It had been manifested from Massachusetts and routed via Vanceboro, Me., and McAdam Junction, N.B. I was sent to take charge of the case and see that the freight charges were paid before the car was unloaded.

The shipment was in bond. As there was no such company as the St. Stephen's Bottling Works in St. Leonards, the customs were notified by the C.P.R. agent, and he also notified the Superintendent at St. John that the car had arrived and that there were \$240 freight charges against it. As he knew Walnut and his gang very well, he requested that police protection might be sent to ensure the paying of the charges before the car was unloaded.

In this case everything was legal. There was no law to prevent the importation of denatured alcohol into New Brunswick in bond, and once the duty and freight charges were paid there was no law to prevent the unloading of that car.

The agent did all that was required of him when he reported it to the customs on arrival. The fact that caused the buzz of comment to get around was that it was under false consignment. Everyone knew that the car was for Walnut. Others had arrived before. This car was placed

by the railway crew on Walnut's private siding, where he had his large warehouse with the sign, in large characters, printed thereon :

J. WALNUT & SONS

DEALERS IN PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS.

The puzzling thing was that Walnut was out of town. His gang was also out of town. The car lay in front of the warehouse all day ; no one went near it and no one came to pay the freight charges or the duty.

That night there was little else talked about in St. Leonards. Those in the know said the car had arrived a day ahead of time. If it had arrived on Saturday the customs would have been closed for business at noon and they would in all probability have received no official notification before Monday. That would have relieved them of the responsibility of guarding the shipment until Monday.

Those conversant with Walnut's methods were betting fifty to one that there would be no alcohol on which to pay duty when Monday arrived.

They said that the car would be unloaded during the night over the week-end, and that Walnut and his gang would be able to prove that they were out of town and knew nothing at all about it. Why should they? It was not consigned to them.

But the fact that it had arrived a day ahead of time had certainly caused complications. The sub-collector stood to get in wrong, for now he had been notified he could not help but protect the shipment. Walnut would not let any consideration stand in his way, and he would absolutely refuse to pay the duty or acknowledge the ownership of the alcohol, so Walsh would find himself in a very difficult position. He knew that as sure as he lived the car would be unloaded before Monday, and he would be held responsible.

Some pretty tall thinking was done. Many conferences were held. The chief preventive officer was notified.

Comment ran high as to what would happen if the local authorities were forced to take action owing to the fact

that the C.P.R. had outdone their reputation and got the freight there ahead of time.

Walsh told Godfrey, the junior customs officer, to go on duty and protect the shipment that night. The other officer was entitled to some leave, and he left town post-haste. The police officers, with the exception of the chief, were supposed to have gone on a fishing trip. The chief left on business, but came back after dark, unofficially, I suppose.

Midnight came, and no sign of Walnut or his gang. Everywhere was as quiet as a graveyard. The air was chilly; an early autumn frost settled on the grass and fence-posts.

I kept my lonely vigil, hoping against hope that something would happen to give me real facts.

Customs Officer Godfrey left the car and went towards the station during the night on two occasions. On the second occasion Walsh came towards the liquor car and put out the street lights. The street lights were still out when Godfrey returned half an hour later. The seals had been broken on the west door and a hole bored in a barrel and some of the contents siphoned out with a hose. When Godfrey returned a signal was blown on a whistle and the car door was closed and the seal twisted back into place. The hose used to siphon the alcohol was left near one of the buildings in Walnut’s yard. Godfrey switched on the lights by Walnut’s corner before he returned to the car.

Walsh was around all night, but nothing further happened to the car, and when daylight came both Godfrey and Walsh went home.

Mr. Weekly, the agent, found the car with the seals broken and one of the barrels broached. He ordered the switching crew to move it back in front of the station.

I went to the hotel for some sleep and got up at about 2.30 p.m. I had lunch and then went down to the station to find out what were the developments. Walsh had received word that Mr. Robertshaw, the chief customs preventive officer, would arrive on the evening train. Everyone expectantly awaited the arrival of the train. Walnut was still missing, and it began to look as though he would have

to pay the duty and acknowledge the ownership of the liquor or lose the valuable shipment, which consisted of eighty barrels of alcohol worth \$80,000, or at bootlegger's prices, after it had been split and fixed up, \$500,000.

The train arrived and Mr. Robertshaw was welcomed by all and sundry. After dinner that night he and I talked on the veranda of the hotel. After a while I left the hotel and headed for the station.

At about 11 p.m. the news flashed around that Walnut had returned to town and was in the Arrow Hotel. I left the station and went to "La Belle Beer Parlour," where all was excitement. According to reports Walnut was in a terrible rage. His plans were all shot to pieces, and, to crown all, he had been arrested in Caribou, U.S.A., for being drunk, which had delayed him some more. He was reported to have said that he didn't care a hoot in hell if all the railway police and customs officers from St. John to Vancouver were in town. He was going to unload that car that night.

The Arrow Hotel was like the headquarters of an army in wartime. Motor-cars halted in front and received orders, then flashed away. Men arrived and left in a constant stream. A customs officer whom I had seen on duty on the U.S.A. side of the bridge earlier in the day entered, as did Walsh, and the one who had given it out as his intention of starting his leave the day before also dropped in to see Walnut.

From all accounts, a serious situation had arrived which needed a lot of thinking out.

Walnut came into "La Belle Beer Parlour" and was very much under the influence of liquor. He talked quite a lot. He announced to all present that he would go to the station, pick a quarrel with me, and force a fight. While we were fighting, the gang would rush in and secure me and Walsh, who was going to be on duty down there at the time, and that would clear him from blame.

I returned to the station, and both Walsh and the other officer, whose name I never knew, came down there and tried to feel me out. They told me the plan and asked if I

would agree to it. I refused to even consider their suggestions. They returned to the bootleggers with reports that did not please Walnut. Somebody told Walnut that one of the C.N.R. conductors knew me when I lived in Hartland. He was sent for and questioned by Walnut, and I understand he paid me the compliment of saying I was a tough proposition to handle. The conductor told how on more than one occasion, when I was working as rigger on the bridge at Hartland, I had shown that I was quite capable of looking after myself in a fistic encounter, and he told Joe that I was a quick shot and had a deadly aim.

Walnut had quite a reputation as a fighter, but his methods were French-Canadian. He would quarrel with a man half doped with bad booze, knock him down, and jump on his face with his feet. He would let his temper run away with him until his mouth foamed with rage. He could make the air turn blue with his filthy language. It was said that he could jump in the air and kick a man in the face with both feet before the first foot touched the ground again, yet he can't have had much courage because I was told that when he heard I was likely to show fight he immediately hauled out his automatic and said sneeringly: "I wonder if he'll like the look of this."

The C.N.R. conductor told Walnut how I had disarmed the fellow Wells when he threatened to shoot his brother. He said: "Walnut, if you don't want to get killed, take my advice and leave that gun at home. If you take that gun, it is going to mean trouble." The conductor also told Walnut that I had served in submarines during the war and wasn't likely to back up or give in to him.

I must admit that I was getting really interested by this time. Everybody in the Walnut gang was well lubricated with liquor and talking without any reserve. I was being kept well posted of developments by a Dr. Walnut to whom Robertshaw had introduced me. Dr. Walnut was no relative or friend of Joe's. He resented the fact that gang rule was running the town and making a laughing stock of the forces of law and order.

We arranged that I should go to the C.P.R. station and he

would get any further information he could, so that I would at least be forewarned.

The customs officer came back to the station, and he suggested that we use finesse instead of force. Walnut never doubted that it was possible to buy any man. The point that worried him was the price he might have to pay.

At 1 a.m. Walnut came down to the station. He evidently intended to try out the first plan before he offered to untie his purse strings. He rolled his six feet of muscle and bone along the station platform in drunken bravado and he sang a ribald song at the top of his voice. He stamped down to where the car was placed in front of the station door. I remained inside, so he kicked open the station door and strode in.

"What do you want here?" I demanded.

"I want to see you," replied Walnut. "People tell me that you say I am going to steal the contents of that car. I'm telling you you are a dirty liar!"

While Walnut spoke I could see he was working himself up into a rage, so I stood my ground and said: "Get out of this and stay out. If any of your gang come near that car before daylight they are going to meet trouble."

I was standing with my fingers in my coat pockets, thumbs resting outside and in view. Walnut made a move towards me. "Stand right where you are, Walnut," I ordered. "I'm in a position to put up with no fooling. I realize that I am alone and I know your plans. My strength lies in keeping you at a distance, so stand still—or take the consequences."

Walnut stood back. He knew I meant business. He was also puzzled at the remark that I knew his plans. He was in a quandary. He knew that his gang were by this time within easy reach, should he need help, and he decided to take one more chance. He hoped he could jump me before I could draw my revolver.

"Come, what's the use of quarrelling?" Walnut said, in vastly different tones. "I've had a drink or two. I don't like to hear these tales spread around. I wouldn't steal a pin." He made a motion to hold out his hand. "Come,

shake and be friends.” His voice had taken on a thick, inebriated tone, and as he spoke he took another step nearer, but stopped as I flashed my gun out of my pocket.

“Halt, Walnut, as you value your life! I tell you I know what you have planned, and will take no chances. I am no match for your gang without this gun, and I’m going to take damn good care that none of you get near enough to take it from me. I’m too old a sailor not to know that a revolver is most useful at about ten feet.”

Walnut’s next move showed me that he did not lack a certain amount of bravado. He walked right on to the point of the revolver and sneeringly said: “You daren’t shoot an unarmed man. You’re a hell of a man pulling a gun on me! I’m unarmed!”

I was rather taken aback for the moment, but my brain worked fast. “Hold your arms out while I search you,” I said. Walnut complied. I ran my hand over him, keeping the revolver pressed to his stomach, but I found no weapon. Then I said: “Walnut, it’s up to you what happens. I’ve told you I know your plans, so you see someone must have told them to me. If I kill you that person will be my witness that the circumstances warranted the action. I’ve said my say. The next move is yours.”

For fully a minute we looked straight into each other’s eyes. Then Walnut spoke again. “You’re taking things too seriously. That liquor doesn’t belong to me. Whoever said it does is a liar.” He then put his hands on my shoulders and said: “Let’s talk sense. Be a good fellow.”

“Take your hands off me and step into that office,” I ordered, and added: “You are under arrest for trespassing on the Company’s property at night. I am going to hold you till morning.”

Walnut again tried to play on the weakness of human nature, which makes it repulsive for a decent man to shed blood or take a life. He tightened his grip around my shoulders.

“Break, or I’ll kill you,” I threatened, and to emphasize the words I jabbed the gun right into his stomach.

Walnut knew I meant what I said. He dropped his arms. He had lost the first round of the fight.

"Now get into that office and sit down," I ordered. "What happens to you depends entirely on yourself."

Walnut did what he was told. He changed from the bully to the cringing advocate. He even went on his knees and pleaded that I "talk business." He mentioned that he had a wife and eleven children who would be ruined if the car was seized. He told me he had \$50,000 in the local bank and said I could name my own price.

Walsh, the sub-collector, stood behind the safe, where he had gone when the gun-play first started.

"You're a witness to what this man has said and done," I said, turning to him. Walsh said nothing, but looked mighty uncomfortable.

I then turned to Walnut. "Walnut, I wouldn't take a million and miss the pleasure of putting you where you belong. This time you've hit a snag. Money won't buy everybody." I took up the telephone and asked to be connected with the police officer's house. The police officer, who had never really left town, but had only said he was going, in order to clear himself in case of inquiries, came right to the station when he heard Walnut was under arrest. He brought Mrs. Walnut with him. I told them what had happened, but I was ignorant that the local police officer was Walnut's nephew.

"Lock this man up and produce him in time for court to-morrow morning," I ordered. I didn't know the true conditions that prevailed, or I wouldn't have let my prisoner out of my control.

Constable Brown took charge of Walnut and they left the station.

"What the devil did you mean by emptying the cartridges out of your gun when Walnut came to the station?" I demanded of Walsh.

Walsh hung his head. "I will have to go and see if all is well at the customs-house," he said.

"You might as well for all the use you are here. If you meet any of the gang tell them from me that they had better steer clear of these tracks until morning," I warned him.

Walsh was hardly out of sight when Constable Brown returned.

I asked if he had locked Walnut up.

“No, I took him to the hotel. His wife said she would look after him. He’s drinking more whisky and they are trying to get him to bed. Walnut is raising the very devil about you. He swears he’s going to get you. They have hidden his gun. Personally, I don’t think they will try anything more to-night, but you want to watch out for yourself to-morrow.”

“What do you mean?” I inquired. “To-morrow I intend to have him put in jail.”

“Oh, you can’t do that,” said Brown. “That gang of his would have him out in ten minutes. You see, I am in a very peculiar position. Walnut is my uncle, and while I wouldn’t willingly let him do anything against the law, what can I do? I can only tip you off. They are going to try to get you into a car to-morrow, and if they do——!” A shrug of the shoulders fully illustrated that he did not wish to have a guilty knowledge of what would happen in that event.

“But can nothing be done to stop that man?” I asked, amazed.

“What can happen?” replied the constable. “He is protected by politicians. He told me himself that he had paid one thousand two hundred dollars to get this shipment through. If it is seized there will be hell to pay at Fredericton.”

“Well, then, hell must pay, for that car is going to be seized if I do it myself,” I said, deeply disgusted. “This is a British province, but I guess it is run very much on American lines.

“Look here, Brown, I am going to call up my inspector on long distance,” I continued, “and tell him exactly what has happened, and what is likely to happen. That will give the Walnut gang another nut to crack. You can tell them from me that they will only get that liquor after they get rid of me. If they get rid of me the inspector will know where to start his inquiries.”

Brown left without further comment.

Dawn was just beginning to break when the drivers of the various trucks and cars which had come to take delivery of the alcohol drove away, and shortly afterwards Mr. Robertshaw arrived.

"I heard you had some excitement here last night," he said.

"Yes, just a little. As soon as I have had breakfast you'll see a little more. I'm going to arrest Walnut. While I am dealing with him I want you to get permission from Ottawa to move that liquor car."

The following wire was sent to Ottawa :

"Situation serious. Expecting further trouble. Send instructions for removal of liquor."

After breakfast I went to Walnut's hotel and placed him under arrest. I took him before the local magistrate named Sussie. I charged him with assault, trespass, and attempting to steal \$60,000 worth of alcohol. Joe acted like a madman. He cursed and swore and threatened in court. He had the magistrate plainly worried. He said : "I want to 'phone my lawyers" ; and the magistrate said : "Go ahead." He walked out of the court room and I followed. His sons got between me and their father, and he made a rush for the door. He jumped into a waiting car and speeded towards the International bridge. I jumped to the telephone and called the United States customs, told them what had happened, and asked them to hold him until I arrived. I commandeered a car and chased after him.

When the customs stopped him he turned right around, and I met him coming back into St. Leonards at a 60-mile-an-hour clip. I turned and followed him, and he made straight for his cellar and denned in like a fox. There was little more I could do than mount guard over the cellar, and wait until further assistance came from St. John. Investigator Carson arrived during the afternoon, and with him came Walnut's lawyer. They had a conference and after it the lawyer announced that Walnut would surrender, and he did. The lawyer arranged to have the

case heard there and then in the magistrate’s home. The charge of attempted theft was dismissed for lack of evidence, as was the assault charge. Walnut was fined ten dollars and costs for trespass and walked out a free man.

Permission came to move the car to St. John, and we arranged to hook it on a mixed freight and passenger train which was moving for Aroostock Junction in about an hour. Everything went according to plan, and I left with the car to give it protection. When we arrived at Grand Falls I received a message from Carson that Walnut and his gang had left St. Leonards with the avowed intention of intercepting the car at Aroostock, where the train stayed overnight.

Here was a nice kettle of fish. To make matters worse I received information from the yard man that Walnut in his car, accompanied by two other cars loaded with men, had been seen passing through Grand Falls.

I wired for permission to have the train given clearance for Woodstock. If this were granted I could leave the gang cooling their heels in Aroostock. I received word back that the Divisional Superintendent, Mr. Watson, was in his private car at Aroostock and to contact him. I did so, and he was waiting for our arrival. We hooked the liquor car and his private car behind the engine and proceeded to Woodstock. On the run down I enjoyed my first sleep since we had left St. John.

CHAPTER XVI

HIGH SCHOOLS

THERE is no saying more true that "one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Here was I, an ex-submarine officer, serving one of the largest transportation companies in the world as a policeman. Our duties were many and varied, and much different from those of a city policeman. Perhaps due to the fact that I had the wish to seek out the human interest angle of the various cases I investigated, and liked to find out what set of circumstances were the actual cause of the misdemeanours and crimes which came to my attention, I learned more about the background of crime than some other officers who were satisfied just to make an arrest and obtain a conviction.

By recording some of the cases with which I came in contact, it may interest other citizens, and warn them of the dangers to which society is susceptible. These stories may also help those who are responsible for framing our laws and enforcing them to understand more clearly the conditions and circumstances with which they have to contend. One particular case I investigated will show clearly the dangers to which young children of school age are victims. We had been having trouble on account of freight cars being broken into while in transit between two points in the province.

At every point along the railway where a C.P.R. constable is stationed, it is his duty to examine the seals of the car doors while the train is in the yards, and he must write down the serial numbers in a book, and report any found broken to the inspector of his division.

In the particular case to which I refer the seals were always broken at some place between St. John and McAdam Junction. Another feature peculiar to these break-ins was

that the value of the goods stolen was negligible to the amount of damage done to other freight in the car. On inspection, the interior of the cars which had been broken into looked as if a madman had been at work. Cartons were ripped open and their contents strewn all over the place. Lids of heavy packing-cases were prised off and the goods rummaged through, but very little taken. When a constable was detailed to "ride" the freight which left Fairvale after dark nothing ever happened. Regular "knights of the road" rarely, if ever, tamper with railway property. As a rule they are satisfied with free transportation. They know only too well that when there is trouble due to train robberies, the authorities and railway employees drive them none too gently from the trains.

It appeared on the surface that these repeated break-ins were the work of individuals who knew that liquor was being shipped in these freight cars under false consignment, and that they were looking for this liquor, otherwise why did they break open so many parcels of freight and then depart, only taking a few odds and ends?

One night, when on duty in Mill Street Yards, I read over a number of the loss and damage claims, and I was struck with the fact that in nearly all cases the actual thefts consisted of chocolates; women's shoes; toilet articles, etc. It was seldom anything was taken which could be used by men (other than cigarettes). This observation gave me what is known in police circles as a "hunch." I telephoned my inspector and told him I had this "hunch," and asked his permission to leave my beat and investigate the case in plain clothes, which permission was granted.

I went home, dressed myself up like a sailor, and made up so that I looked right down on my luck. I then went out to Fairvale and hid in the grass just clear of the station, intending to "jump" the freight like any other hobo would as it came past. I had not been in the grass very long before some teen age boys came along and almost fell over me. One of the boys said: "Say, Mac, if you intend stealing a ride, you'd better not jump the train here. The railway cops often ride this far with the freights before they jump off. They'll

put you in the jug if they catch you. They're having trouble on this section of the line." Some of his companions burst out laughing and one said : " I'll say they are." I told them I was beating my way to Montreal, explaining that I had been discharged to hospital from my ship and that the winter port had closed down before I was discharged. I told them the only hope I had to get back to sea was from Montreal.

They seemed quite sympathetic, and offered to show me the ropes. They invited me to go along with them. Naturally I was only too pleased to accept their invitation. I asked them how far they were going and they replied : " Oh, just up the line aways, but far enough to steer you clear of the ' Bulls.' " This was really most considerate of them.

As we tramped along the long up-hill grade which led from the station, they explained that the train never went over the top of the grade at more than a snail's pace, and they also told me that the best place to " jump " it was just after it had started on the down grade, by reason of the fact that the railway police often travelled with it until it had gone over the top. They further explained that they always jumped the train after the caboose had passed the policeman, because he couldn't catch up with it after it had gained momentum on the down grade.

We all jumped the train according to plan, and when we were nearing South Bay we all jumped off again. These youngsters knew that the train pulled into a siding at South Bay in order to allow a passenger train the right of way. Had they remained on the train the crew would have discovered them and put them off. They also informed me that South Bay was as far as they were going, and advised me to walk on the highway to a point just beyond the station, and then jump her again after the train was on the main line and the crew were in the caboose. They also informed me that I would have to be careful at McAdam Junction, as the constables inspected the train at that point.

The train pulled into the siding to allow the passenger train to pass on the main line, and we saw the conductor

and brakeman walk forward towards the engine. They examined the seals as they passed along, shining their lights on them.

It was quite dark by this time, and the boys jumped up out of the grass, in which they had been hiding until it was safe, and made over to the train. They broke the seals and had two of the doors open in a jiffy. Then they started to ransack the contents of the cars. They informed each other when one of them located what they were looking for. I looked on and did nothing. This was just too funny for words. After they secured what loot they wanted, they closed the doors and replaced the broken seals in such a manner that it was necessary to "pull" them before the fact that they were broken could be noticed. The loot consisted of articles suitable as presents for girls. After leaving the train I pretended to do as they had advised. I made over towards the highway and then doubled back and kept them under observation. They left the railway tracks and headed towards the river. I followed at a safe distance, and we came to a girls' summer camp. The boys hid in the bush and remained out of sight until the girls retired for the night. They must have known exactly which tents their particular girl friends occupied, because they never hesitated and made no mistakes. At least there was no outcry as the result of their strange behaviour. I marked well the tents they had entered, and then went back to the station and found out where the agent lived. I went up to his house and told him my story, explaining that I intended to arrest one or two of the boys at a time without making any noise if possible. I didn't expect that they would make much noise, because I was convinced that they would not want the good ladies in charge of the camp to know what they had been up to.

The plan worked out as intended. I made about four trips, and when I had the boys all together at the station agent's house, I telephoned my inspector and asked him to send the investigators and a couple of cars or the police wagon to bring them back to the city. I explained briefly what had happened, and he decided to send cars, because

I explained to him that the boys were all from well-to-do families.

The Canadian Pacific police are concerned primarily with protecting the interests of their Company and its patrons, and great diplomacy has to be used when dealing with the public in order to prevent making enemies. Lack of judgment or unnecessary aggressiveness might easily annoy the Company's patrons and cause them to transfer their business to opposition lines, with a resulting loss of revenue to the Company they serve.

It requires no words of mine to describe how worried and embarrassed the boys felt. I warned them as in duty bound that "Anything they might say could be used as evidence against them," but I told them that I required no further evidence than that of my own eyes to convict them of breaking into the cars.

They asked me if I was going to report what had happened at the girls' camp. I told them that I would report it to my inspector, but explained that what they did off the Company's property was no concern of mine. They heaved a big sigh of relief when I told them this. I never believed in "rubbing it in," as the saying is, after making an arrest. I figured my task was finished and that it was up to the judge to punish a prisoner according to the law.

We took the boys back to Fairvale, and they appeared before the local magistrate next morning. There was nobody in the little court room except the magistrate, the prisoners, and the C.P.R. police. They appeared truly penitent, and were allowed to go on suspended sentence after promising that they would never get into trouble again.

But this case had a strange aftermath. I met one of the boys frequently afterwards. He always seemed grateful for the lenient way with which he had been dealt, and I had several opportunities of talking to him and giving him some sound advice. One day he came to my home and asked to speak to me. He confided to me that he believed he was suffering from a certain complaint. I advised him to go with me to Doctor H——, who was the Medical Officer of Health, and he agreed. The upshot of the whole thing was

that we found that not only was he suffering from a social disease, but that the infection had been passed around. Several other boys and girls were suffering from the same complaint. These young people were between fourteen and eighteen years of age, and nearly all attending high school. ✓ To make matters worse two of the girls were also pregnant. At this time I was chairman of the Knights of Columbus Welfare Committee, and a member of the Social Hygiene Council, and it was decided to investigate fully, and, if possible, find out the original source of infection.

According to the evidence we were able to gather, one of the boys, aged fourteen, had been seduced by a professional prostitute who lived in an apartment in the same building in which he lived. He, in turn, had seduced schoolgirl companions and the evil had spread until it became wholesale. It is reasonable to suppose that the disease had been spread in the same manner.

Clergymen representing all creeds were invited to attend a special meeting, at which they were told of the conditions prevailing in the schools.

To my surprise some of them admitted that they were already aware that this dreadful state of affairs existed in the schools and expressed themselves quite frankly. They said that they had taken the matter up with the police, but had been unable to obtain co-operation or satisfaction. One priest said: "What can you expect when some of the police and their relatives are mixed up in the bootlegging business and supply these women with the drink they consume at their parties?" He cited several cases which had come to his particular attention, and informed us that the Archbishop was thoroughly disgusted and very worried over the situation.

The other ministers were all in agreement that very little could be done until there was a general house-cleaning and that it would be necessary to elect men to office who would undertake this house-cleaning. It then came out that a Mrs. Rolff, who was chairman of the International Committee for Combating Social Disease, had written to a member of the Social Hygiene Council saying that officials

of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union in Great Britain had informed her that many cases of venereal disease were being reported amongst the crews returning from Canadian ports.

There was one detective on this particular police force with whom I had worked on many cases. I had always respected and admired him as a real man, and knew that he was absolutely honest and free from any unlawful entanglements with the underworld. I decided to speak to him and get his reactions.

It wasn't long before the opportunity presented itself. I told him my story and he replied: "I admit that the charges made against certain of the police are true, but there is another angle of the case for which the police cannot be blamed." What follows is his side of the picture and one which should be told, so that, as I have said before, the public may judge for themselves which is the best way to handle a problem which can easily affect any one of their individual families. These conditions do not just pertain to one particular city, but I am sorry to say are quite common in many widely-separated localities.

Detective B—— said: "Until just before the war there was a certain district in this city where all the known prostitutes were located. It is my candid opinion that when this 'Red Light' district was recognized as such men who were that way inclined went where they could find what they wanted. I am also certain that there were fewer cases of illegitimacy amongst what we may term 'decent girls,' and it was also possible to do something towards the control of venereal disease. Incidentally, the work of the police was simplified because we usually knew where to go and look for criminals when they were wanted for crimes they had committed.

"At the time of which I speak an agitation was started to clean up what the reform party referred to as a 'cesspool of vice.' They organized a regular campaign. They said such places were a cancer in the body of the community and ought to be cut out. They finally had their way. The Scott Act was passed, making the sale of liquor illegal, and they elected a mayor and council, which issued orders that the

'Red Light' district had to be cleaned out. The police obeyed. They arrested the women and girls, barred the doors of the houses of assignation and nailed up the windows.

"The law specified a definite penalty for those convicted and after that term had been served in the common jail they were released. The province had no special place in which to confine this class of offenders, unless they were of the Catholic denomination, in which case they were committed to the care of the Sisters of Mercy. They had no place to go, and nothing to do except walk the streets. They became literally street-walkers, and as such could be arrested for soliciting. That was the only way they could obtain a meal or a bed on which to sleep, and they were in and out of jail as regular as clockwork. As a rule, after finishing sentence, they were ordered to leave town under threat of arrest. If they left town the same treatment was meted out to them wherever they went.

"Then came the war. Men volunteered for war service and labour was at a premium. These girls knew the law. If they secured employment they could not be charged as vagrants. Many of them did obtain employment of a kind and they lived in rooms or apartments. Many more became 'kept women,' and there was nothing the law could do about that. Under these conditions the police had to prove 'traffic,' and it was necessary to obtain first-hand evidence before a conviction could be registered. We now had a situation where in every apartment house, in every set of flats, it was possible to have ex-prostitutes under the same roof with respectable families.

"These women never forgot the treatment to which they had been subjected. They were never so satisfied as when they obtained their revenge on society. I know for a positive fact that as they mixed more freely with society they never missed an opportunity of dragging other girls down to their own level. They didn't achieve their object in a day or a week, but wild parties got to be more and more popular, and gradually they wore off the thin veneer of respectability of many other girls with whom they came in contact. I know of one particular case in which three young girls,

daughters of prominent citizens, had reached the stage of going out to a hunting camp with men. An ex-prostitute was always in the party ; she set the pace. I was asked to go out and bring them home one night. When I got out to the lodge, accompanied by a priest, we found them all drunk. They had been playing strip poker, and the whole party was dancing around without a stitch on, but decorated with powder and lipstick like a party of savages. We broke up the party and took the three girls home. The rest followed in a car and crashed on the way into town. Most of them were seriously injured.

“ The sad part of this story is that when we entered to break up the party, the ex-prostitute, who was not nearly so drunk as the others, sat back and laughed until her sides nearly burst. She said : ‘ Well, I wonder how Mr. —— will like this ? He was one of the men who led the campaign to put us out on the streets. Perhaps now he will realize we are no worse than his own daughter.’ She referred to the father of one of the girls.”

The detective continued : “ My opinion is this. If there is an epidemic of diphtheria or other infectious or contagious disease they isolate those who have the disease and also those who have come in contact with them. These are diseases of the flesh. Immorality is a disease of the soul. Both are equally contagious. Why isolate the one and scatter the other ? If a house catches fire you try to smother it out, you don’t blow it up and scatter the fire-brands.”

Here, then, are the two sides of the question which has puzzled the minds of serious-thinking citizens in every part of the world. Certain countries have seen fit to enact legislation under which any girl found living with men, or even a man who is not her legally married husband, is forced to register. She is given a prostitute’s card, and must, under penalty of the law, submit herself for medical examination at stated intervals. In other countries they have closed up the “ Red Light ” districts and scattered the inhabitants far and wide. There is one thing to remember. All are human beings, both the good and the bad. Is it right to persecute the bad ? Is it Christian ? How

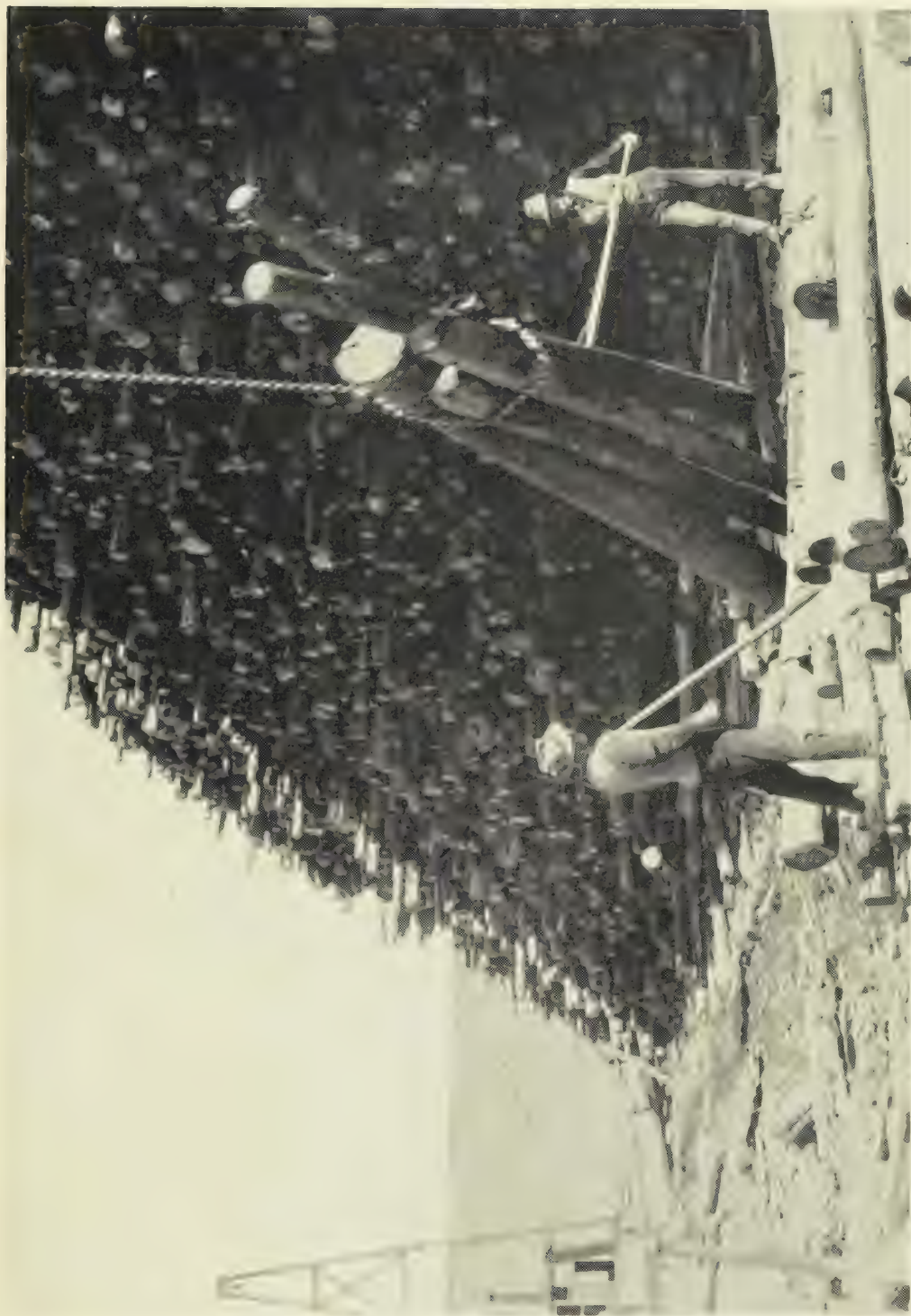


Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Far back in the woods camps are established around which lumber-jacks cut logs all winter. Teams of horses haul these logs down to the banks of the river, where they are piled on skidways.

(See Chapter VI.)



Photo by courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

Shows the commencement of the "drive." The spring thaw arrives and the height of water in the rivers is regulated by a series of dams. After the "key" log has been knocked away the gigantic piles of logs tumble down into the river, where the lumber-jacks untangle them and start them floating downstream towards the lumber mills.

(See Chapter VI.)

did Christ treat Mary Madgalene? I feel that if these places of assignation are to be closed up some provision must first be made for the occupants. Life is sweet to even such as they, otherwise they would have destroyed themselves. The animals in the wilds fight for their existence ; can we wonder if these unfortunates do likewise ?

This is a problem which one day must be solved sanely and within reason. We cannot forget that prostitution is the world's oldest profession.

CHAPTER XVII

I AM MOVED FROM NEW BRUNSWICK

AFTER my adventure with the Walnut gang Mrs. Rolff paid a visit to St. John, New Brunswick. She addressed a joint meeting of the Social Hygiene Council and various welfare committees of other organizations, and she told of the work being done by the international committee for combating venereal diseases. She went on to discuss quite frankly local conditions, which she said were as bad if not worse than those in any other port in the world.

The following morning I was called into the office by inspector McFarlane (he had relieved Inspector Stevens, who was transferred out west) and told that I had been accused by the city police of giving Mrs. Rolff the information she had used at the meeting of the Social Hygiene Council the previous night. There are few words that could better describe the situation in St. John following Mrs. Rolff's sensational disclosures than these: "There's a hell a poppin'." Which expression was used by an Irish truck-driver. The newspapers gave Mrs. Rolff front-page publicity, but the strange thing about the whole matter is that when a woman with an international reputation came to their city and had courage enough to tell its most representative citizens just how bad conditions were, people of both good and bad reputation took exception to the truths she told them, on the grounds that a stranger had no right to come and tarnish the city's good name. Naturally, some person had to be made the goat, and the responsibility was placed on my shoulders.

I told Inspector McFarlane that I had not given Mrs.

Rolff the information. He replied : " A city detective reported to me that you had been in Mrs. Rolff's room at her hotel for nearly two hours before the meeting." He added the information that you accompanied Mrs. Rolff to the meeting in a taxi. I replied : " He is right in everything, except in his statement that I gave Mrs. Rolff the information. The truth is that Mrs. Rolff amazed me with the volume of detailed information she had about conditions in the port of St. John. She knew of the conditions here long before we ever heard of her or the international committee for combating venereal disease."

My inspector warned me that to continue my activities would incur the enmity of many people, who might quite easily put pressure on the department to have me moved. He added : " Don't think I hold anything against you personally. I only wish to goodness you could clean up the dirty mess, but you can't. Those who pretend to be behind you will let you down every time. Take my advice. Protect your own interests and those of the company you work for, and let the rest look after themselves."

Inspector McFarlane is one of the men I will always respect and admire. He was a man of sterling worth and integrity. He was good enough to act as godfather to one of my little girls.

" Inspector, don't think I'm in this thing just because I'm looking for a fight," I said. " I'm not just seeking an adventure. I went overseas at the age of eighteen and lived four and a half years living through hell, and like a million others I went because I had faith in the British Empire and wanted to secure for my children and my children peaceful lives and happy ones. What chance do my children have to live in peace and happiness when they are under attack by the enemies of society, both morally and physically, from the moment they are old enough to toddle about. Do you believe me when I say that I have no more peace with conditions in St. John than I have with nearly every city in the world. If it is true that out of every ten adults is suffering from syphilis, and out of every ten are or have been victims of

gonorrhœa, is it not then far more necessary to fight the enemies within our midst than fight those who look upon us with envious eyes from abroad?"

"What can one man do against the forces you know you are up against?" he inquired.

"Little or nothing, except inform the public of the actual conditions which exist, so that they may be ever alert and guard their children as much as possible from the dangers which surround them. If they are kept in the dark these conditions will never right themselves. It is only when the public is made to understand and realize thoroughly the danger of the situation that they will act."

I am still convinced that it is necessary to inform the public, otherwise I would not be writing about a subject which is far from pleasant. The truth is that we cannot scatter vice broadcast without reaping the harvest of sickness and suffering which is sure to follow. Those who advocate cleaning house morally should know what to do with the debris before they start to clean up, and should not leave it as a source of public contamination.

A Roman Catholic priest, who is now a bishop in Western Canada, discussed these matters with me one night. He said: "Every child is born into this world innocent and all females are protected while young with a veneer of respectability and modesty. I am convinced that a girl will remain pure unless she is subjected to conditions and an environment against which she is powerless to contend. The only way in which we can combat conditions of vice and immorality is by removing from society those who are spreading the disease, for it is a disease just as surely as any other contagious illness. But," he added, "we must take care of these unfortunates. We must not treat them with hatred, otherwise they will repay that hatred with revenge. We would lose faith in Christianity if it wasn't for the fact that Christ showed the world during His short ministry the solution of our problems. Unfortunately we do not follow His advice and example. I believe in the teachings of Christ because He was always correct. That is the only way of which no purely human being is capable."

often thinking of the way in which He treated Mary Magdalene. That is why we have our Sisters of Mercy. We cannot keep a girl under their care longer than the law prescribes, but we wouldn't turn a girl away if she was anxious to reform. In such a case we would try to secure for her some respectable employment before returning her to the outside world. The trouble is that only a very small percentage of these unfortunate girls, after they become hardened, seem to show any inclination to reform. I have found it possible to reform a thief and a drunkard, but I believe that once a person has been guilty of immorality they are doomed, if sufficiently tempted, to fall again. It is as if the power of sex and the flame of passion is unquenchable, once it has been kindled, until it is smothered by old age."

"What, then, is the solution?" I asked.

"Holy Mother Church, in her wisdom, has brought into effect a wonderful protection for those of her children who wish to follow her advice. We advocate frequent confession and the regular receiving of Holy Communion as soon as children reach the age of reason."

"But what of those who have fallen into evil ways of living and who spread immorality and disease?" I inquired.

"Under the present set-up of our social laws there is little we can do; to save a child it must be removed from its unsavoury surroundings while still young. Reformation requires long and sympathetic treatment. Fourteen days' detention is not sufficient, for during the whole of that time the prisoner is in a state of revolt against society, which he or she believes is against them. Most professional prostitutes are recruited from the ranks of those girls who have been brutally treated at home or who have found it impossible from one cause or another to find gainful and congenial employment. Often such a condition is due to the girl's inability to adapt herself to the ways of society; sometimes it is due to the unfair conditions under which domestics are required to work. One fact is striking. There is more illegitimacy amongst domestic servants than

almost any other class. Why? Because of the monotony of the lives they live in many houses which employ hired female help. They are often forced to seek amusement and relaxation outside the home. They are often expected to work such long hours that their tasks become household drudgery. Because of this lack of sympathetic understanding they are more susceptible to the wiles of companions they meet outside when trying to escape from the monotony of their everyday lives.

"They are young. They wish to live. They want companionship. All these things are natural, but they are forced to seek their amusements in the public dance halls or on the streets. Now that the motor-car has come into common use it offers another attraction which few girls seem able to resist, and it provides a means of isolating the girl, the results of which are only too familiar. Improved working conditions in the homes, properly conducted places of amusement and entertainment, a more Christian attitude by those who are better off towards those who are less fortunate are amongst the best remedies to correct the evil."

It was shortly after this conversation that my wife was called in by a neighbour. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon and I had just arrived home off duty. The young daughter of this poor woman, only aged seven, had been brutally attacked by a boy while she was in the basement of the school which she attended. The unfortunate girl's clothing had been literally torn from her body. The boy guilty of the crime was one of two children of an unmarried woman. She was well known to the police and entertained seamen at her apartment while they were in port. Evidence was obtained that the daughter, aged nine, and the boy aged fourteen, actually used to take their mother and her male friends breakfast to bed, before they left for school in the mornings.

What could be expected of a boy brought up under such conditions? According to the law the mother could have been charged with contributing to juvenile delinquency, and if proved guilty the children could have been sent to a home and the mother to jail. Nothing, however, was done

about it. I had only one child of school age then, and I sent her to her grandmother over in England, where she remained until I went to Toronto.

Following a speech which I made before an assembly, at which Premier Veniot and many other high officials and politicians were present, my company was asked to either "fire" me or remove me from the province. These men, who should have been interested in learning the true facts so that they might clean up the situation, took exception to the things I said. I had simply told them the truth. I was satisfied that once they knew the facts they would act, but I was sadly disappointed.

The day following the night I made the speech, I was instructed to leave St. John. My wife was ill in bed at the time, and at first I refused to leave. I never had backed down from a fight when I thought I was in the right, but I found Inspector McFarlane's prediction was true. There weren't sufficient citizens in St. John who had enough faith to see the thing through.

I can never properly thank the heads of the Investigation Department of the C.P.R. for the consideration and kindness they showed me and my family during these trying times. They saw to it that my wife received the best medical and nursing attention, and after she was well they provided hotel accommodation for the whole family. Their own coopers helped with the packing and crating of the furniture, and they moved everything and everyone without cost to myself from St. John to Toronto. They were also considerate enough to send me back to St. John so that I could travel with my family the long and tiresome train journey to middle Canada.

If this story ended here I wouldn't have published it at all, but it doesn't.

Public opinion was being aroused throughout Canada. The Commercial Protective Association was organized, with headquarters in Ottawa, Toronto, and Montreal, and Mr. R. P. Sparks was made Chairman of the Executive Committee. This Association hired four investigators to obtain evidence of bootlegging and smuggling in the

Province of Quebec, from which province the Canadian Mounted Police were withdrawn from duty in 1921. They were ex-Inspector Duncan of the Toronto police, Investigator Knox of the C.P.R., and two others.

The Honourable H. H. Stevens, member for Vancouver, was supplied by Mr. Sparks with all the evidence collected and compiled by this association, and he demanded and obtained the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the whole situation. Mr. Stevens, speaking in parliament, said that the Dominion of Canada was losing revenue to the extent of between two and three hundred million dollars a year as the result of smuggling, the malpractice of customs officials, and the misappropriation of funds.

Mr. Sparks was informed by Mr. W. C. Cross, President of Hall & Fairweather, St. John, New Brunswick, that I could be of valuable assistance to his organization, and when the Royal Commission was ready to sit in the Maritimes, I was released by the Canadian Pacific police to go down and assist the Counsel to the Commission prepare their brief.

Messrs. Calder and O'Connor were the lawyers for the Commission, and I worked in conjunction with Sergeant Fred Lucas of the R.C.M.P. bringing the many witnesses before them. We had no easy task. There were only a very few who volunteered to give evidence in open court, as I have remarked in a previous chapter. Most of the witnesses were allowed to give their evidence in private, because they were afraid of their lives. One man who gave evidence had his home destroyed by dynamite, although fortunately his family escaped injury. One customs officer, Mr. Walsh, sub-collector at St. Leonards, died of heart failure. The upshot of the whole thing was a general clean-up on a large scale.

One rather interesting adventure I had when working with this very fine type of officer, Sergeant Lucas, concerned the smuggling of narcotics into Canada from Europe. Most people seem to think that cocaine, morphine, heroin, and opium are exported chiefly from the Orient. But my experience goes to show that irrespective of where the drugs

originated, the organized international heads of the traffic are located in Central Europe.

When I was an officer in the merchant service, I saw many of these drugs sold openly to sailors, stewards, and other members of ships' crews, in the cafés of Antwerp, Hamburg and Rotterdam. These men did not handle large quantities, but they disposed of what they did buy at a handsome profit to an agent who contacted them when they arrived at their port of destination. In the particular case to which I refer, Sergeant Lucas had received information that two doctors in St. John were acting as the clearing houses for these dope smugglers, and he asked me to go with him to make the arrests. It can easily be realized how careful one has to be to make sure and have sufficient evidence to warrant such action against medical men, but Lucas said he was certain we would catch our men red-handed.

We decided to arrest one of the doctors as he left a ship, which had just arrived in port. Our information was that he would receive the drugs from the steward in charge of the ship's hospital. According to plan we kept the doctor under observation, and saw him drive down to the wharf in his car. He parked the car as near the ship's gangway as was conveniently possible. It was about 8 p.m. and already quite dark. Thinking I was unknown to the doctor I followed him aboard, and saw him go to the ship's hospital, where he met the sick bay steward. Satisfied that our information was correct, we waited for him to leave the ship, because we were anxious to arrest him ashore with the narcotics in his possession. We wanted him to actually place the drugs in his car, because it would have been comparatively easy for him to heave a small parcel into the water had he become suspicious before entering his car.

The result was that Sergeant Lucas decided to close on him the moment he entered his car, and I was stationed a little farther down the wharf to make sure that he didn't get away if anything unforeseen happened. The wharf was narrow. Box-cars of freight were on one side and the water on the other. The doctor came ashore carrying his little black grip. He entered the car, and Lucas stepped out

of hiding just as he closed the door. The doctor stepped on the gas, and Lucas jumped on the running-board. The doctor steered his car over towards the freight cars, and Lucas had to jump to save himself from being crushed. He escaped serious injury by falling between the coupling of two freight cars. I stepped out and waved my flashlight, but the car came towards me with ever-increasing speed. I had to step on one side to avoid being run down, and before I could turn and use my revolver the car had disappeared from sight. We gave chase and went straight to the doctor's house, but he did not show up. Subsequently we learned that he had driven right to the American border, and he never came back to St. John. His wife sold up the home some time later, and went to join him in exile.

The other doctor was arrested and taken to court, but was convicted on a lesser charge of selling drugs illegally. It was the only evidence that could be proven against him. These cases were reported to the Commission.

We found out that the method these men employed was to ship the drugs they collected as passenger's luggage to other points in Canada, and these narcotics were distributed from there to markets in the United States. All this information did not materialize immediately, but was obtained by piecing together odds and ends of evidence that were gathered from time to time.

One of the steamers brought into St. John a load of smuggled liquor. Sergeant Lucas searched the ship and found cases of liquor in most of the officers' cabins. In this case he was very sure of his grounds, because he had actually purchased several cases of the smuggled liquor from the ship's steward before they knew he was an officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. But when he exercised his authority and caused the ship to be placed under bonds, the Minister of Customs in Ottawa cancelled the bonds "Because of the captain's previous good record and conduct."

One important case proved before the Commission was undoubtedly that in which an official of the customs department swore that he had estreated the bond of a vessel, which had loaded liquor out of bond for delivery in the West

Indies, and had returned to port for another load the next day. It must be obvious to all that the ship could not have made the voyage from St. John to Bermuda and back in twenty-four hours, yet according to the evidence of this officer he was instructed by his superiors that he must not repeat the performance without first consulting officials in Ottawa. The Commission was informed that the estreated bond was returned to the owner of the vessel by return of mail.

The case of the Walnut gang was aired, and many other instances brought to the attention of the Commission. One question was asked by a member of the Commission. "Can you give some definite evidence of how smuggling hurts the revenue of the Dominion Government and acts to the detriment of established business." This gentleman was told to walk down any street in the city and notice the empty cigarette packages in the gutter. He was told that a large percentage of them were containers which had held American cigarettes, and he satisfied himself that this was true. What was true in St. John was proved before the Commission to be true in most cities in Canada.

An amusing incident was that of a man who telephoned right from the hotel in which the Commission was staying, and asked the bell hop to deliver a bottle of Black & White whisky. The man said: "We don't want anything but the best. Send us up some good smuggled stock." It was delivered right to the room in which evidence of smuggling was being heard in private.

It was also proved that at certain points along the New Brunswick border, the customs office was quite a distance from the travelled highway, and that if a car wished to be examined it had to detour, in one case eight miles, in order to call on the customs officials. All this, however, is history. Many people were not satisfied with the lenient penalties meted out to those found guilty, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the inquiry caused a very considerable shake up throughout the Dominion. Audits were made of the books of many firms engaged in illicit trade, the result being that millions of dollars were paid into the revenue department

which would never have been received if the Commission had not sat.

According to the evidence given before the Royal Commission the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had been withdrawn from the province of Quebec in 1921. A man named J. F. Bennet had been appointed chief preventive officer for the port of Montreal. Inspector Bushby, an honest man, had been prevented from making an inspection of the port since 1922 by order of a high official. It was proved to the satisfaction of the Commission that Bennet had been placed in a position to facilitate the activities of the smugglers rather than hinder them. I have told, earlier, how Mr. C—— approached me with regard to taking command of a ship which was intended to smuggle alcohol into America from Europe. Sixteen thousand gallons of such alcohol was seized aboard the barge *Gipsy* near Montreal, on the information of General E. de Panet, who at that time was Chief of the Quebec Provincial Police, and placed in the customs-house bonded warehouse, Montreal. The evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee on February 15th, 1926, went to show that the alcohol was sold to Mr. G. L. C——, vice-president and general manager of a distilling company. Mr. C—— was also connected with an import and export company of St. Pierre (a French possession in the River St. Lawrence from which bootleggers and smugglers evading the American and Canadian customs operated unmolested). The sale of the seized alcohol was authorized by another high Government official personally, and the price was 36 cents per gallon. In other words C—— got back 16,000 gallons of alcohol upon payment of \$5906.91. Things were getting pretty hot for Mr. C——, and he sailed for England immediately after the inquiry was started.

Evidence was given by Inspector Duncan to show that Bennet had banked over \$60,000 cash, bought a private yacht, a summer home, and a farm (which was conveniently situated, one-half being in the United States and the other half in Canada) during his term of office. His salary from the department during this period rose from \$700 to \$2500



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

If Izaak Walton dreamed of a heaven it was probably something similar to the photograph of Fallbrook Falls, Mirimichi River, New Brunswick.



Photo by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Fishing in Nepisiquit River, New Brunswick. "Fools will rush where angels fear to tread." It's safer to hire an experienced guide than have your family pay funeral expenses.

a year. He was dismissed from the service, and Inspector Bushby put back on the job.

Further evidence was given to show that millions of dollars' worth of cotton goods and silk were smuggled into Canada from the U.S.A. The cotton goods, mostly work-shirts and overalls, were made by prison labour in the States, and smuggled into Canada without payment of duty, to be sold in competition with goods made in Canada. One famous company was caught three times, but everything was fixed up and no prosecutions resulted, according to the evidence.

Further evidence was produced to show that another firm had defrauded the Government of more than \$100,000 in five years by smuggling silk into Canada, and had paid a voluntary fine of \$15,000 when caught with a small shipment by Mr. Sparks' investigators.

I have already referred to the experiences Sergeant Lucas and I had with dope smugglers. Evidence was given to show that two women were arrested in Montreal for having two steamer trunks full of dope in their possession. The drugs were turned over to the Chief of Police, but they were subsequently stolen from his office. It was proved that both women were friends of Bennet and his son, and they escaped convictions.

Is it any wonder that an honest man didn't have a chance? All he could do was to make a report to the heads of his department like we had to do when we seized the car of liquor in St. Leonards. The contents of his report were known to every bootlegger and gangster interested before he was in a position to even protect himself. Is it to be wondered at that I was hit over the head and Inspector Duncan barely escaped with his life when making an arrest in Montreal? One of Inspector Duncan's informants was found in the river, murdered. He was trussed up with wire like a drawn fowl.

What could you do about it any more than we did? In New Brunswick we made public knowledge of the conditions which existed. The various organizations demanded that a public inquiry be made by the Attorney-General of the

province. I was to be the chief witness. The Attorney-General resigned, and I was removed from the province. The people, however, registered their displeasure at the polls the next provincial election. Only one member of the Veniot Government succeeded in returning to power, and that man was J. G. Robichard, member for Bathurst.

I have referred to the smuggling of cars into Canada from the United States. Evidence before the Commission went to show that crooked customs officials were mixed up in this racket also. Most of the smuggled cars had been previously stolen in the States by gangs of motor-car thieves. These stolen cars were disposed of in Canada, where a regular business was done changing their engine numbers and their appearance. But what could be done about it when subordinates in the customs and preventive service were proved, by evidence under oath, to have supplied themselves with high-priced luxurious cars and supplied them also to their superiors without cost?

I could go on giving instance after instance to prove that what I discovered in New Brunswick was proved to be equally true in Quebec, Ontario, and British Columbia.

I sometimes look back now and laugh to think what a great "joke" certain Civil Service Commissioners must have thought my application for a position on the preventive service to be. I even enclosed with my application a confidential report that I had submitted to a prominent official. I was seeking the opportunity to stop smuggling. They were appointing men who aided the smugglers. (Bennet, it was proved, had offered a high official \$100 per week to get him the job which would pay him only \$50 per week, but would place him in the position to graft on a large scale.) The bribe was not accepted, but Bennet got the job he wanted. Both Civil Service Commissioners were allowed to resign from office early during the hearing of the Parliamentary Committee.

What I said about beers and liquors being shipped under Government permit out of distilleries and breweries' bonded warehouses for export, and short-circuited back into Canada, was proved to be true also. Messrs. Gordon, Clarkson &

Dellworth, who acted as auditors for the Royal Commission, secured so much evidence that the distillers and brewers concerned were required to pay back to the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars.

During the last Federal election the Honourable H. H. Stevens broke away from the Conservative Party. He had demanded another investigation to be held into conditions affecting trade and commerce within the Dominion. He charged that the chain stores and large departmental stores were combines within the meaning of the Combines Act, and operated unfairly in restraint of trade to the detriment of the small merchant and the public. He got enough followers to run a Stevens' Reconstruction Party candidate in almost every constituency, but the whole effort was a dismal failure. Mr. Stevens himself was, I believe, the only Reconstructionist to be elected.

It is only fair to say that, irrespective of which party has been in power since the Royal Commission finished its work in 1926, conditions in the customs and preventive service have been vastly improved and the revenue from the customs and excise departments increased one hundred-fold, and Canada is one of the first countries to be recovering from the depression.

Any country which could stand the heavy financial losses Canada suffered because of corruption in her customs and revenue services must be a great country, and that is why I have faith in its future.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE POLITICAL GAME

HIGHLIGHTS of the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee which led to the Royal Commission being appointed to investigate the administration of the customs department and a few interesting letters written to various individuals about facts contained in this book. While there is a certain amount of repetition, they at least prove the truth of my statements.

February 2nd, 1926. The Honourable H. H. Stevens, Conservative member for Vancouver Centre, dropped a bombshell in the House of Commons by stating that he had evidence which would prove "gross maladministration on the part of the Liberal Government as an aggregation of individuals, particularly in regard to the customs department."

He charged : "Already nine filing cabinets containing damaging evidence have been removed from the Government offices to the home of an ex-Minister, and there they have been destroyed."

He went on to say : "I refuse to tell where I obtained this information, because if I did those who are most guilty would be notified within an hour, and would be able to cover their tracks ; and because it would not be safe for innocent business men to walk the streets of Montreal, and because valuable documents pertaining to the case in departmental offices might be destroyed."

This speech was delivered following a motion which had been made to adjourn the House of Commons that night. Mr. Stevens went on to speak against the motion to adjourn and said : "The adjournment was designed to prevent the disclosures I intend to make." He went on : "Since the

last election friends of the Ministry have stolen from the Exchequer millions of dollars, and they have done this within the knowledge of the Government, encompassed by their power, and those most guilty are clearly known to the business world and known to the Government."

He went on to charge that the \$350,000 voted in the previous session of Parliament to be used in connection with improving the customs and preventive service had actually been turned into a political campaign fund, to be used in the province of Quebec during the elections.

Mr. Stevens said: "One political henchman, aged ninety-two years, was taken on for special preventive work.

"The vortex of customs irregularities is not confined to one spot in Canada." The member for Vancouver Centre stated: "Its fringe was in Prince Rupert, but its centre, 'a veritable cesspool,' was in Montreal. The moving spirit of the Montreal ring is this man Bennet." He added: "This man Bennet . . . the worst of crooks . . . is the intimate of Cabinet Ministers and the petted favourite of the Government. He rolled in opulence while he debauched officials."

S. W. Jacobs, Liberal member, caused an amusing reaction in the House when he interrupted Mr. Stevens to ask: "Does my honourable friend realize that Mr. Bennet is a Conservative?" Mr. Jacobs went on to point out that while Bennet was appointed by a Liberal Government in 1911 he had served in the customs service all during the Conservative regime from 1911 to 1921.

Mr. Stevens retorted: "I don't care what the man's political stripe may be. I know now that the man is a criminal and a crook. What I say is that this Government has had intimate official knowledge of it all. Bennet has lived on a farm which is situated half in Canada and half in the United States. This farm has been the rendezvous for crooks and smugglers, while he himself is a smuggler and a thief."

Mr. Stevens said he had evidence to prove that after Bennet had been officially reported to the Government for attempting to bribe a superior, in order to obtain promotion

in the customs service, the Government had very kindly promoted him a high official for the port of Montreal, and apparently told him to keep his money. He went on to point out that this position placed Bennet in the "biggest customs job in the Montreal district and in the best position in the Dominion so far as the opportunity for corruption and graft was concerned."

It was quite obvious that certain members in the House were shocked when, in continuing his speech, Mr. Stevens produced and read extracts from certain sworn evidence "that Bennet had received certain large sums of money on account of the Receiver-General which were deposited to his own account." He openly defied any person in the House to prove they had "one single thread of evidence to show that any of this money ever went to the credit of the Receiver-General. Yet," he charged, "no action had been taken by the Government." He gave great credit to Mr. Wilson of the customs preventive service. He went on to say: "If the Government had taken notice of the reports made by Mr. Wilson and followed his advice, Bennet would have been behind the bars long ago."

Mr. Stevens next referred to the case in which two trunks filled with narcotics had been seized on the wharf at Montreal in possession of two women. Both women were well known to Bennet and his son. In court, Mr. Stevens pointed out, Bennet had denied he knew the women, and the judge in the case told him plainly he thought he was committing perjury. The member from the West brought nearly every member of the House to his feet when he stated dramatically: "These two trunks filled with narcotics were stolen from the office of the Chief of Police. An American gangster had been hired to do the job, but Bennet's gang beat the gangsters to the trunks by twenty-four hours. Bud Martin, a negro who had threatened to squeal on the gang, was found in the river, drowned, his body trussed with wire." Mr. Stevens raised his voice and shouted: "This Government appointed Bennet. They kept him in office, and now I want to investigate matters they move the adjournment."

But Mr. H. H. Stevens had only started his speech.

There was plenty more to come, he informed the House. "Smuggling, legalized by this Government, is still going on ; and the smuggled goods are being disposed of by so-called reputable business concerns. I have a list of the firms here in my hands. Every member would recognize some name on the list. Mounted police have reported on these things and the Department of Justice having these things within their knowledge . . ."

Mr. Lapointe (Minister of Justice) : "No. . . . No. . . ."

He went on to charge that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had been "removed and kept out of the province of Quebec since 1921." He went on to criticize R. P. Clark, an inspector for the customs department, and eulogized Chief Preventive Officer Bushby, who, he claimed, had been kept out of Montreal area for the past three years.

A High Official : "If Mr. Bushby wasn't in bed, sick, he would be in Montreal now, conducting the investigation." He claimed he had nothing to hide and would welcome the investigation being asked for by Mr. Stevens, and added : "I'd like to see it probed back at least twenty years."

Mr. Stevens retorted that the investigation now being carried out had been forced on the Government, and was nothing but a mere farce. He charged it was being conducted so the Government would know who the guilty people were, so that they could separate the sheep from the goats. "The arch-smugglers won't be prosecuted if this adjournment is granted," he raged. "A man would be fined here and another man there, and the big business concerns which had defrauded the country of millions would be allowed to walk free."

Mr. Stevens went on to deal with the *Gipsy* case. He pointed out that when this barge was seized, with 16,000 gallons of alcohol aboard, the documents had been changed to read 14,000 gallons. He insinuated that there was a 2000-gallon graft right there. He next brought out that a certain distilling company had bought this over-proof alcohol from the Government for 36 cents per gallon and offered to prove that seventy drums of the same alcohol had been sold

just previously to another party at \$14 per gallon. Mr. C—— was first vice-president and general manager for the distilling company, and president of an import and export company of St. Pierre ; he was the man who interviewed me while I was serving on the C.P.R. police in regard to my taking command of a steamer which was to be used smuggling this very same alcohol from Europe into the United States and Canada.

Mr. Stevens claimed the Dominion Government had lost over \$200,000 on this transaction alone. Mr. C—— was one of the first witnesses to be called before the Parliamentary Committee, which ultimately appointed the Royal Commission to investigate the charges made by Mr. Stevens. He cleared out of the country as soon as the opportunity offered. Mr. Stevens went on to give instances in which R.C.M.P. officers and others tried to do their duty, but had been interfered with time and time again. He quoted the case of a Chinese caught smuggling dope, whose trial was remanded thirty-nine times. Another case had been remanded fifty-two times. In both these cases, he charged, the Department of Justice had appointed Counsel at \$10 per day, and they drew that \$10 every time the case came up for a further remand. He cited another case in which the R.C.M.P. swore out information, and locked up a man who was a political friend of the Government. Next morning when the case came to court the charge was dismissed on a technicality, that the charge was not made out right. That, he claimed, was true enough. "The original charge as made out by the officers of the R.C.M.P. had been changed during the night," he accused, and added : "I might mention here that I have knowledge of several cases in which the same thing was done to evade the punishment of the law."

Mr. Stevens said : "I say the Government dare not arrest Bennet unless forced to do so by public opinion. I demand the arrest of these bogus business men who operate along the border." He charged that two eighteen-year-old boys had been made to pay \$90 for bringing into Canada some shirts and ties, when big business concerns were

conducting the most brazen smuggling business on a wholesale basis it is possible to imagine. "The men I want prosecuted now are the men who are doing it wholesale, in railway cars and truck loads, on a scale amounting to millions of dollars each year."

Mr. Stevens further charged that investigators had estimated that silk alone valued at from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 per year was being smuggled into Canada, and being manufactured into dresses and garments by unscrupulous business men on such a scale that honest business concerns were unable to compete, and were rapidly being forced out of business. Good honest worth-while business houses, who gave quality for money and paid decent wages to employees, were being sacrificed wholesale, and in their place were springing up a group of commercial pirates who used smuggled goods and sweated shop labour.

Another glaring illustration he gave was that in which he claimed he was willing to prove, and afterwards did prove, that the whole Dominion was being flooded with cotton overalls and work shirts. He claimed these goods were made in United States penitentiaries, and were smuggled into Canada and sold by prominent business concerns in competition with the products of Canadian workmen.

It is one of the things I hate about party politics as played in Canada. The politicians in both parties will stop at nothing to win a victory for their party. I have no quarrel with the individual players, but I have a decided quarrel with the way the political game is played. Another thing which Britishers and Canadians may well study is the ever-increasing influence foreigners are obtaining in this country's affairs.

American capital dominates the financial and industrial life of the country. I don't wonder that British capital has failed to recover from the shock it received over the amalgamation of the various railways, including the Grand Trunk and Transcontinental, which brought into being what is known to-day as the Canadian National Railways. British shareholders got a raw deal, and everyone I have spoken to upon the subject frankly admits that they were treated with

rank injustice. But after all we must consider whether or not it is good business to see Canadian politicians more closely united with American than they are with British institutions.

Shady politicians of both parties have sold out many millions of dollars' worth of good Canadian forest lands, and other natural resources, both mineral and water power, to American interests for the sake of personal gain. That sort of thing leads to dissatisfaction and unrest. The Communist Party have thrived upon such dishonest management, until they have increased their followers by thousands. I'm not trying to create a bogey man.

CHAPTER XIX

PREVENTION OF CRIME

THERE is another matter of utmost importance that my experience as a policeman brought forcibly to my attention, and it is this. We seem to be muddling through one of the biggest problems of the age, just as we muddled through the war. Crime is war—war against society, which is costly and deadly. Surely a condition of crime which costs society millions of dollars every year is worthy of consideration. But the millions we lose in cold cash is as nothing when compared with the physical and moral damage being done to members of society who come into contact directly or indirectly with the criminal element.

Under our present system, so much each year is voted out of the public funds by the Government for the suppression of crime and for the upkeep of our institutions in which we confine criminals after they have been convicted. Why do we wait until boys and girls become criminals and enemies of society? Why is it that all experiments in crime prevention and youth welfare work have to be financed by voluntary public subscription? If we are willing to spend millions in suppression of crime and vice, and in confining those we are able to convict, why in common sense don't we use public money to save children *before* they graduate into the criminal class? There is only one answer. The public don't understand. I hope I will be forgiven for saying that fully 90 per cent of the public don't want to understand. They just can't be bothered. It is probably one of the selfish traits of our human nature to try and avoid things which are unpleasant. The hush, hush policy was followed in regard to social diseases until, mainly because of ignorance, a large percentage of the world's population is suffering from various

forms of syphilis, and an even larger percentage have or have had gonorrhea. The financial problem due to the loss of time through illness, and the problem of looking after the blind and insane victims of these dread diseases, is becoming so great that it has reached international proportions. I refer to the above matter again, because vice and crime are so closely linked and interwoven, that in dealing with the matter of a possible solution one must consider both together.

It is my humble opinion that to remedy the conditions I have tried to describe we must start right at the bottom of the ladder which leads to lives of crime and vice, and not half-way up or near the top. In other words we must begin with the boys and girls when as mere children they show the first signs of going astray.

We may all be born with the stain of original sin, but I have yet to meet a criminal who just grew up that way. In all the cases I have checked, there is always some definite occurrence which happened to turn that person from the right path to the wrong. That is why to my mind our work must commence with the juveniles. If we are going to spend money we should spend it on them. What can we expect children to develop into who run wild like a pack of half-famished wolves? I honestly believe that there isn't a single child, boy or girl, who cannot be won back to the correct way of living and made into useful citizens by kindness and sympathetic understanding provided they are taken in hand before they have become hardened. Putting them into institutions, such as reformatories, simply hurries the hardening process, and gives them a greater opportunity to round out their knowledge of vice.

We need outstanding men and women who are students of human nature, people with an abundance of common sense and great qualities of leadership, to win back the faith and confidence of youthful delinquents, rather than wardens and the type of men we engage as prison guards. Right at the very start we must convince these youthful offenders that we know they got a "raw deal" from society, rather than try and force down their necks the impression that they have given society a "raw deal." I took dozens of boys and

girls to my own home. Young devils they were. Most of them had many convictions for theft, and all were thought to be incorrigible. In only one case did I fail to get the confidence of the child. All the others were amazed at the fact that a policeman would, instead of taking them to the police-station, invite them to his home where they met his wife and family on a level footing. They shed their embarrassment and reserve in no time, and were soon enjoying themselves. (Having seven children of our own, perhaps my wife and I understand children better than others who have none at all, but who try to tell us how to raise them.)

In every case I found these unfortunate little tykes hungry for love, companionship, and sympathy. If they cannot be given what they hunger for in proper surroundings by decent people, they most assuredly drift into the hands of those who are mixed up with crime and vice. These master criminals, these procurers, these white slavers, don't boldly kidnap their unfortunate victims and drive them headlong into lives of crime and vice with threats of brutal punishment, rather they frequent the police courts, they are in touch with shady lawyers. They learn to know those who have been made outcasts by the law, and they hold out a welcome hand and pretend to offer their unsuspecting victims the sympathy and understanding they know their hearts are yearning for. It is only after they have won their confidence that they turn around and betray them so ruthlessly for the sake of self-gratification or financial gain.

The Big Brother and Big Sister movements, and all others allied to the sacred cause of salvaging young lives, are well worthy of public support, but at the most they can only just scratch the surface. We wouldn't send a few hundred green volunteers, no matter how enthusiastic they were, to stop an invading army. We would muster the resources of the nation, and leave the matter in the hands of those most experienced and best qualified to deal with it. The big risk in volunteer welfare work amongst the young is that many go into the work out of sheer curiosity, and others are unsuited for the task they try to do.

My belief is that we will never control the conditions about

which I write until we have the necessary organization, machinery, and finances to be in a position to take care of every boy and girl whom we find is not receiving the things in life to which they are entitled.

If a child has no home—and by “home” I don’t just mean bricks and mortar, I mean everything the word stands for. I mean warmth, food, cleanliness, clothes, affectionate care, good example, and proper education—then society must provide for that child. But it will be of no avail if we dress it up in pauper’s clothes and put it in an institution and make the child feel it is the recipient of charity. I have seen a brand of charity as cold as liquid air, so cold it froze the self-respect of those who received it. Children do not just wish to be made into a good boy or a good girl, they want to become clever men and smart women.

My picture is to provide these children with self-contained settlements, where under the right type of supervision they are not *taught*, but rather *assisted* to become useful and capable citizens. It would be necessary also to ease the graduates from these communities into industrial life, or into business or the trades and professions, and then keep in touch with them, at all times until they are firmly established in life, being ready and willing to extend the helping hand or necessary advice and good counsel. It is a big problem, but the cost of doing the job thoroughly and properly would not be anything nearly as great as the cost of leaving it alone to solve itself, which it will never do. Unless we tackle this problem seriously, it cannot help but go from bad to worse, and every person sooner or later is bound to suffer both financially and morally.

My life since leaving the sea, living in close contact with the poor and the under-privileged, and afterwards with those tainted with vice and crime, has convinced me that my ideas are right. It was with very great pleasure, therefore, that I found a few others were thinking and experimenting along the same lines. Most people interested in these problems agree with me that, providing we start early enough and keep in touch long enough, we can save society from the ever-increasing number of criminal and vice

racketeers, but—and it is a big but—it requires money, and that money cannot be raised entirely by voluntary public subscription, it must be supplied by the Government.

Father Edward J. Flanagan, whom I have never met, but in whose work I have been greatly interested, says : “ We have boy criminals because we don’t like boys . . . other people’s boys. We don’t invest in boys. How, then, can we expect dividends from them ? ”

This is the man who organized Boy Town, Nebraska, U.S.A. He claims, and his records prove it, that he has graduated more than four thousand boys of all classes, races, and creeds from this self-contained town into the life of the nation WITHOUT A SINGLE FAILURE. He can tell you where every boy, who went to him a criminal, is to-day. Father Flanagan can only take care of 217 of the nation’s TEN MILLION homeless and under-privileged boys at one time, and it costs \$250,000 each year to take care of these boys in the way that ensured 100 per cent results. This money is raised by public subscription. Last year Father Flanagan had to turn away 500 boys.

“ Here, in the States,” he says, “ we have ten million boys roaming around like so many hungry, desperate little animals, unwanted, neglected, through our back streets and up our alleys. It is our fault, not theirs, that they become criminal.” What is true of the United States I have proved to be true of Canada, and I am satisfied that it is true of most countries of the world. What is true of boys is doubly true of girls.

Father Flanagan has handled all kinds of boys. Three of them had committed murder. Two of them killed their own fathers. Just recently Edward Doherty wrote the story of Father Flanagan’s work in *Liberty* magazine. He said the United States’ crime bill had reached the appalling figure of sixteen billion dollars a year. He points out that for a thousand dollars a year each, these boys who are being rehabilitated by Father Flanagan in Boy Town receive everything they require in the way of comfort, recreation, and education. If these figures are correct it would cost the United States ten billion dollars each year to give her

ten million under-privileged children the proper care and attention Almighty God intended every child born into this world to receive. Even this enormous expenditure would be justified if it dried up the source from which are drawn recruits for lives of crime and vice. It is false economy to try and side-step the issue, because we cannot afford to sow such a crop of sorrow and destitution without harvesting it back again in full measure. Unless we give these unfortunates the hand of friendship and equality they cannot help but grow up anti-social radicals, ripe subjects for communism, and criminals.

Father Flanagan, when newly ordained to the priesthood, felt pity for the derelict men of his city, so he rented a home for them in Omaha, just across from the police station. In this refuge they could obtain a meal and a bed. One night a little "brat," a "gutter-snipe," call him what you will, begged for shelter, and with that appeal Father Flanagan saw the light. "When I looked into that pinched little face I felt actually guilty," he said. "I knew I was all wrong. I realized I would have to start with boys to save men."

To-day, on a half-section of land ten miles west of Omaha is Boy Town, a whole community within itself. Dormitories, a gymnasium, a grade school, and a high school approved by the State, the best teachers money can provide. There is a machine shop, a carpenter's shop, a cobbler's shop, and a laundry, a tailor's shop, and a baseball field. A football field and a farm, and even a lake well stocked with fish—everything required for the making of men. It is incorporated as a town. It has its boy mayor, boy councillors, a boy commissioner of police, a band, a choir, its own magazine, several chapels to accommodate the various denominations, a hospital, but no jail. What fun! . . . What opportunity! How could a child fail to respond under such conditions? They just simply can't. Under such conditions the child's individual good traits and characteristics are developed. In many institutions, as managed to-day, the individuality and independence is suppressed.

Of the graduates, two are now running a great foreign-language newspaper in the City of New York; another is

publisher of a high-class magazine, one is a doctor, one a lawyer, many are in business for themselves. Others have made the grade in the field of sport, still another in dramatic art ; but here, I think, is the highlight of the whole wonderful story. Father Flanagan is still father to his 4400 boys. He knows where every single last one of them is. And what is the reward for this kindly, understanding priest ? I think the reward is in these few words recorded by Edward Doherty in *Liberty* : " I know that not a single one of them is in prison or in jail."

In England we have some wonderful training ships, where boys inclined to go wrong wear the king's uniform instead of that of a convicted felon. In talking to, and studying, children of the problem type, I have never failed to sense the spirit of adventure which stirs within them ; I have never yet failed to realize the fact that they are sufferers from repression. They want a natural outlet for their energies and ambitions, they want a thrill. What normal child doesn't ? Denied a sane and proper outlet for this inherent energy they form into gangs and play " cowboys " and " cops," and they nearly always have a toy gun in their hands. Next they start to steal from shops and stores. They get a big " kick " from putting it over the local business men, and it provides them with the things they have been forced to do without. They leave school and find themselves condemned to lives of idleness, because they are unfitted to take their place in modern industry. They gravitate to the pool-rooms and dance-halls. They have to do something, so they chum around with girls when they are not with their gangs. They must make themselves a " Big-shot " in the eyes of their girl friends, so they steal a car. What a thrill this is, dashing off out of town at sixty miles an hour. . . . Freedom . . . speed . . . danger . . . with a girl holding tight to their arms, snuggled close to their body.

But competition comes along. These girls graduate into the " gold-digger " class. They want money and clothes, food and drink, and plenty of it. The boys can earn all the easy money they require if they hook up with the gangsters,

gamblers, smugglers or racketeers. Nearly all of them are likeable boys, lovable girls, until they become case-hardened. All that was necessary to keep them from crime was to give them what every youthful citizen is entitled to, proper care and attention until they leave school, the right to work at lucrative employment under sanitary and healthy conditions after they leave school, and plenty of good, clean, competitive sport and recreation at all times.

I know, personally, the captain of one of our transatlantic liners who was picked up out of the gutter and brought up in an institution. He broke the hearts of all those who came in contact with him while he was kept confined, until, finally, he was sent to sea. That provided the outlet for his pent-up energies and emotions, and he made a man of himself. That is just another illustration to prove my theory. Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, are all very fine as far as they go, but they don't go far enough. They don't embrace the child whose mother is a prostitute, or whose father is a criminal or a racketeer, and neither should they until that child is removed from its unwholesome environment.

To solve this gigantic problem we have to be thoroughly well organized. We need the co-operation of every school teacher, every truant officer, every policeman on the beat, every professional and voluntary welfare worker, the ministers of religion, the Members of Parliament, and the Ministers of the Crown. We have got to reach these children first, and let them know that we don't seek to chase them and punish them. We must make them understand that we are simply anxious to give them the chance they deserve and the things they are entitled to receive. Surely, if we can afford to spend millions on armaments—necessary millions, for we must protect ourselves from the enemies outside our borders—surely, we can afford just as much money as is necessary to cover the cost of salvaging the cream of the nation, for the youth of the nation is the cream of the nation, and it is up to us to see that it is not allowed to grow sour.

I don't want any reader to think that I have any enmity against any person or place. If I have referred to individuals

and places it is only because they provided me the material to study these problems at first hand. I know of nothing more interesting than to bury your own identity and live as others live. It is the only way to learn to understand them, and the conditions which govern their lives. Misunderstanding is one of the greatest maggots eating at the roots of our civilization. Misunderstanding between individual and individual ; between one creed and another ; between one city and another ; between province and province ; between nation and nation . . . just that one thing . . . misunderstanding.

That is why I had the will and the determination to live as I have lived and have written what I've written. A book has the possibility of reaching millions. One man with the gift to "see" and write what he sees can be a million eyes. It is so easy to be misunderstood. I have been misunderstood by thousands. . . . I have been thought a meddler, a disgruntled individual, an agitator, a crank. A man who now sits on the Bench of the Supreme Court once referred to me as "of Bolshevik tendencies, unamenable to discipline, and a danger to any organization to which he happened to belong." He honestly believed what he said. He honestly thought he was doing his duty by warning the business men of the community against me. It is a typical illustration of how, under present conditions, we make enemies rather than friends. On another occasion, when I was actively engaged in the work recorded in this book, a man who was being paid \$6000 a year by the Government of Canada visited my wife, with his wife, when he knew I would be out of the house. This man pleaded with my wife to use her influence to stop my investigations and activities. He told her : "I admire your husband, but he is making a host of powerful enemies. You and your family will find yourselves in the gutter unless he stops his activities."

My wife never tried to influence me, but when it looked as if the threat was about to be made good, when I was in a military hospital and every one of our six children was also in a different city hospital at one and the same time, she closed the house and went to work and earned \$12.50 a

week to help meet the financial burden. That is what I call real courage.

The man who denounced me ten years ago was kind enough to nominate me afterwards for membership in one of Toronto's most exclusive clubs. The man who told my wife we would land in the gutter afterwards came to me and asked me to use my influence and help him to obtain a position. But I have often looked back and thought: "If it had not been for the early training I received from my mother at home, and the fine example and courageous conduct shown me by my father, and the high ideals instilled into me when I was at St. Josephs and during my service in the Royal Navy, I might quite easily have become soured."

There is still more good in the world than there is bad. There are still many things far more worth while than gold. The love of a good woman and the affection of an innocent child are worth more than it is within the power of gold to purchase. Nothing could ever take away the true satisfaction and happiness of the man or woman who is repaid for his or her services to humanity by the simple thought: "I did my duty."

I am not wedded to any political party. I detest politics as they are played to-day, but I am equally convinced that if we do the things I advocate here, if we look after the future generations and give the youngsters of to-day their chance and opportunity, this country and the Empire will survive in spite of present-day politicians rather than because of them.

After the sitting of the Royal Commission investigating the activities of the customs service, I resigned from the C.P.R. police. Frankly, I had had enough. I had spent five years studying the problem, and that was sufficient.

Since 1927 I have studied two other angles of our everyday lives. I devoted approximately five years to the study of each. First I went behind the scenes of everyday life as a newspaper reporter and journalist. Then I took a peek at life through the eyes of a welfare worker. Now I am manager of an industrial plant employing over a hundred men each day. In all three instances I have found life

teeming with things of human interest. I am convinced that the plain unvarnished truth is stranger than any fiction it is possible for the brain of man to conceive. Most certainly one-half of the world doesn't know—and doesn't really care—how the other half lives, and we are being kept in ignorance for selfish reasons by those who wish to exploit our citizens by reason of that ignorance and misunderstanding.

We have so many different creeds and religions it is impossible to keep track of them. Why? Because we forget that Christ summed up the whole theory and practice of Christianity in one sentence. When asked: "What must we do to be saved?" He replied: "Worship the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole soul, and thy whole mind and love thy neighbour as thyself for His sake."

What a ghastly joke it is to think that we have over four hundred denominations, employing thousands of ministers, who spend the whole of their lives arguing over differences of opinion in regard to doctrine and technicalities, so that bigotry, and even hatred, has grown up among us. If there is only one thing in life to do, and that, obviously, is to work out our salvation, then why not do it the simplest way and apply the golden rule through life towards our fellow-men, and after doing that worship God according to the dictates of our own hearts.

There can only be two factors governing our lives in this world. Those two factors are "Right" and "Wrong." The things which are right are good, the things which are wrong are evil. The most complicated cases of individual loss or international requirements could be settled at once, with justice to all, if we simply judged the right and the wrong of the case; but we have made the machinery of simple justice so complicated that it isn't safe to live any more without retaining a family lawyer to protect our interests. Insurance companies realize this so well that they rarely fight a claim for property damage, or public liability, if certain lawyers, known as "ambulance chasers," succeed in horning in on the case. It is cheaper for them to settle than to fight, although their client may be absolutely

innocent of blame. I know one case where a truck-driver twice stopped his truck and ordered a man who was stealing a ride to get off. Each time he started again the man persisted in jumping back on. Just as the truck arrived at an intersection the man fell off and was run over by the truck. He sued for damages through a well-known "ambulance chaser" and the insurance company settled the claim for \$600 rather than fight it. It was the cheapest way out.

How many estates have been completely wiped out owing to litigation started to settle some family dispute? We are making new laws every day. It is my considered opinion that we should cancel the whole damned lot, and keep the Ten Commandments. A judge, while eminently fair and honest, is no longer a judge. He is a referee who awards a fair decision to the cleverest lawyer, or at least to the one who best presents his case and takes fullest advantage of every complication and loophole the law provides. I once heard it said that according to King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions it was possible to hang an innocent person or acquit a guilty one. It was just a matter of how you wished to interpret the regulations.

The health of the nation, any nation, is the life of the nation. Yet the only people who get free medical treatment are those who in many cases have been reduced to destitution by reason of ill health. Why wait until the damage is done? No person, except those with unlimited means, can afford to provide constant medical supervision for his whole family. They have to wait until something goes wrong, and when it does the expense is appalling. I have nothing but the greatest respect for the vast majority of the medical profession, and I am only too familiar with their individual acts of generosity to the near poor, but there is no gainsaying the fact that if a country has the right to conscript every last mother's son, and force them to fight in case of war, then it is only reasonable to argue that the country should assume the responsibility of keeping the manhood of the nation in good health, until they are required as cannon fodder. But once more discarding the moral issue. It is a matter of sound economy. If we charge up

PREVENTION OF CRIME

the loss of time and earning power, if we charge up the money spent on the sick, the halt, and the lame out of public charities and welfare departments, to keep them while they are sick and unemployed, it can be easily proved that it is cheaper to keep people well than to make them better after they have become sick and run down in health.

CHAPTER XX

BRAIN VERSUS BRAWN

IN conclusion, it may be interesting if an ex-Naval officer, who is also an ex-policeman, gives his ideas of certain changes which might be made to assist in defeating the activities of the enemies of society, while admitting that there are many other things which could be done to better protect the interests of the public.

I resigned from the C.P.R. police shortly after the inquiry. I took up journalism as my new profession, but I am, I hope, still on very good terms with all those with whom I served.

I am very much convinced that the old type of policeman—the man with the big feet and the small brain—is just as much out of date in competing against modern criminals as the sailing ship is when compared with the air liners of to-day. A policeman to-day needs to use his wits rather than his brawn.

I once found myself standing in the dark with the business end of a revolver stuck into my stomach. I was walking through some dining-cars which were side-tracked in the railway yard. Silver and furnishings had been stolen from these cars on a previous occasion. I did not see the man, as he crouched down behind a seat, until I was right on top of him, and by that time he had me covered. I noticed the man seemed highly nervous. This fact alone might have caused him to shoot me if I had struggled with him. I just spoke to him quietly and said : “ It’s rather silly to pull off a stunt like this. I’m a police officer and have two companions outside, one at each end of the car. You’d better give me the gun.” I told him : “ All I can charge you with now is trespassing and carrying a dangerous weapon. If that gun goes off you’ll be charged with murder.” He gave

me the gun. He was a little bit sore when the companions I had told him about failed to materialize as we got off the dining-car and headed for Court Street police station. He said : " That was a dirty trick you played on me."

The man was sick. He was suffering from an ulcerated stomach. I explained the circumstances to the magistrate next morning, and he sent the man to hospital at the jail farm, where he would be nursed back to health and strength. If I had tried to use my brawn instead of my brain I might easily have been shot.

I was appalled at times to hear perjury committed by police officers when giving evidence in court ; in fact, I came to the conclusion that swearing falsely had become habitual with some of them. They just let their imagination run riot and swore anything that would help obtain for them another conviction. Every man, on joining a police force, should be made to thoroughly understand that it is far more important to prevent crime than run down the criminal after the crime has been committed. They should also be made to understand that they are sworn to tell the " truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Very few tell the whole truth. They present their side of the case and leave unsaid anything that might be of benefit to the accused. Policemen should also be taught that they are the servants of the public, not their masters. Brutality should not be tolerated under any circumstances. I know of one case where a returned soldier has been in a mental hospital for years as the result of brain injuries inflicted by police officers at the time of his arrest. The man had never been in any kind of trouble before. He was a good workman. He was guilty of cleaning up on a foreign workman who called him a filthy name reflecting on his parents. The police were sent for while the fight was in progress. They went to arrest the ex-soldier, when they saw the other man laid out flat as a kippered herring from a well-placed blow to the chin. The man objected, and said he had only done what any white man would be expected to do. The police started to force him into the patrol wagon. He began to struggle. He was not clubbed before he entered the wagon, so the severe injuries from

which he was suffering when he arrived at the police station were inflicted while he was being taken in the wagon to the police station. Such cowardly conduct should not be tolerated. I arrested this same man single-handed some years afterwards, when he escaped from the mental institution in which he was confined, and had little trouble in handling him.

I investigated another case, in which a returned soldier had been sent to prison on perjured evidence. I succeeded in obtaining this man's release after he had been confined in the criminal insane asylum for no less than three years. He is now married and self-supporting. I will give the details of these cases in another book, which I have partly written, describing my experiences as a newspaper reporter and journalist.

On the other hand, the police are really under a great handicap owing to the fact that most of our criminal code is out of date and far too complicated. A clever lawyer can take advantage of many technicalities, and thousands of dangerous criminals who should have been convicted have been set free owing to these loopholes in the law. Particularly is this true in the United States. Too much credit cannot be given to such really fine men as General "Daddy" Draper, C.M.G., D.S.C., V.D., Chief of Police for Toronto, and General Victor Williams, Chief of the Provincial Police for Ontario, nor to General Ed. D. Panel and Mr. Cadieux, who head the C.P.R. police. They have worked untiringly to improve the men and their methods. The vast majority of the men under these police heads are courageous, kind, and courteous. They are a credit to the force to which they belong.

One thing that struck me very forcibly whilst serving as a police officer was the fallacy of long prison sentences. I am firmly convinced that once a person has reached the criminal class a short severe penalty, in which lashes are administered, would be more effective and far less costly than our present system of long terms in the penitentiary. It must be remembered that at least 80 per cent of the inmates of our Canadian penal institutions are under

twenty-five years of age, and many of them are still in their 'teens. Most of these young men have gone wrong because they were forced to live lives of idleness. They were unemployed and lacked an outlet for their energies. Many of them started off by stealing cars to go "joy-riding." Then they stole to obtain the money they needed but couldn't earn. It is only a few more steps downwards before they are trying to make easy money by means of a hold-up. I don't think, personally, that reformatories, run as they now are, do much in the way of reforming. I'm willing to wager that there will be fewer repeaters after they have been given two weeks' imprisonment and the "Cat" than there will be after two years in jail without the "Cat." I don't know why it is, but most of the criminals I have met are cowards at heart and terrified of physical pain and punishment. Most police officers will agree with me it is because of this fact they use as much force as they do when trying to make an arrested person talk. Personally, I believe the punishment should be given after conviction, not before.

On the other side of the picture, we have a situation when long-term sentences are in order. Men who have been guilty of offences against children and others, and men who have been proved to be moral perverts are allowed out of prison after serving comparatively short sentences. They should either be desexed or confined for life. These criminals are a real danger to society. They frequent our parks and children's recreation centres, seeking always to contaminate others. When arrested they are, time and time again, ruled to be sane in the eyes of the law, and they are only subject to comparatively short terms of imprisonment.

The policeman of to-day is required to pit his wits against clever criminals, who have the advantage of high-speed cars and radios, and the protection of crooked lawyers. To-day he is often up against a strong criminal organization rather than an individual. All police officers, customs, and preventive officers should be well educated and properly trained. The need of a thousand policemen pounding their beats along city streets seems ludicrous to me. There are in existence a dozen methods and mechanical electric

devices which will protect business houses and homes against wrongful entry far more surely than a policeman walking his beat. Central stations, where these devices register, and speedy, radio-equipped cars are all that are required. It is only a matter of time when the electric eye will direct all traffic, and do a better job than the policeman.

The present system of having municipal, county, provincial, and federal police, with as many more for special duties, all under different control, must suit the criminal down to the ground.

I know of a case where officers of the R.C.M.P., the provincial police, the revenue department, and the prohibition enforcement department all worked on the same case, and none of them knew the others were investigating it. The result was they got all tangled up. They came very nearly to shooting at each other, and the criminals they were after escaped.

There is no sense in passing laws purely to satisfy a noisy minority who think they can legislate people into Heaven. They can't. All they do is play into the hands of clever and unscrupulous individuals who turn the prohibitory laws to their own advantage and make money out of them.

The United States passed the Volstead Act, making the country dry theoretically ; yet in no time at all there were 40,000 bootlegging joints in Greater New York alone. To show how silly the whole thing is let me point out that there are over a thousand individuals in New York alone with the right to withdraw alcohol from bond for manufacturing purposes without paying duty. They use this alcohol ostensibly for the manufacture of perfumes, anti-freeze, boot-and-shoe liquid polish, etc., etc. In 1921 they secured 23,000,000 gallons under Government permit. In 1925 the same Government which was spending \$9,000,000 each year to try and enforce the Volstead Act released 86,000,000 gallons under permit for manufacturing purposes only. Redistilling this alcohol, to rid it of the poison injected by the Government, became a big industry. What did the bootleggers care if the job of redistilling wasn't done right ? They were interested only in the profits they made selling

the liquor, not in the thousands of men or women who died, or went blind or stark raving mad, by reason of drinking the vile stuff.

What is at the root of crime? I am convinced there are two chief reasons. First, one class of criminal develops by reason of a warped mind a mind which is often unbalanced from birth. Children born with congenital syphilis, and children born of feeble-minded parents, develop into this class, but are rarely found to be insane according to the eyes of the law.

Take one case of a young man who was tried and convicted of more than half a dozen cases of assault and rape of young girls under the most revolting circumstances it is possible to imagine. This man was sent to the penitentiary. He was examined by mental experts who found him "sane" according to law. He was finally released after serving his sentence and went to another country, where he outraged eight more girls between eight and fourteen years of age before he was captured and convicted again. Once more he was released and turned loose amongst an unsuspecting public just because we have an insane law which says that such men are "sane."

I also think that long sentences work hardship on the dependants of those sent to prison. Only too often the wife and family of a criminal suffer years of hardship, hunger, privation, and cold while he lives in comparative comfort, certain at least of receiving three meals a day, with a bed to sleep on each night. Is it to be wondered that these innocent victims of our social laws grow up to be enemies of society?

The other cause of crime is Want. When people are unemployed, or receive too little remuneration for the work they perform, they grow envious, and envy leads to crime. Look at the number of criminals who have graduated from the ranks of poorly paid bank employees and clerks in stores. What can we expect if we pay a well-educated man \$8 to \$12 per week to handle millions?

We will never clean up the vice situation until we segregate the traffickers in vice and either keep them in jail or in a definite area. Loose living and immorality can

best be eliminated by bringing about conditions under which men will be gainfully employed and women learn their duties as housewives. Then both men and women will seek to marry, and the world will get back to normal again. Women went into business and industry during the emergency of war. Selfishly, they have refused to relinquish their hold on the labour market. The result to-day is that it is easier to find employment for a daughter rather than a son.

Nature intended women to be on the receiving end, both as regards her material requirements and those of sex. We cannot upset Nature's plans without paying the penalty.

It is satisfactory to look back and see the good which has resulted from the experiences related in the second half of this book.

The civic administration and the police and fire departments in St. John have been reorganized and vastly improved. I had the pleasure of revisiting the city in 1930 as Guest Speaker to the Canadian Club there and so large was the crowd which turned out to hear me that many were unable to obtain accommodation in the ball-room of the Admiral Beatty Hotel, and it was necessary for me to return and speak again. The detective I always said was sincere and honest now heads his department.

The province has built an institution where female offenders can be cared for and not driven from pillar to post when released from the common jail.

The customs and preventive services have been reorganized, although most of those investigators who worked untiringly to bring about the reorganization were never even considered when the positions were being filled.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are back on the job once more, and the majority of them are now also sworn in as customs and preventive officers.

Petty smuggling is no longer necessary because citizens of both the U.S.A. and Canada may take into their own country \$100 worth of the other country's goods free of duty when they are returning from a visit of more than forty-eight hours' duration.

Smuggling of drugs, liquor, and aliens still goes on into the United States ; and silk, tobacco, and car parts still come in the underground way into Canada ; but not on anything like the scale they did before the inquiry. The revenue from customs duty and excise taxes has more than doubled what it was in 1924-1925, and still the pot keeps calling the kettle black, just according to whichever political party happens to be in power.

CHAPTER XXI

TOWARDS CANADA'S FUTURE

WHAT, then, is the object of a book of this type? If I must answer that question I may as well be quite frank and risk what my critics will say.

First of all, I have faith in the British Empire and believe it to be the greatest single factor for the preservation of world peace to-day. I believe that Canada must be kept as a solid part of the British Commonwealth of Nations. I have no quarrel with the United States and would like to see Uncle Sam take a more active interest in the problems which affect all the English-speaking nations in the world. I honestly believe that we English-speaking races don't want any of the various forms of "isms." We want democracy in the true sense of the word. Having made myself clear on these points I wish to say that I do not think conditions as they are in Canada to-day are conducive to improving the influence the British Empire has on world affairs, nor are they likely to strengthen the most vulnerable link of Empire, which is Canada. Why?

There has been such a tremendous withdrawal of British capital invested in Canadian enterprises during the past twenty years that it is hard to visualize just what can be done to remedy the situation, remembering always that *pro rata* to the decline in British invested capital there has been a corresponding increase in investments by American capital. There are certain political, racial, and financial interests in Canada to-day just as much convinced as ever that Canada's future would be more assured if her destinies were linked with those of the United States. What is more, there has been a very definite policy followed in Canada during the past half century of giving American financial

interests almost any concessions they ask in return for capital with which to promote commercial and industrial development. We cannot forget how Sir Adam Beck went to his grave a young man, worn out by his heroic fight for public ownership of electric hydro in Ontario. He saved the vast water-power development for the people rather than let them be exploited by the money barons.

We must not forget that millions of dollars of American capital control other choice water-power developments throughout the rest of the Dominion. Canadian mining men fly to and fro the Canadian north and American cities, selling their prospects and financing their development work, just as a matter of course. The mills which manufacture boxboard and paper in Canada are largely controlled by American capital, and in a great number of cases these mills are subsidiaries of American companies. We don't want to be too serious even when dealing with what is a serious problem, inasmuch as it affects the interests of the British Empire, but I would like to point out in support of my arguments that \$3,000,000 of American capital is going to be spent in Canada to provide suitable breeding places for wild ducks. The idea is to flood some of the vast acres which have proved unsuitable for profitable farming in Alberta and Manitoba, sow them with wild rice and give the ducks a good time, so that the annual crop of American multi-millionaires and sportsmen will not run short of targets for a couple of generations at least.

I am not poking fun at "Ducks Unlimited," a thoroughly sound proposition backed by some of America's wealthiest business men and industrial magnates. I'm simply trying to point out that any amount of American capital is *always* available for any reasonable or feasible Canadian enterprise ; and when we consider, in conjunction with that fact, that there are three or four foreigners from Central Europe for each Britisher migrating to Canada, just how long do we think we can claim Canada as the connecting link in the chain of British Empire ?

The fact that makes all we Canadians of British stock sit down and think is the undeniable fact that these Central

Europeans are more welcome in Western Canada than are Britishers. I'll go one step further. I'll say this : They have been settled on some of the best and most fertile districts in the whole Dominion, while Britishers, who came out with from \$3000 to \$5000 capital, have been advised to settle in isolated groups in the drought areas and districts which have been famous for summer hailstorms ever since the country was taken from the Indians.

In 1926 I wrote various people in England interested in sending out Britishers to settle in Canada, and I told them frankly the things I have written here ; and as I write these last concluding pages I see, by the papers, that the Right Reverend A. F. Ingram, Bishop of London, informed the British Migration Conference that most of those who came out under the 1928-1929 scheme, known as the Saskatoon British Empire Settlers, are now asking to be sent back to the Old Country. I had several relatives who came out to Western Canada before the experiment. None of them had less than \$3000 capital, and they might as well have had their money taken off them at the point of a gun, when they landed, as suffer the hardships and tribulations they went through, losing it slowly as the result of being sold poor farms in a bad section of the country.

The British investor and the British immigrant have not had a square deal, and unless that condition is corrected there is no reason on earth why British stock or British capital should continue to be interested in Canada. Furthermore, unless it is corrected P.D.Q. the British Empire can kiss Canada good-bye as one of its Dominions.

The fault is not all on one foot. Great Britain cannot expect to send out those citizens who are failing to provide for themselves in the Old Country and expect them to make good citizens here. It is absolutely unfair to this Dominion for England to commute disabled soldiers' pensions, give them a lump sum, and ship them out to Canada, because they need all their limbs and all their senses if they wish to make a success of farming or any other line of endeavour. Canada doesn't need any more disgruntled individuals or communists—she already has enough of her own. And,

perhaps, above all, the native-born Canadian is being estranged from Britain by that particular type of immigrant who is always trying to tell them : "How we do it in the Old Country." As I have repeatedly said, I've no kick coming personally. I have raised a family of seven children and the harder I was kicked the farther I bounced in the right direction. I have a good home, a decent position, and, I hope, a great many friends. But I do want to see the bonds of Empire drawn closer together and not spread apart. We need a better understanding between the two countries. With all due respect to Mr. Tom Smith, who recently returned from his Empire tour, I cannot agree with him when he says he was unable to find responsible Canadians who believed the time ripe for a resumption of British immigration to the Dominion. What we do need is a sane policy of immigration. If American sportsmen are willing to spend \$3,000,000 in Canada to provide suitable breeding places for ducks, surely we should be willing to spend, if necessary, ten times that amount to establish good British stock in localities where they have a reasonable chance to establish themselves and raise their families.

Things don't just "happen" to-day any more than they did at any other time in our past history. If we wish Canada to remain within the Empire, and become a strong component part of the British Commonwealth of Nations, then we cannot afford to sit back and watch American capital buy up all the country's natural resources and see the vast hinterland populated by foreigners.

Canada could easily settle 10,000,000 suitable British families on good fertile sections, providing the Empire will give them a market at a fair price for the grain they produce. With that extra wealth coming into the Dominion a market will be created for every kind of commodity used in the homes. Trade and commerce will boom again and our railway systems will cease to cost the taxpayers \$100,000,000 each year.

Canada must get down to brass tacks and put her own house in order. There is no gainsaying the fact we are over-governed when it costs \$10,000,000 a year more to legislate

for our small population than it does the taxpayers of Great Britain to look after the interests of her 47,000,000 people. Nine provincial Houses of Parliament may have been necessary when it took months to go from coast to coast and two years to make an Arctic survey, but these conditions are things of the past. There is no part of the Dominion which cannot now be reached in two days. An Arctic survey takes about one month instead of two years. With radio, telegraph, and telephones the Government in Ottawa can be in conference with any part of the Empire in a few minutes.

I have told my story. The reader must figure the answers out for himself or herself. Let us forget the bootlegging and smuggling and ask the question: Why were goods such as silks, cottons, tobacco, car parts, etc., to the value of \$200,000,000 allowed to be smuggled into Canada, principally from the United States? What good could British preference be if these conditions were allowed to continue? Why are the immigrants from Central Europe allowed to settle in organized communities and British families settled in isolated districts? Why does the St. Lawrence waterway project not go ahead and give Canadians cheap waterborne transportation from other parts of the Empire? The answer shouldn't be hard to find in the pages of this book.

America is in the same position in regard to Canada to-day as the person who holds the mortgage on your home. If we fail to meet our obligations she will foreclose. While, for a time, Canada may still appear in "Red" on the map in the atlas, we will only be fooling ourselves if we think she will be British when her balance of trade and commerce and her financial obligations to the United States put her in the "red" in the ledger.

If, as is reported—and I hope it is true—the British investors, co-operating with the British and Canadian Governments, intend to try out another immigration scheme, backed by enormous capital, then let them make sure they have a thorough knowledge of the areas before investing in them. What is more, settle in groups which surround a community of the right type of British stock.

Loneliness and monotony can defeat a family even when crops are good. When looking for advice don't go to those who have something to sell ; they will gyp you every time. Ethics in salesmanship in this country are as extinct as the dodo bird. Go to those who are interested in forwarding the welfare of the British Empire and to men and women who have learned by experience and know local conditions. We need another million British families in Canada, there is no doubt about that, but let us place them where they have a chance to survive. We wouldn't transplant young trout into a cesspool, or pasture breeding stock on to a rock-pile. Here, in Canada, we have the right kind of land. We have the greatest possible future, full of golden opportunity, and it is up to those who wish to link their chariot to the destinies of the British Commonwealth of Nations to see our immigrants get a decent start. I would say that this is the last real opportunity for Britain to take the initiative. Don't listen to those who say the time is not ripe. The time is ripe to sow the seed of British stock in the fertile spots of the Empire. The harvest may be twenty years from now, but unless we have this British stock safely settled and happy within the next twenty years, the rest of the Empire may just as well count Canada out of the picture, if war comes, as it did in 1914-1918. The ex-servicemen are loyal to the core. They have shown a wonderful patience throughout the recent depression. Ontario is pro-British and it has the biggest population of any other province in the Dominion.

I have no ill feeling towards any group or person. I honestly believe that many people who do not think along the same lines as I do in regard to Empire are at least honest in their convictions that the best thing for Canada is to hook up with the U.S.A., but I will still argue : " What does it profit a man, or a nation, if he or it gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of its own soul ? " Personally, I don't wish to trade British ideals and business methods for American. I have a great deal of sympathy for the " Lost Generation," but it is only a matter of a short time when death will solve the problems of all of us. It is the future generation we must think about. The " Lost Generation "

did their duty as they saw it, and we mustn't allow their sacrifice to go for naught. We fought for our Empire. We fought to save our children from war. If another war is necessary I don't think there is an ex-serviceman who wouldn't willingly lay down his life if he was assured his sacrifice would save his children, and his children's children, from suffering what we have had to suffer. We ex-servicemen have earned the right to voice our opinions, and I raise mine in the hope that by doing so it will help preserve the Empire for our children. We certainly don't wish to saddle them with a burden of debt and an uncertain future. The millions we are now forced to spend on armaments will not be worth a tinker's damn if we don't keep our citizens happy, contented, and well satisfied, and at the present time the younger generation are not satisfied. They are not being given the opportunity to work and earn a decent living. Spend just half the money we do on munitions and armaments on the health and welfare of the youth of the nation and it will prove the wisest investment we ever made. If we don't invest in our young people we can't expect to draw dividends. What use will armaments be in case of war if we haven't loyal citizens to use them? Will we never learn from past history? Did any nation ever fall from power because it looked after the interests of its youth? Did the birth-rate of any nation ever decline when the men-folk had the opportunity to earn an honest living and provide a home? Was there ever a revolution in a country where the workers and peasants were given a square deal? The average man in the street is easily satisfied. All he asks for is steady employment, a wife, a home, and his kids, and he is quite content to sit back and see the rest of the world go galloping to hell in the way that best suits themselves in what we like to call the giddy whirl of our modern civilization.

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